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October 10, 1931

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

James Trembath

Can Capone Beat Washington, Too?

an article by

William G. Shepherd

"Save the surface and you save all"—Paint & Varnish

DUTCH BOY
WHITE LEAD

8 PAINTERS IN EVERY 10

[According to an impartial, country-wide survey]

USE DUTCH BOY

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Write for free booklet—"The House We Live In"—which gives helpful suggestions on the decoration and protection of the home. Address the branch office nearest you.

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. . . AND NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

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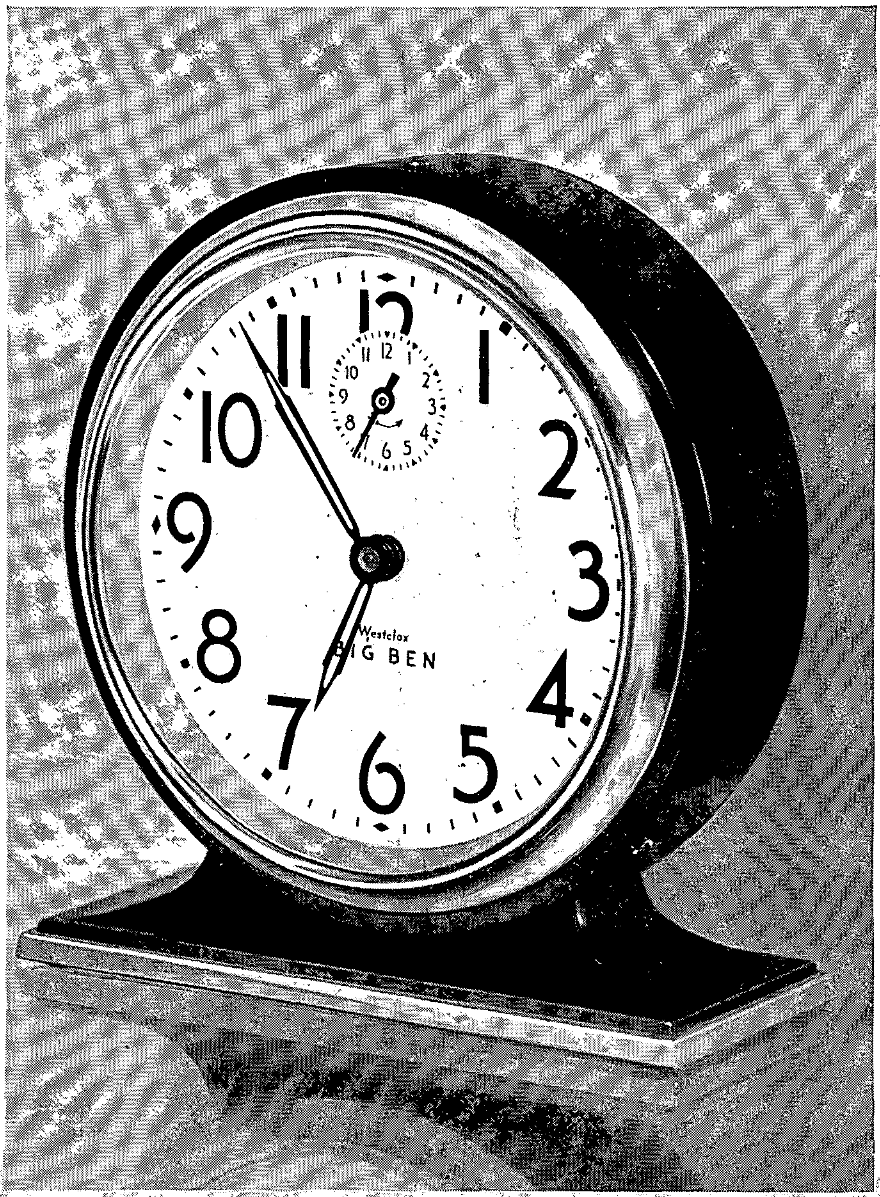

then...

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(Luminous dial, a dollar more)

... AND YOU DON'T HEAR HIM TICK!

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

POP WARNER (Glenn Scobey Warner for the record books) has been coaching famous football teams for thirty-six years. He's at Stanford now, as everyone over school age knows, but such widely separated institutions as Iowa State, Cornell, University of Georgia, Carlisle and Pittsburgh have had Warner teams and thrilled to Warner triumphs. His long and successful career is a mine of fruitful reminiscence into which he now begins to dig.

The first article deals with those picturesque years at the beginning of the century when the Carlisle Indians whooped up and down the country's gridirons. Little Old Man, Afraid of a Bear, Lubo the Wolf, Little Boy, Wauseka, Mount Pleasant, Balenti and others now merely great names in football history live and play again in Warner's stories. Great days and great yarns. Begin them in "The Indian Massacres."

—

AND so prodigal with good things have we become that we begin in the same issue an interesting novelty in magazine serials. It is a rather satirical romance by J. P. McEvoy. Most of his characters are engaged in radio work—the station soprano, the girl at the reception desk, the continuity writer, announcers and members of the ensemble. There isn't a line of description in the book—it's all speech and we dispense with quotation marks.

The atmosphere will be familiar. You are seldom out of earshot of a loud speaker, and a sparkling thread of songs and announcers' chatter runs through the story. We hope you like "Are You Listening?"

—

BOULDER CITY is the name of the town the Federal government is creating near Hoover Dam. The workers will live there on Federal territory under Federal law. Booze and gambling will be unknown in Boulder City, but there will be plenty of good, clean, well-regulated fun. However, Las Vegas is only twenty-five miles away and a good modern road already connects it with the site of Boulder City. Moreover, the pleasures of which Uncle Sam disapproves are not unknown in Las Vegas. How the carefully made plans are going to work out goodness only knows, but you can see what the chances are in Henry F. Pringle's article "Desert Utopia."

OLIVER, a conservative young Englishman, came to America because his sister wanted him to have a change. Within twenty-four hours after landing he had done a great many foolish things—he'd been rude to women, hit an American with his fist, held a handkerchief for a girl to cry in—and didn't know why. It was love, of course, as you could have told him. But he found it out for himself—in Elizabeth England's "Custom of the Country."

—

ZONA GALE'S Short Short Story, Grantland Rice, Aimee Larkin, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Kathleen Norris and others complete an issue you will enjoy.

THIS WEEK

October 10, 1931

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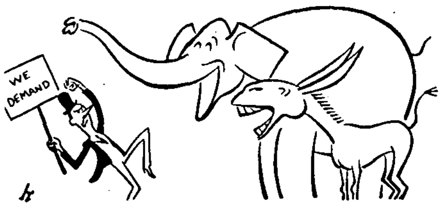
Take What You Can Get.

Any Week

FOR years Mrs. Elisabeth O. Gillinder of Dover, New Hampshire, has listened to lecturers and read writers who have assured her that bad government is the fault of the voter—that the standard of our rulers is never higher and is frequently lower than the electorate demands. But Mrs. Gillinder has concluded that this theory is defunct.

"Vast numbers of us," she writes, "realize that with one political party intrenched so deeply here and another similarly fortified yonder it has become virtually impossible to force these barons to permit reforms to be submitted to the vote of people. Naturally there are always men and women prepared to run on opportunist tickets, promising us what we want; but they are almost invariably blatherskites looking for a job and with no possible power or method of making the reforms they promise and which the powerful parties will not even consider."



J. BAPTIST BUTTS, M. D., 6313 North Nordica Avenue, Chicago, read Kathleen Norris' "Irish Eyes" until he arrived at the paragraph wherein Sheila discovers on the back of the stove a pot in which "a colossal cut of beef wallowed in broth" and to which she added "some onions and potatoes and set it to a decent pot-roast simmering." Whereat the doctor called his secretary and dictated a demand for information. Was it a pot roast or a stew? And do we know that a "colossal" cut of beef will not cook in a half hour? The doctor, a specialist in foods, diets and high blood pressure, thereupon accuses us and Mrs. Norris of being extremely poor cooks.

—

WE LACK the space to publish all of them, so we pack into one paragraph the letters we have received suggesting that these American archæologists who are finding all those fascinating Roman, Greek and Babylonian relics be called home and put to work in Washington. We may mention, however, that Mr. Luther B. Sorrensen of Minneapolis would remind them that very little if any digging will be necessary "as they will find plenty specimens wandering around the streets."

—

"IN THE absence of men to guide us out of this wilderness we should be glad of the Biblical assurance of the leadership of a little child," writes Mr. Otis L. Weaver of Hollywood, California. "But shouldn't we at least furnish the tot with police protection?"

—

AND Miss M. Emma Krock of Buffalo, New York, wants to know whether we had ever observed that whenever the Federal government "is forced by circumstances to cut down expenses somewhere the cuts are made in the Army and Navy appropriations first but never in the Post Office, Interior or Prohibition budgets because they are popular political machines."

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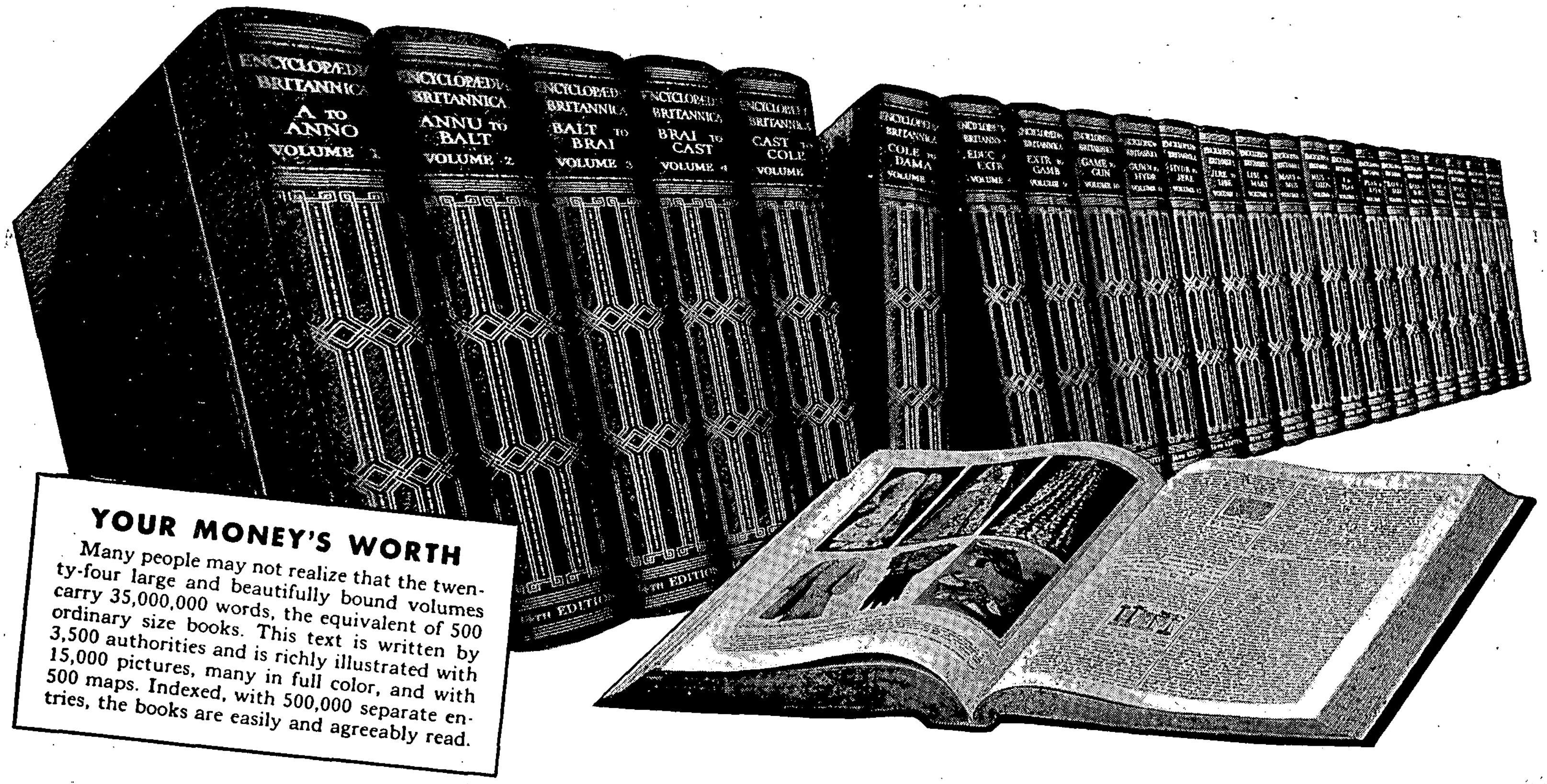

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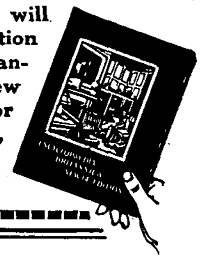

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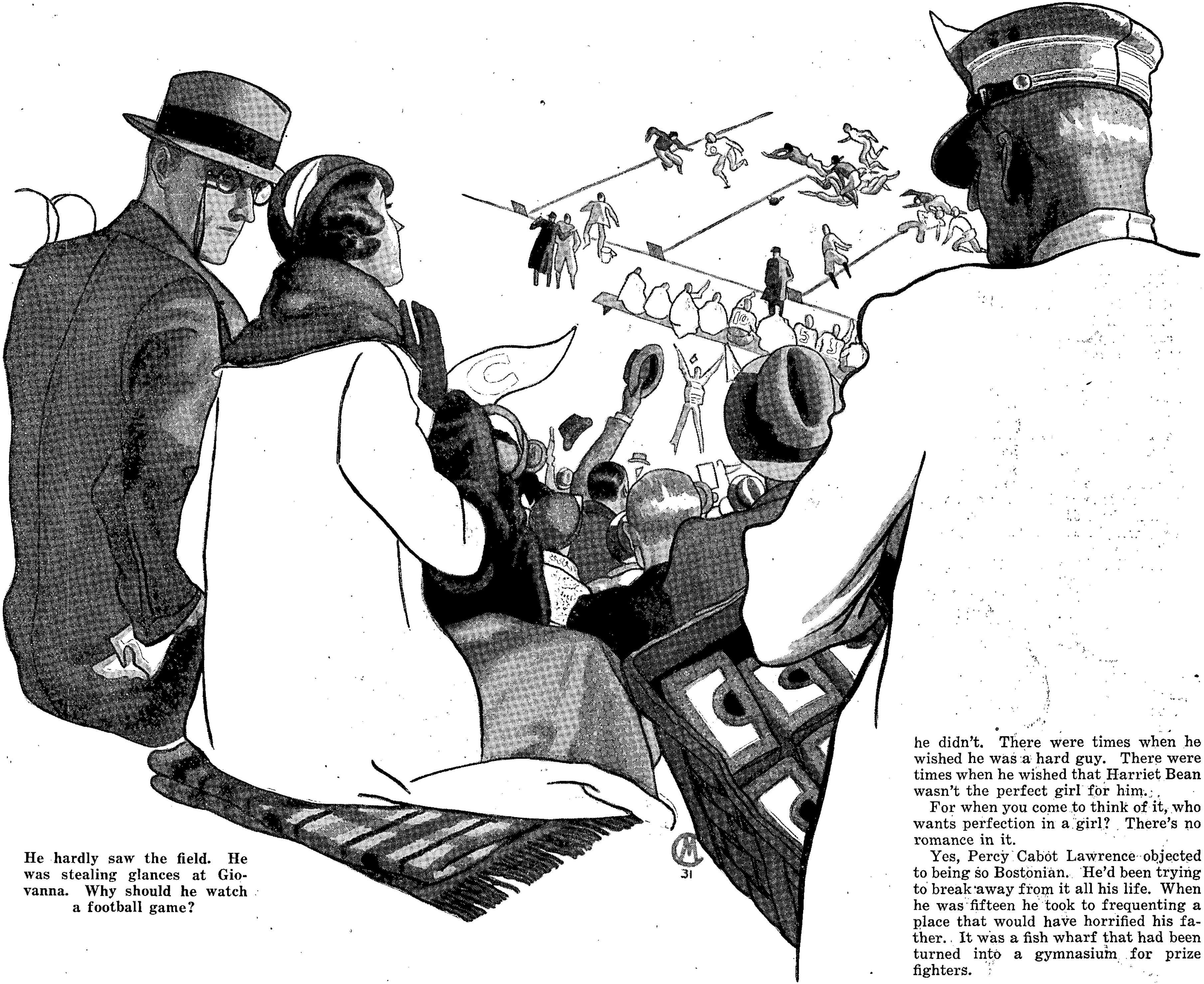
The heart of your radio

Collier's The National Weekly for October 10, 1931



He hardly saw the field. He was stealing glances at Giovanna. Why should he watch a football game?

One to the Button

Percy Cabot Lawrence knew how to use his fists. What Percy did not understand was how to please a woman

By Lucian Cary

IT'S all in knowing how. It really is. That's what the Congo Kid said to Professor Percy Cabot Lawrence. And who had a better right to speak?

Take Benny Benito, for example. He was strong and fast. But so are lots of men who never tore off forty yards in a broken field and never could. Benny Benito knew how. He knew how to run and how to shift and how to use his weight and how to give the straight arm.

It was a pleasure to see him work—to see him smash through the line on a plunge off-tackle for that last five yards or dance through the other team in the open field as if they were so many shadows in his path and it was his day for dodging shadows. The old-timers said he was as hard to catch as Eckersall and as hard to stop as Willie Heston.

YES, he was fast; and as strong as a young bull. But no man is fast enough or strong enough to go through eleven others unless he knows how. Benny Benito knew how to use his strength and speed on the football field and, though he was never anxious to take offense, he had a good right hand.

Yet there was one thing he didn't know. And that's why he didn't attend the banquet they gave the football team at Minnewaska. That's why he wasn't there when the governor of the state got up to tell him what a great man he was.

But we might as well begin at the beginning.

They asked Percy Cabot Lawrence to give two courses in English literature that year at Minnewaska. Percy Lawrence had been born and brought up in the most sacred part of Boston. He had gone to Harvard and remained to teach at Harvard. He knew how to hold a cup of tea and how to talk without saying anything and how to give offense without being impolite.

But there were times when he wished he didn't. There were times when he wished he was a hard guy. There were times when he wished that Harriet Bean wasn't the perfect girl for him.

For when you come to think of it, who wants perfection in a girl? There's no romance in it.

Yes, Percy Cabot Lawrence objected to being so Bostonian. He'd been trying to break away from it all his life. When he was fifteen he took to frequenting a place that would have horrified his father. It was a fish wharf that had been turned into a gymnasium for prize fighters.

BUT even there Percy Lawrence had to do everything just right. He wanted to be a good tough boy and within a week they were calling him "professor." He wanted a left hook like Jack Dempsey's and he acquired a classic straight left like that of the great boxers of the past. He wanted to be a killer and the more he boxed the cleverer he got.

While he was at Harvard he was intercollegiate heavyweight boxing champion. But he didn't get much kick out of it and neither did the spectators. None of the other college boxers of his weight could hit him. He jabbed their heads off with that long left of his and never really let go with the right. He wanted to win with a clean knockout but when he had the other chap cut up and dizzy and swinging wild he couldn't bear to drive the right to the button and finish him. He couldn't see putting another college boy on the floor merely to please the crowd. The referee would hold up his hand at the end of the three rounds and announce: "Lawrence wins on points." And there would be a little hand-clapping. Nobody outside the ring suspected how good he was.

He went to see Harriet Bean when he got the offer from Minnewaska. One minute he thought he'd ask her to marry him and the next he thought he wouldn't. He liked her looks and her poise. She knew the same people and she spoke the same language and he felt more at home with her than with any other person in the world. But he had dreams, like everybody else, of some violent and primitive creature who'd take a lot of taming. He wasn't ready to settle down in a red brick house in Boston with good mahogany and old silver and a girl who would always preserve the appearances. Harriet was too well brought up.

"Of course," he said, "I'm a fool to consider going out West. The sensible thing is to stay on at Harvard and marry you."

HARRIET shook her head. "I don't think so at all," she said. "The sensible thing is for you to go out West. You're *frightfully* fed up with Boston."

Percy got up and stood with his back against the mantelpiece and looked down at Harriet Bean and felt seriously annoyed. He'd taken it for granted that if he asked her to marry him she would. And he had asked her—after a fashion—and she had ignored it. The longer he looked at her the madder he got. Harriet had blond hair with a wave in it and eyes of the true cornflower blue and legs as long and slender and well modeled as those of a movie star.

"Very well," he said. "I will go out West."

And he did. He went out to Minnewaska and was lonesome.

He was a tall, lean, shy, stoop-shouldered young man in Oxford eyeglasses and Harris tweeds. The Middle-Westerners didn't like his speech, which was merely the version of English he had learned at his mother's knee but which struck their ears as a despicable affectation. They didn't like his manner, which was considered charming in Cambridge but which seemed to them a sissyfied way of high-hatting you. They called him the Honorable Percy and other things, and said that when he wore those glasses with the heavy bow clear across the top he looked like some new kind of sheep.

They might have liked him better if they had known that Jack Sharkey liked to work out with him on account of that straight left, which is almost as uncommon among sparring partners as it is among amateurs. At least they would have stopped to wonder if he was as bad as he looked. But there was no boxing team to coach at Minnewaska and no way for Percy Lawrence to let them see that he knew things you can't learn out of a book.

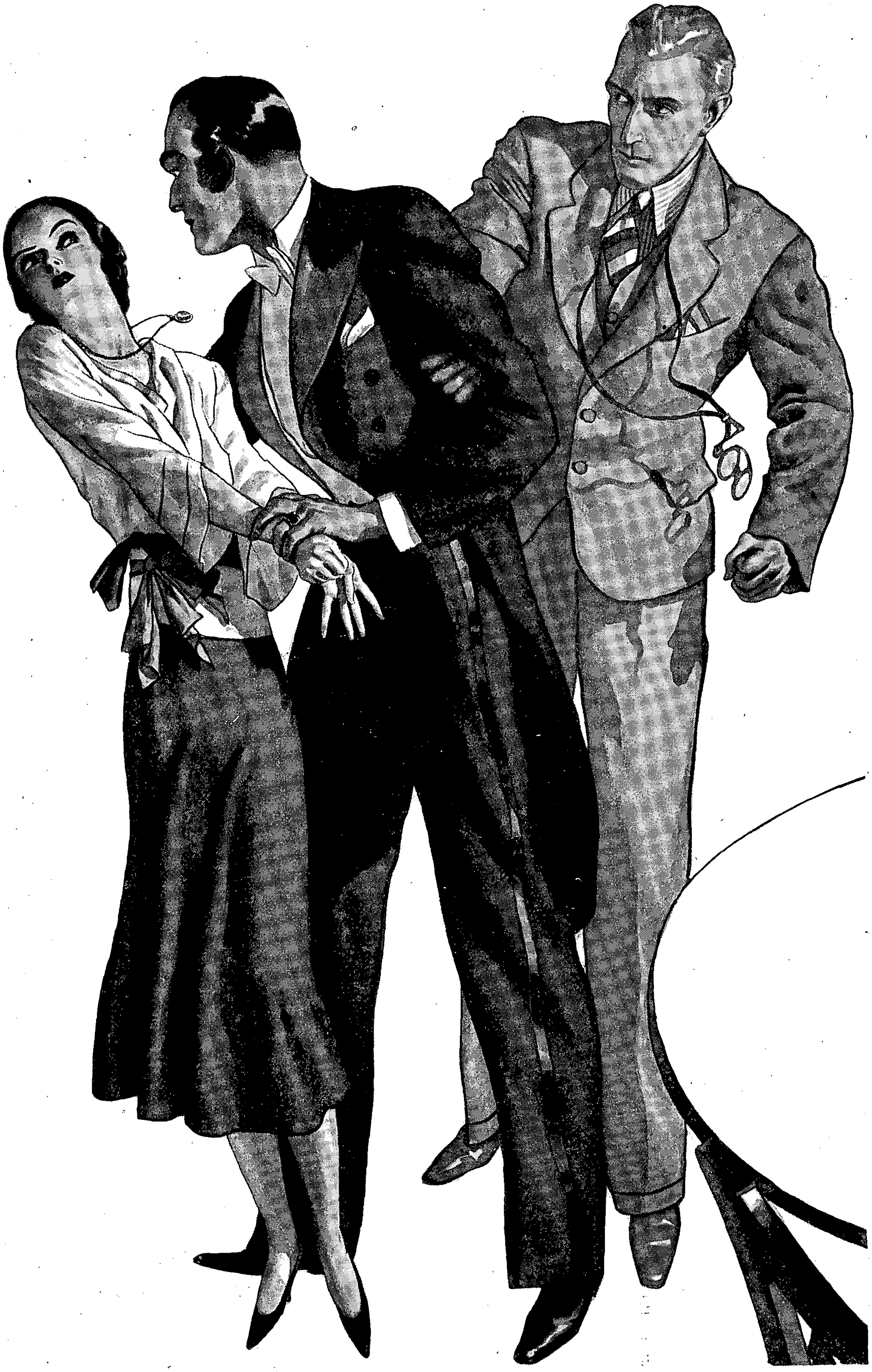
He had dinner at the faculty club occasionally with a professor of sociology named Somers who came from Maine and didn't mind the Harvard accent; and regularly three times a week he played handball with a chap who taught animal husbandry at the school of agriculture and made a cult of keeping physically fit and didn't mind anything as long as he got his handball. For the rest Percy Lawrence read and took long lonely walks around the lake and wrote long letters to Harriet Bean about what the Middle West was like.

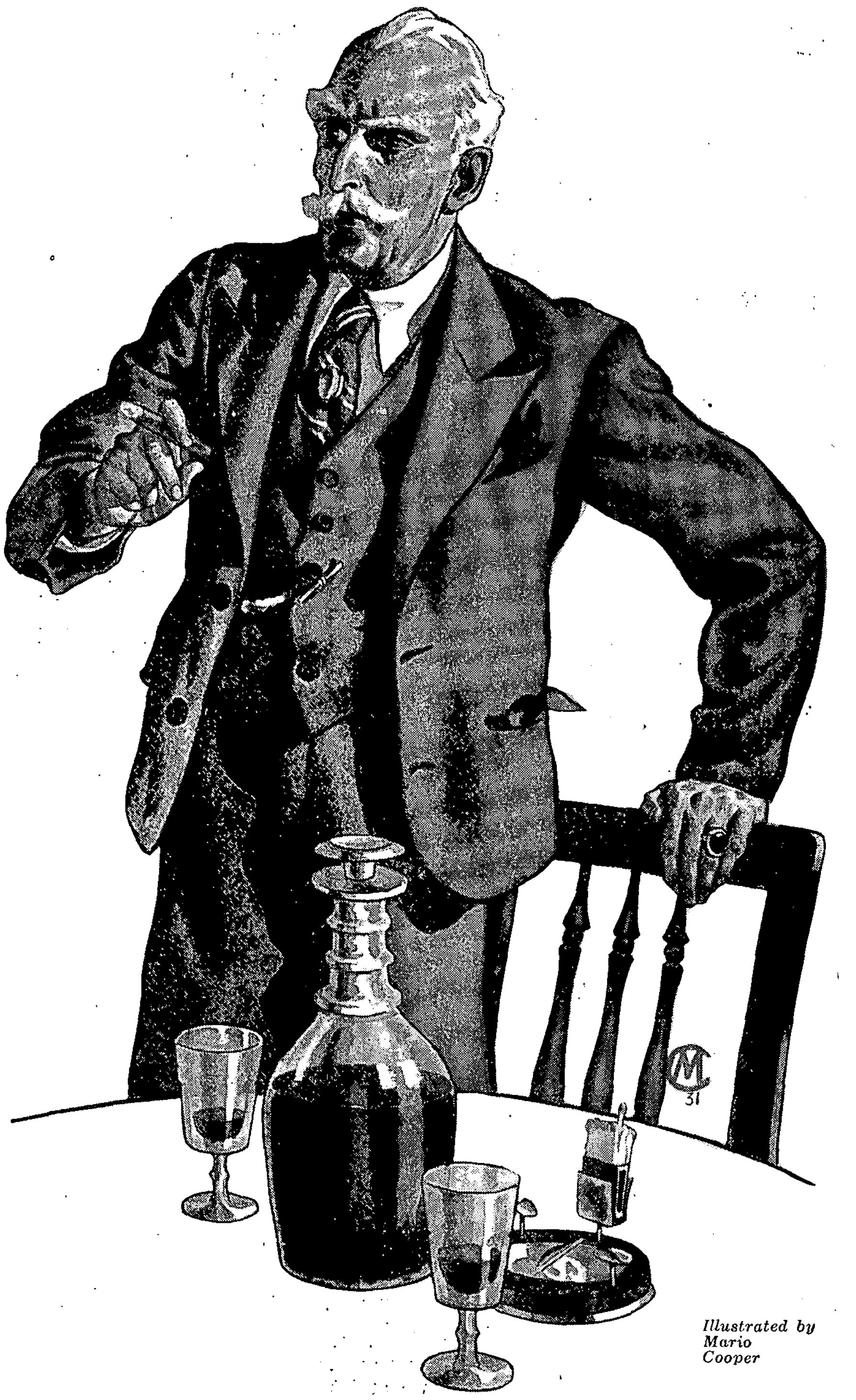
HE lectured in a big room full of co-eds, with an occasional literary male. He thought the co-eds were excessively young and frivolous and ignorant. When he read the first batch of papers they turned in he was amazed and annoyed at how clever they were in handing back to him his own opinions in his own language. But he came to a paper that made him give an incredulous hitch to his glasses and pull the reading lamp closer.

Her name was Giovanna Malatesta. Percy spoke it aloud to himself, in the Italian fashion, slighting the final vowel. He thought it was a grand name. He pronounced it again and thought of the great ladies of the Renaissance—the companions of those warrior princes who had so pretty a taste in murder and poetry.

He hadn't the least idea which one she was. He had a hundred and fifty co-eds in his course in the history of the novel and he didn't know any of them by name.

He called the roll himself at the next meeting of the class and when he came to Malatesta he looked up to see who answered. But the room was big and the low voice that answered "Present" came from a far corner of the room. She was either one of the school teachers in that corner or else she was the ravishing creature with the blue-black hair and big brown eyes.





Illustrated by Mario Cooper

With one hand Percy took off his eyeglasses and with the other he caught Benny Benito's elbow. "That will do," he said

There was nothing to do but repeat the name.

"Present," she said again, and this time he saw which one answered. It was the beautiful creature who spoke. Percy hurried on, knowing that he was blushing.

While he lectured he devised a scheme for meeting Giovanna Malatesta. At the end of the hour he announced that in view of the character of the papers he had received it would be necessary for him to have a personal interview with each member of the class. He would be in his office every afternoon from two to four for this purpose.

He waited four days and waded through a hundred talks with girls who saw a personal interview with the professor as a chance to get a better mark. On the fifth day Giovanna Malatesta came.

She was very quiet. She seemed exquisitely quiet after the scores of artificially vivacious girls he had talked to. And she was so lovely that he stammered when he spoke.

"M-m-miss Malatesta," he said, "I—I need not tell you that your paper was entirely satisfactory. I enjoyed it."

"I am glad that you liked it," Giovanna Malatesta said. Her voice was low but it had a throb in it and her eyes were eloquent. Her eyes had warm lights in them.

Percy felt that she knew how interested and excited and curious he was. She was no older than the others. But she was a woman. He was not a professor to her but a man.

"Miss Malatesta," he said, "may I call on you?"

"No," she said. "It would be much simpler if you did not."

PERCY stared at her in astonishment and chagrin. "I—I," he said, "I'm awfully sorry."

Giovanna Malatesta rose and looked at him with a grave smile. "I, too, am sorry," she said.

"And there's nothing to do about it?" Percy asked. "I mean—really, you know—"

"No," she said. "Nothing."

Percy stood in the window of his office watching her walk down the hill. She hadn't disliked him. He was sure of that. And she must know as well as he did how much they had in common. He had read her essay and she had heard his lectures.

He thought of following her; of calling up the registrar's office and asking for all the information on file about her; of leading other professors to talk about her. A woman so very beautiful and so intelligent must be well known in the university. There must be plenty of people who could tell him who she was and give him a clue to her refusal to let him call. But he would not run the risk of embarrassing her by asking questions about her.

He haunted the library instead. He sat in the library every evening after dinner from eight until ten. Finally, one night, she came in.

He waited, pretending to read, but watching her lovely head. At ten o'clock, when the library closed, he followed her out. He caught up with her at the front door.

"May I walk a little way with you?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "a little way."

They fell into step. It had been raining a little. The walk was strewn with wet autumn leaves.

"You know," Percy Lawrence said, feeling that he must say something or yield to the temptation to throw his arms around her, "you know I was delighted with your observation that Defoe's Moll Flanders is an early version of Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

"It's true," she said. "Either book might be called a portrait of a gold-digger."

THEY talked rapidly then, as people can who share a special taste in books. But after four blocks Giovanna Malatesta paused. "And now," she said, "good night."

"But I can't leave you here," he said.

"I know my way home," she said. "It is better that you go no farther."

"But shan't we meet again? Isn't there some way for me to see you for more than two minutes? Couldn't I take you to lunch? Or something?"

"It is better not," she said.

"But isn't there something you would like to do—someplace you'd like to go?"

She hesitated.

"There is," he said. "Please tell me."

"I am mad about football," Giovanna Malatesta said.

"I'll take you to the game tomorrow," Percy cried.

"So many people would see us together," she said. "You do not know how people talk—above all when a co-ed goes anywhere in public with a professor."

"What if they do talk? Does it matter?"

"No," she said, "let them talk. I will meet you at the library tomorrow at two."

He walked for hours through the cool November night, dreaming about her. He walked until he was tired and hungry, and he saw an all-night lunch wagon.

The place was deserted except for the plump colored man in a white duck jacket behind the lunch bar. Percy ordered a sandwich and sat watching the deft movements of the colored man's hands as he chopped onions into hamburger steak. He saw that across the back of each hand was a welt, the scar of an old wound.

"You've been a fighter," Percy said.

The colored man looked up with a broad smile. "Yessir," he said. "Yessir. But how'd you know?"

"You had bad hands," Percy said. "You broke the bones."

"Yessir," the colored man said. He looked up sharply. "I'm the Congo Kid," he said. "All that's left of him."

"Really?" Percy asked.

He was. He told stories for an hour, under Percy's questioning, of Joe Gans and Joe Walcott and the old days of fights that went thirty and forty rounds.

Percy Lawrence went home feeling that after all the Middle West was romantic—anything could happen there.

Giovanna was there promptly at two o'clock. She had a kind of glow that day—the warmth of a woman in love. She went to Percy's head. He forced himself to speak of ordinary, inconsequential things.

"THE papers say that the great Benito isn't playing today," he said.

"No," Giovanna Malatesta said. "He has a bad knee. They are saving him for Michigan next Saturday. It is too bad. He is beautiful to see."

Percy Lawrence sat beside her, high up in the stand, his shoulder touching hers, while Minnewaska played Chicago through three dogged quarters. He hardly saw the field. He was stealing glances at Giovanna. He saw the lovely, flat curve of her cheek, the long, lovely sweep of her eyelashes. Why should he watch a football game?

Suddenly, at the beginning of the fourth quarter, Chicago scored.

"Now," Giovanna Malatesta said, "they will have to put Benny in."

She was quite right. Chicago held on the forty-yard line. The coach slapped Benny Benito on the back and he trotted out and the stands rose to cheer and the dull game was suddenly exciting.

Everybody saw what Benny Benito was going to do when he dropped well back from the line of scrimmage. He was going to try a drop kick for goal. The Chicago rooters began to chant, "Block that kick! Block that kick!" But at the last moment they were too eager to see Benny Benito's smallest movement. They forgot to yell.

It was suddenly still as Benny Benito wet one finger and held it up to feel the wind. Then he stood poised, his arms outstretched to receive the ball. His gesture was so graceful and so sure that you knew he could do it. He knew so precisely how to do it.

The ball came sailing back, low and true. The ball went straight to Benny Benito and he tucked it under his arm and was off without a look or a pause. His right arm shot out and the Chicago end went spinning. He used the slight check of that encounter to dodge the next two men. Three more bore down on him. He was completely boxed. And then he wasn't.

"He's got away," Percy Lawrence gasped.

"Of course," said Giovanna Malatesta.

He had got away. He was running straight down the field, with the pack trailing behind him and only the Chicago safety man between him and the goal. The safety man had him and then he didn't have him. With what seemed a slight twist of the body Benny Benito passed him. The safety man grasped valiantly at the air and dug up turf with his nose as he struck the ground.

"WHAT a man!" Percy Lawrence said.

"Isn't it glorious!" Giovanna cried.

Six minutes later Benny Benito ran ninety yards to score the second and winning touchdown.

On the way back to the library Percy Lawrence asked her what sort of man Benny Benito was.

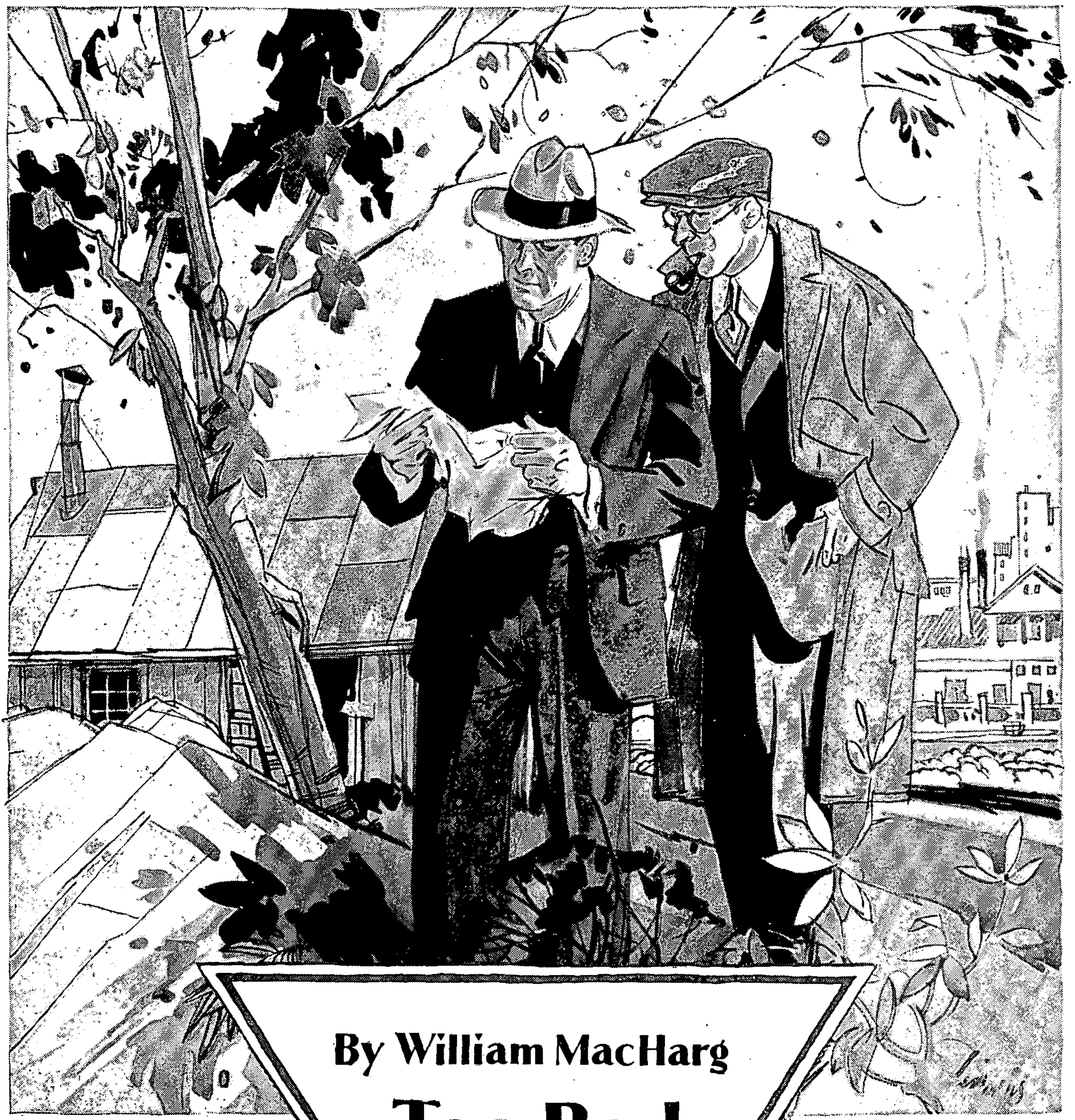
"Oh," she said, "all the men admire him and envy him and all the women fall in love with him—or think they do."

"I should think women would fall in love with him," Percy said. "He's so much better than anybody else. He's the best open-field runner I ever saw in my life. And he has the perfect manner of a conqueror."

Giovanna shrugged her shoulders. "Such a man captures one's imagination for a moment—perhaps. But that is all."

They walked on in silence, until they arrived at the library.

(Continued on page 26)



By William MacHarg

Too Bad

Detective O'Malley gets a difficult case, and encounters a bold, bad criminal

O'Malley picked up a piece of newspaper. It had been rained on, but something greasy had been wrapped in it

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

"NOW we got one of those murders," said O'Malley, "that don't never get solved because you haven't got a thing to go by. It's the hard luck I always have that makes them put me on this kind of case. This is a murder of an old guy that lived in a shack up by the Harlem River, and nobody knew who he was or where he came from, like plenty other people around this town that got no folks. Most of 'em got no money either, but some of 'em got money put away but they're afraid to spend it. Well, it got reported that this old guy had money hidden in his shack and everybody in the neighborhood believed it, so somebody tried to rob him and he got knocked off. A cop gets no credit if he solves this kind of case because nobody's got any interest and still it's the hardest kind of case to solve."

"How was it done?" I asked.

"They beat him with a stick of wood picked up right there. His name was Windel. Nobody heard anything or seen anybody about the place."

We had been driving north and now we were at the Harlem River. We got out and went to look at the shack. There were rocks and bushes all around it and a path led past it. Below were machine shops and boat-builders' shops and coal yards along the river, and farther there were tall apartment buildings.

"This is a lonesome sort of place," I said, "to be in the heart of a great city."

"It ain't so lonesome as it looks," O'Malley answered. "People come walking past here all the time, and that day one too many guys came walking past."

WE WENT in and examined everything in the shack. It was one room, with some broken furniture and a tumble-down bed, and whoever had killed the old man had searched it thoroughly and even had dug up the floor. The police had powdered all the place for finger-prints.

"Did they get any prints?" I asked.

"Plenty. The old man's prints, and prints of some kids that used to come here—they were the ones that found *him*—and prints of someone else; but there weren't no prints on the murder club because that was rough and didn't take 'em."

"Those prints by 'someone else' ought to help," I decided.

"How?" O'Malley inquired. "A print don't tell us nothing unless the guy that made it has a criminal record so we got his prints on file. Whoever made these prints has got no record, so we got to find him first. You can't finger-print six million people that live in this town, can you, to find out if one of 'em made these prints? And if you do find him, the prints are only on the furniture and don't prove the guy that made 'em had anything to do with killing the old man."

"I see," I said. "This is a tough one!"

We walked around and looked at everything carefully, but we didn't find anything. So we got in the car and drove back downtown.

"A case like this," O'Malley said, "you just got to wait. Maybe some day you get a break, but sometimes you don't even recognize the break without you're watching for it."

He dropped me at my office. For about a month after that, every time I saw O'Malley I asked him about the case, but he had nothing on it. Then one morning I read in the paper that the young man who had killed Windel had confessed. So I went over to the precinct station house.

O'Malley was there.

"This young fellow," he explained, "got taken up on suspicion of a robbery that we know now he didn't commit. As soon as they got him here he begun confessing murders. The fact is, he's a quiet kid that never done a crime in his life and, ever since he was old enough, has worked every day of his life in a garage and took his wages home to his mother."

"What's his idea, then?" I inquired. "Is he crazy?"

"Not unless a guy's crazy that wants publicity. We get 'em once in a while like that. I thought I'd talk with him."

WE WENT in to talk to the kid. His name was Burns. He was an unintelligent-looking youth, not yet twenty, who was enjoying his experience immensely.

"Another cop!" he said sarcastically, studying O'Malley.

"You tell us, Burns, how you done that Windel murder," O'Malley invited.

"I told it plenty times already," Burns said, swelling with importance, "but I don't mind telling it again if you flatfeet have interest. I heard this old man Windel had a lot of money hidden in his shack, so that day I went up there to kind of look around the place."

"Anybody see you going there?" O'Malley inquired.

"I took care they shouldn't see me. There were some kids talking with him when I got near the place, so I sat down behind some bushes to wait till they went away. I had some bread and sausage with me for lunch, so I et that while I was waiting. Then I went and looked again, but the kids were still there, so I set and read the paper my lunch had been wrapped in till they went away, and then I watched again."

"WHAT were you watching for?" O'Malley asked.

"To see if he did anything that would show me where he had his money hidden. Well, he didn't; so I went down there. There was a piece of scantling lying near the shack and I picked that up and took it along. At first I just set and talked with the old man friendly, but after a while I asked him where he had his money. When he seen what I wanted, he begun to yell for help, and so I hit him."

"How?"

"A couple of times with the scantling on the side of the head. When I seen that he was dead, I put him in his bed and covered him up so that if anybody saw him they'd think he was sleeping; and then I searched all the place and even dug up the floor, but I didn't find nothing."

"It was pretty smart how you done it," O'Malley said admiringly. "How about that fellow that was shot last month in the Bronx?"

"Sure. I done that one too."

"How about the fellow and girl that were found in the parked car on Long Island?"

"I killed them too."

"Well, O'Malley," I said, after we had got outside, "did that nut give you anything on the Windel case?"

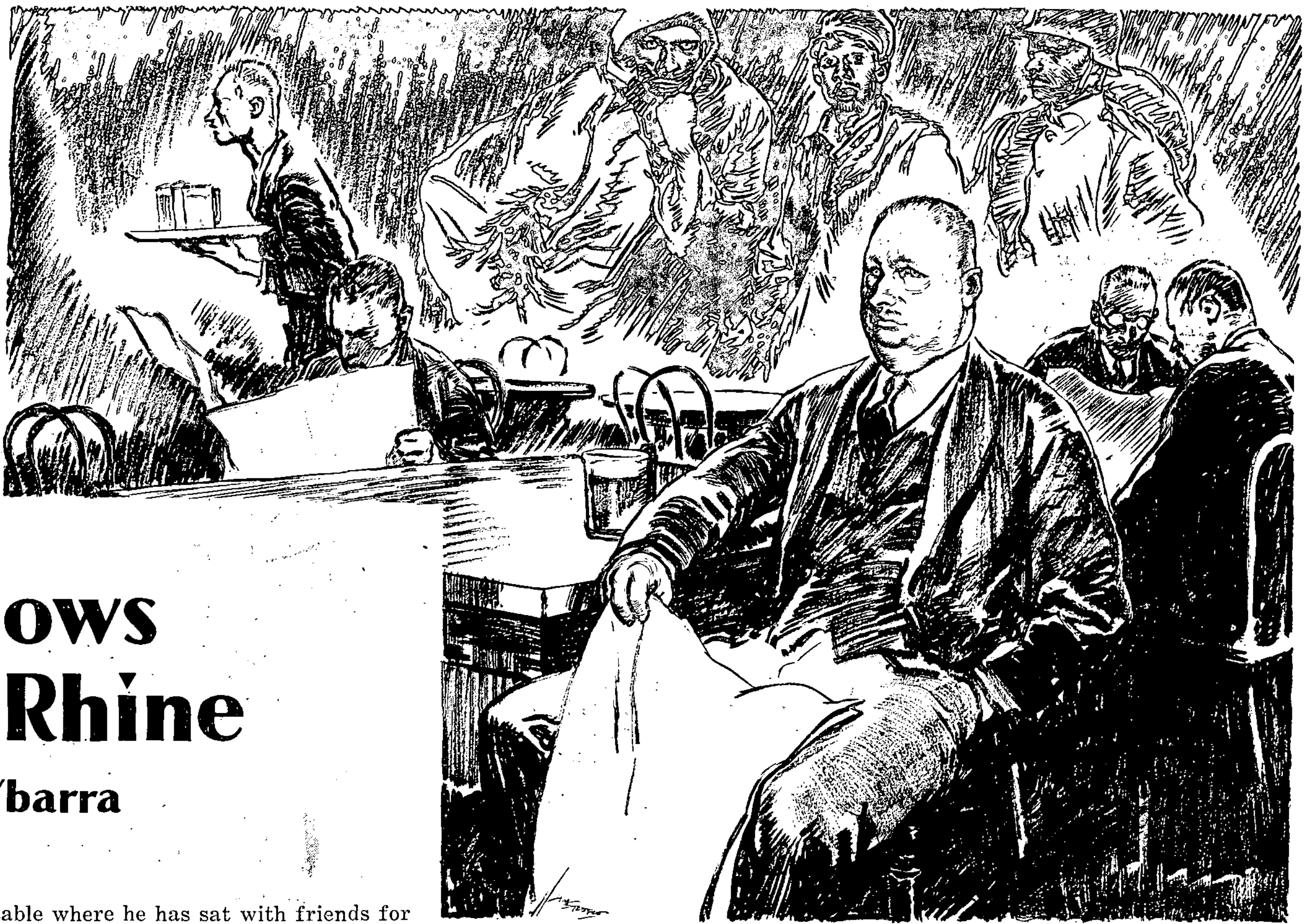
"Not a thing. I'm going out and look the place over again."

We drove out to Harlem and O'Malley walked all around the shack, looking at the bushes. After a while he picked up a crumpled piece of newspaper. It had been rained on, but you could still see that something greasy had been wrapped in it. He smoothed it out and the date of the paper was the day

(*Continued on page 40*)

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

Behind the neat figures which show the crisis in Germany's finance, there's a personal story of bewilderment. Something has happened to Germany's Man in the Street. He's not sure what, but it has turned his world into a nightmare. The familiar scene has become the thin covering over an abyss. Here Mr. Ybarra shows him to you—sick with disillusion, haunted, groping, but with pride and tradition to keep him from despair



The patriotic German is confronted by specters which poison his pleasures and turn his thoughts into a vicious circle

Shadows on the Rhine

By T. R. Ybarra

BEWILDERMENT has gripped Germany's Man in the Street. He is groping among nightmares and terrors. Dreams which he thought heralded bright realities now seem to him lying illusions. His fatherland, his native town, his home, his wife, his children, himself, seem to be tumbling helplessly from the world which he knew into a fantastic hell of misery and slavery, subject to a law which he cannot fathom, speaking a language which he cannot understand.

He still tries to look and speak and act as if all were still normal. He sits down to meals with his family, eats, drinks, jokes. He boards street cars, goes to business, buys a newspaper, says "Fine day!" nonchalantly to acquaintances as nonchalant as himself. He still goes, evenings, to his favorite beer-café, nods to the fat proprietor, sits as usual at the *Stammtisch*, the reserved table where he has sat with friends for years, approvingly watches the waiter ("*Guten Abend, Johann!*" "*Guten Abend, Herr Schmidt!*") set beside him a mug of beer that is twin brother to countless mugs of countless bygone evenings.

He knows that, outside, the policeman stil stands; the old woman who, for years, has sold matches on the corner is still selling them; above, in the heavens the moon still shines. But, if once he dare start thinking, between sips of beer and trifles of conversation, he knows that bewilderment will again lay hold of him, that nightmare shapes will again go reeling across his brain.

A National Nightmare

Three specters, particularly, haunt him, poisoning his pleasures, turning the current of his thoughts into a vicious circle. "Listen only to me!" wheedles the first, "I am Surrender!" "Heed only me!" quavers the second, "I am Vengeance!" "Follow none but me!" gibbers the third, "I am Despair!"

No matter which way he looks, Germany's Man in the Street sees an enemy of his country and the name of that enemy is France. Now he sees France as a wall of steel closing in upon Germany. Now he sees her as a flood of gold in which Germany is doomed to asphyxiate. Now he sees her as a ruthless warrior, sword in hand; now she appears to him fair of feature and alluring of voice, like the sirens who sought to beguile Ulysses. But always, no matter in what guise she may appear, he firmly believes that France is bent upon throttling Germany, robbing her of national sovereignty, reducing her to economic slavery.

Now he sees the German government stopping its ears against the song of the French siren: "Let us become reconciled. Let us live in amity. United we shall be irresistible." Now he sees the German government clenching its fists in impotent anger while France thunders: "There are my conditions! Accept them! You are disarmed, encircled by me and my satellites. You are penniless, helpless, friendless. Down on your knees!—or tomorrow my armies will again march into your territory, and Rhineland and Ruhr will again be separated from Germany by a hedge of my bayonets and a ring of my cannon!"

Germany's Man in the Street also clenches his fist. Surely, France cannot be telling the truth? Disarmed Germany may be, and penniless, and helpless. But friendless? Surely she is not that!

He looks across the borders of his fatherland.

England?

In the World War, not so many years back, there was a time when Germans cursed England as their country's archfoe. "*Gott strafe England!*" That was what Germans once shouted, with hate in their voices, at tumultuous meetings. But those days are dead. England has shown herself since a good friend of Germany—quite ready, on more than one occasion since German defeat in the war, to protect Germany from being crushed by France. For centuries the very cornerstone of British policy has been to allow no nation on the European continent to grow too powerful. One by one, in the past, Britain has humbled Spain and Holland, France and Germany. Now with Germany disarmed and France growing arrogant, the logic of history, the immutability of British policy, must necessarily array Britons and Germans against the French!

And all the more certainly now since the point at issue is not one which can be settled only by marches and sieges and battles in the traditional style of European warfare, but one in which the regiments are moneybags and the soldiers coins of gold. This is a sort of warfare in which England has long been supreme. What financial citadel on the European continent can compare with the Bank of England?

Brightly shine the eyes of Germany's Man in the Street, in delighted anticipation. Then, suddenly, disillusionment overwhelms him like a cataract of icy water.

Germany Looks Westward

France reveals herself—or so it seems to him—as the financial master of Britain. France speaks—and England's money monarchs, England's lords paramount of the pound sterling, seem silently to do France's bidding.

"Are you not going to help me?" asks Germany.

"Make your peace with France," replies England.

"But there is no possibility of peace with France. For Germany to become reconciled to France means Germany's surrender, politically and financially!"

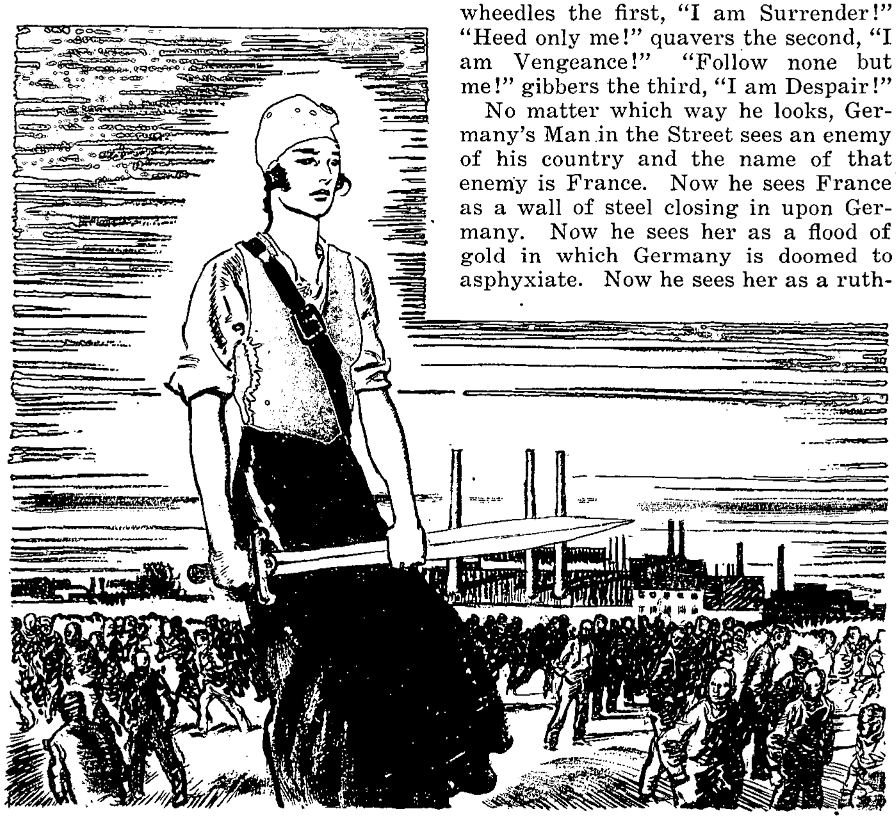
"Make your peace with France!"

Germany's Man in the Street turns his eyes on the United States of America.

In his heart there has never been real enmity toward the Americans. Not even during the World War, when great American armies swelled the ranks of Germany's enemies and tipped the scales heavily in favor of those enemies and doomed the proud German Empire to destruction.

The German has always felt that he understood the American. Unlike so many Europeans, he sees nothing alien or abhorrent in American "push," American business efficiency, the practical

(*Continued on page 59*)



Germany sees France as irreconcilable, unapproachable and merciless

Business is what you

Collier's invites you to

When the books are balanced for 1931 they will show that business rewards have gone this year more than ever to men with initiative and imagination.

Business methods are changing fast. Styles are changing faster. Successful business men are those who can think fast enough to keep up with the parade—or just a little ahead of it.

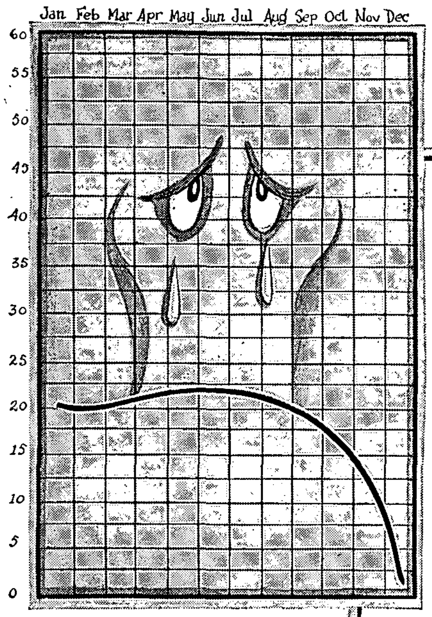
Mr. Flynn recently toured the country, at Collier's request, to visit successful merchants in many lines of business and to observe their methods.

In this article, the second of a series, he tells the

Collier's Regular Space

for each letter which seems to us to contain

Letter Editor, Collier's, 250



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BEFORE the day is out you will eat something that came from a grocery store, use *something* from a clothing store, a jeweler's, and will, unless you are sleeping in the park, seek rest from it all on a piece of merchandise that was supplied you by a furniture store. "You can cuss us," said an old shopkeeper in Cedar Rapids, "but you can't escape us."

All this is the reason why the storekeeper—no matter what he sells—has one big problem—and that problem is *you*. If it is to be admitted that he has a second problem, then that second problem is *himself*. The whole puzzle he has to work out is how to get you two together—you and himself.

I have been finding out some things about stores. For instance, I have found that you will spend something more than 150 million dollars in stores today in spite of our highly advertised depression. Furthermore I find that before sundown today about one thousand weary merchants will close their doors and never open them again—fellows who couldn't figure *you* out. So you are quite a problem. Another interesting thing I learned is that our stores are living not in a changed world but in a changing one; that, whatever may be the case in our so-called economic and financial world, it is certainly true that our stores are moving into a new era and that no one seems to be sure about what it will be.

At school entertainments it is usual to have the entertainment first and then distribute the awards. There is no particular reason for distributing awards here. But I have been looking at stores—hundreds of them—all over the country, from the rockbound shores of Maine to the golden coast of—well, all over the country. And I feel moved at this point, for no good reason, to hand out a few awards to some stores, maybe some of them in your town. Here they are:

The most beautiful specialty store—Bullock's Wilshire in Los Angeles. The beautiful Young-Quinlan store in Minneapolis or Ransohoff's in San Francisco might be selected by some, so I give them mention here as at least magnificent seconds.

The most unusual furniture store—Klingman's in Grand Rapids.

The most extraordinary grocery store—Piel's in Belvidere, Illinois.

The finest small-city department store—Peck's in Lewiston, Maine.

The most exceptional small-town auto dealers—Powell & Williams in White Rock, South Dakota.

Now I don't insist that my judgment in these awards is infallible. If there are finer stores than these, I should be glad to know about them. But I think this is a good list to start with.

However, I did not start out to make a survey of stores for the purpose of distributing prizes. What I was in search of was a peep at those changes which are taking place in the way you and I and the rest of the customers behave, and with such bewildering speed that the men behind the counter have been made a little bit dizzy—or at least some of them have.

The Tyrant of Merchandising

One of these things is the now almost universal dominance of style in everything and the unexpectedness with which fashions change. Style's the word—the mode, color, design, art—these things have taken possession of everything—even our tools. (You can now get a hammer with a blue or pink handle and a monkey wrench in almost any shade.)

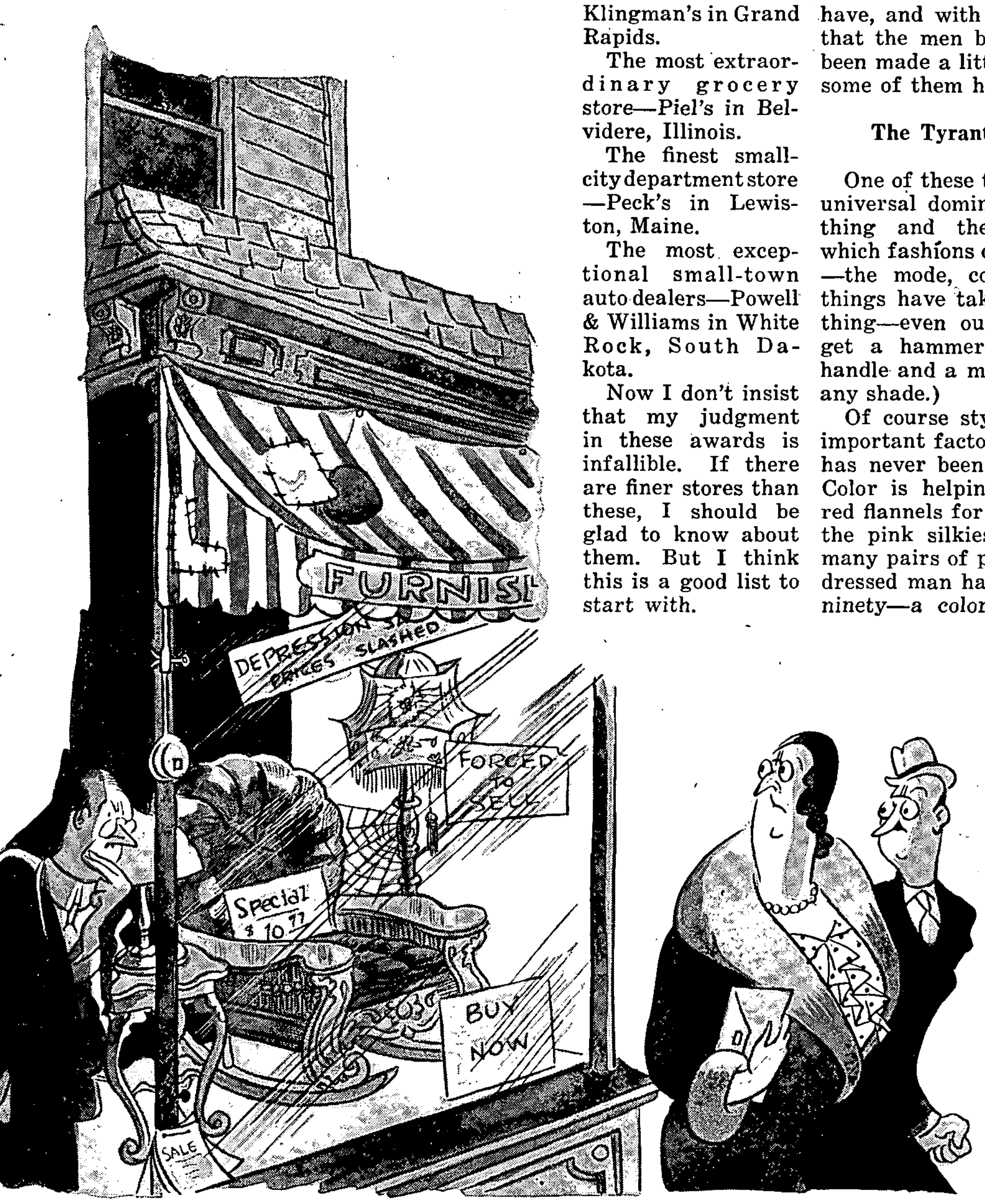
Of course style has always been an important factor in merchandise, but it has never been such a tyrant as now. Color is helping to do this. The old red flannels for men have flown out but the pink silkies have flown in. How many pairs of pajamas should the well-dressed man have? Jimmy Walker has ninety—a color and design for every mood. The hospital-white kitchen has departed, leaving a splash of orchid and sea green behind it on the cupboard and sink. The bathroom in pink or mauve tiles looks like the inside of a Cairo perfume bazaar. Pre-crash bathrooms are as completely outmoded as Model T Fords and the next thing will be the market for used bathtubs. Styles which once changed with deliberation now move on with lightning speed and they exert their influence not merely over ladies' dresses and men's socks but over everything from the furnace in the cellar to the soap dish and the towel rack in the bathroom.

If you will go into Schoenfeld's furniture store in Seattle, you will find a professional stylist to advise you about your furniture. Why? If you will go into Klingman's furniture store in Grand Rapids you will get a first-rate surprise. This is the last word in the modern furniture store, where every detail has been carefully planned to emphasize the importance of style. It is the most unique furniture store I have ever seen.

First of all, there is no display of furniture in the old-fashioned way. There is a beautiful auditorium seating six hundred, handsomely decorated, with a stage and the most modern lighting effects. This room is offered without cost to groups and clubs in Grand Rapids, usually women's clubs. For its use the store asks but one return—that the meeting pause for ten minutes to listen to a representative of the store talk about modern trends in furniture. This room is always booked up for weeks in advance.

Then there is a handsome tea room which attracts the ladies of the town as a meeting place and where, without obstructing it, beautiful pieces of furniture and accessories are displayed. The only thing resembling a store is the gift shop. The furniture itself is all displayed in fifty-four completely furnished rooms—dining-rooms, bedrooms, sitting-rooms, living-rooms and music-rooms, all furnished in perfect taste by the best interior decorators.

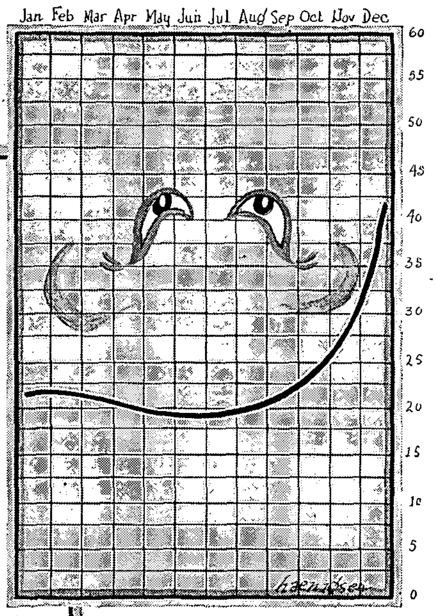
I talked with Mr. William J. Wilson in Chicago about this matter of style in furniture. Billy Wilson, as he is



Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

The so-called "price store," unable to adjust itself to the rapidly changing whims of fashion, is likely to find business bad

make it By John T. Flynn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tell about Better Business

inspiring stories of men whose energy and alertness have made this year one of record achievement.

In every town and city that Mr. Flynn visited he was able, he says, to pick out the store that was prospering. It was not the largest or most elaborate. It was usually the one that was different.

If your business has increased this year write us a letter about it. Every business man and woman will be interested to learn in what way you have met the needs of this changing world.

Hold yourself down to 500 words.

Rates Will Be Paid

useful information. Write it now. Address:
Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

known to every furniture man in the United States, is director of the magnificent Furniture Mart in Chicago, where is housed the most extensive and extraordinary collection of furniture displays found in one building anywhere in the world. Said Billy Wilson:

"Furniture can no longer be sold as a necessity. It was easy once upon a time. The manufacturer made anything he liked to make and the dealer took it because the country was hungry for furniture. But that is no longer so. Everybody has some kind of furniture in his home. There is no reason for him to change it except to get something better.

"An immense number of people therefore buy because they want to get something better. Styles in furniture have changed and continue to change. There is no more reason why a man should be satisfied with some of the terrible furniture he bought ten years ago than that he should be satisfied with the old tin-lined bathtub. We are learning to make more beautiful and finer furniture all the time. And we are making and selling it for a great deal less money. Now the thing to do is to make people conscious of these finer things. Conditions have changed. Houses are smaller now. We have built-in furniture and smaller rooms. People want fewer actual pieces, but they want them better. The successful furniture dealer now will sell style in furniture rather than price."

They are certainly selling it for less money. I have always wanted to know what retail furniture dealers paid for furniture. This summer I have had the rare opportunity of visiting manufacturers' showrooms and seeing the prices at which they are selling furniture to dealers. And I can truthfully confirm the fact that an immense amount of fine furniture is now being sold at retail at the lowest price it has known in twenty years and very close to cost—far less than it cost a year ago. The man who needs furniture now and doesn't buy it is a poor business man.

Mr. V. P. Williams, a textile manufacturer, said his company wanted to sell more towels. So it hired a stylist and a very expensive one, too. She went to the bathtub manufacturers and the tile manufacturers and consulted with them about coming bathroom motifs. She ended by designing some new towels—in beautiful colors. When the towels hit the market they began to sell very quickly. "It cost a lot of money," said Mr. Williams, "but it was worth it."

I found a mill in Maine which has been busy and prosperous making textiles all through the depression. When I asked the reason I was told it was because it had been ingenious in designing new things. It put the first crinkly bedspread on the market. It put out a rayon silk towel, which must convince the most skeptical that towels, like coats, are not merely made for use, but for show as well.

Brains—in Motion

Of course, part of all this means keeping continually and everlastingly after it. As Kettering, of General Motors, puts it: "You have to keep the customers dissatisfied." But that's what the gentlemen at the top of every business are supposed to be paid so well for—brains, brains in motion.

There is another and profounder reason for this new emphasis on style. Not only does the customer want it, but the dealer must have it. "Without it we are sunk," said a great specialty store owner to me. "The chains in every line have gone in for price. To do this they have standardized everything, cutting costs and cutting corners in expenses. But there is an immense population which demands quality, nice things, as beautiful as they can possibly afford and in the mode. This, therefore, marks the territory of the independent store."

We see, therefore, this clear division in line between the price store and the fashion store in almost everything.

A successful cloak dealer said: "In this store we sell style. Price is secondary. A store like mine can move swiftly to give its customers what they demand in the way of clothes suited to their tastes and the rapidly changing whims of style better than a large chain. Not only does the chain buy in mass to get price cuts, but it limits itself in selection. Over and above that it cannot adjust itself to the special and differing wants of different communities.

"You may think all American women dress alike. Some people think all Chinamen look alike. But not to Chinamen; and there are very considerable differences in the tastes and standards of different communities. When a woman buys a coat, how much of the price does she put out to keep covered, how much to keep warm and how much to look well? She can keep covered for half a dollar. She can keep warm for ten dollars. But she buys a one-hundred-dollar coat. Ninety per cent of her purchase is to look well. Our business is not saving women from nudity or keeping them warm. It is to make them look well. All women want to. They want reasonable prices. But they want as much style as they can get for the money they have to spend."

All these are successful merchants who are selling more merchandise this year than last. Mr. Will Knight, a leading shoe dealer of Portland, Oregon, said, "We don't talk price in this store. Our aim is all directed toward establishing confidence. That done, we assume they take it for granted that our prices are fair. This difference between price stores and style stores is this: The price store is primarily interested in trimming the price. In a ten-dollar shoe, for instance, they are for skimping a little on the material and getting it down to nine dollars and fifty cents; then reducing the quality of the leather and skinning off another fifty cents; then cutting the workmanship and saving another fifty cents. By thus cutting corners here and there they get the shoe

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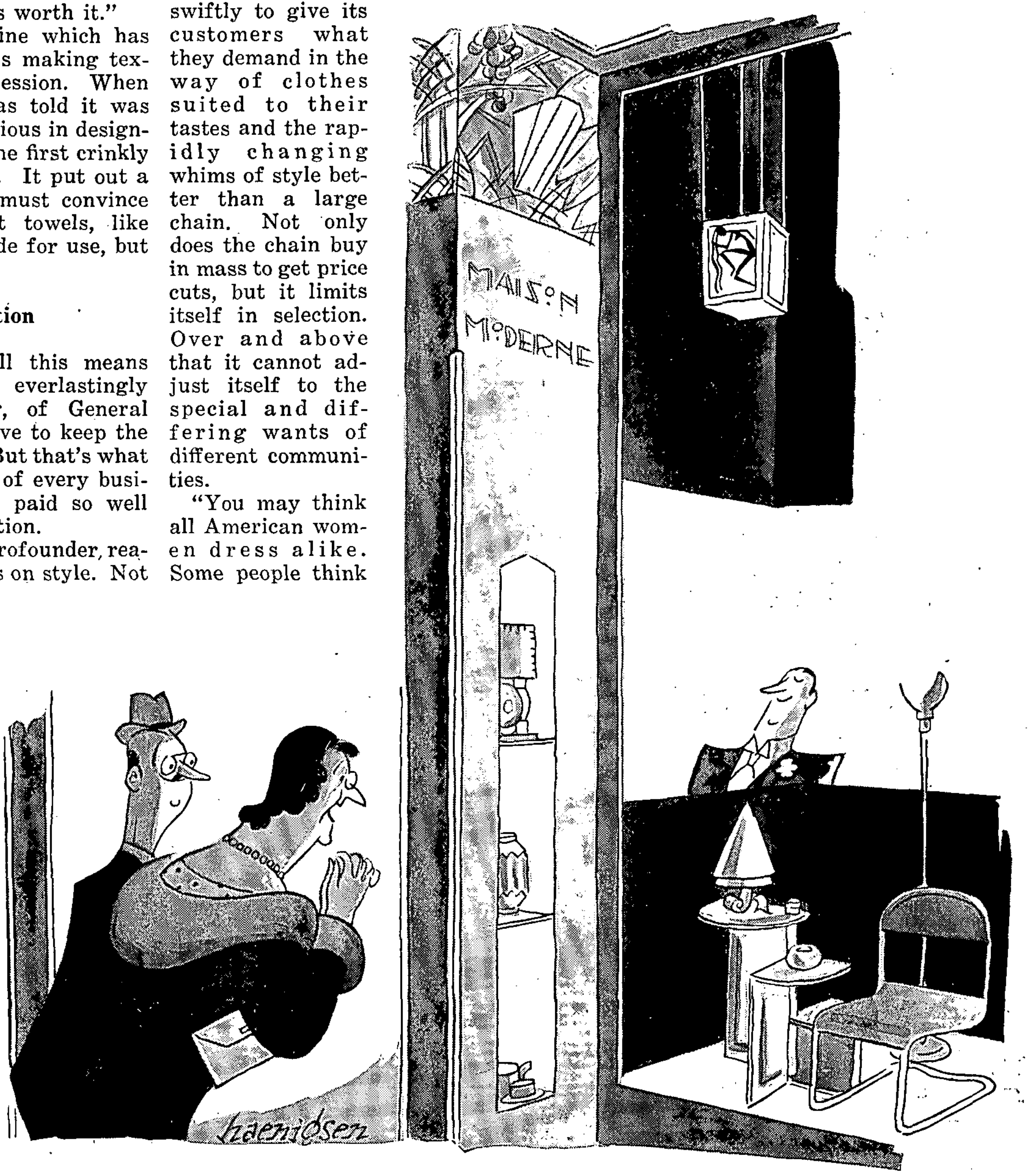
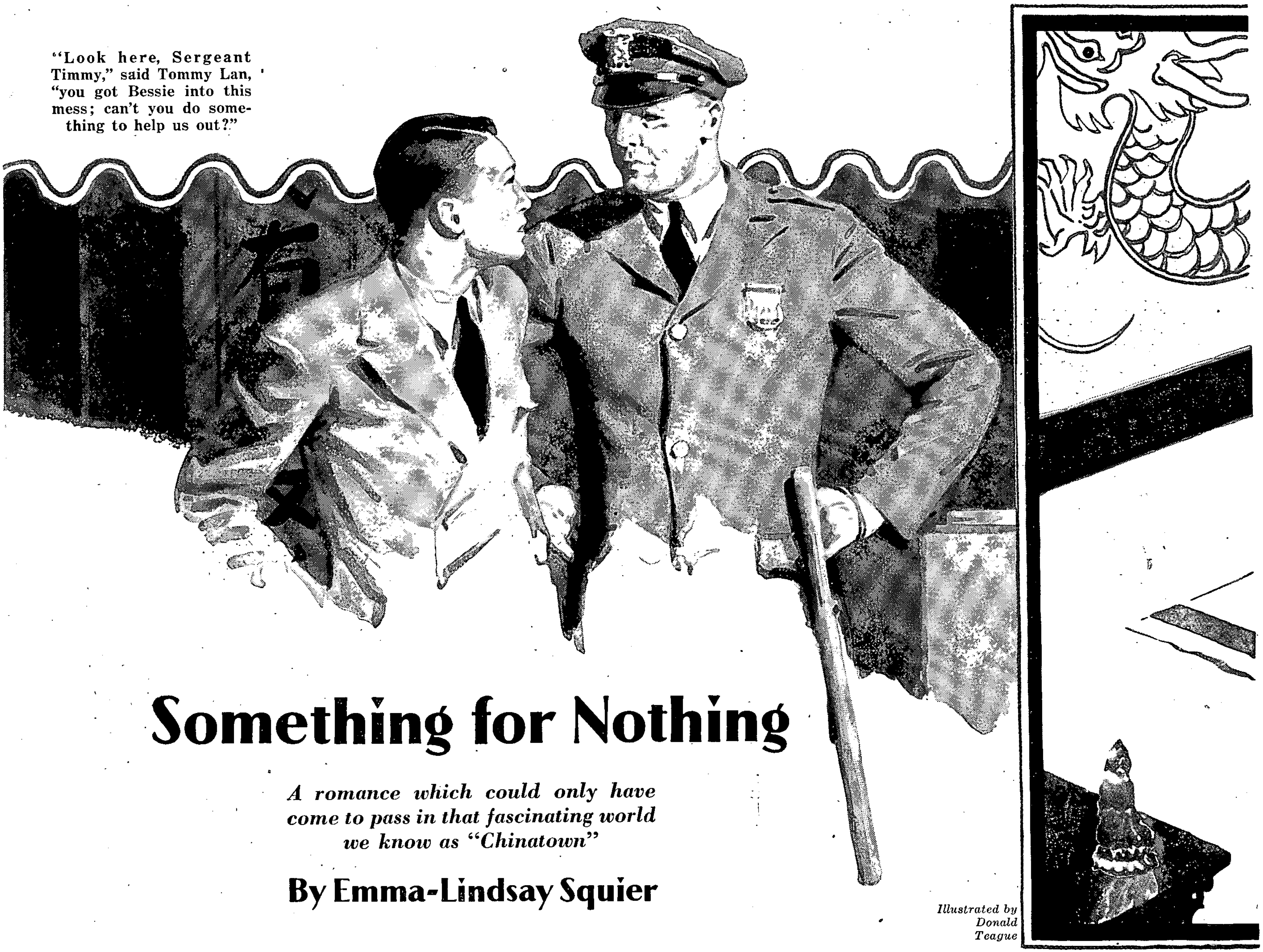


Progressive merchants who keep pace with the swift tempo of style seem to have solved their problems

"Look here, Sergeant Timmy," said Tommy Lan, "you got Bessie into this mess; can't you do something to help us out?"



Something for Nothing

A romance which could only have come to pass in that fascinating world we know as "Chinatown"

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

Illustrated by Donald Teague

It was only then that he

THERE are certain things in Chinatown that the Occidental mind cannot understand, for instance: the importance of not "losing face," and the sanctity of one's womankind in regard to virtue. Louie the Wop knows that now . . . and Sergeant Timmy, who will always be a bit perplexed by the matter. Papa Kwan always knew it . . . and Bessie Kwan, his daughter, had it to learn.

It was not unusual for Papa Kwan, otherwise Kwan Li Sun, to see Sergeant Timmy, of the Chinatown squad, standing in the doorway of his cluttered curio shop. Between the small, scholarly-looking Chinese and the burly, red-headed cop was a bond of mutual respect verging upon affection. Sergeant Timmy had once rescued Papa Kwan from a youthful gang of Italian thugs who had now grown up to be respectable racketeers. Papa Kwan had cured Sergeant Timmy of a bad case of ptomaine poisoning by using an evil-smelling Chinese herb remedy.

But upon this day Sergeant Timmy's good-natured pink face was very grave. He stood in the doorway of the shadowed little shop, his blue eyes squinting to adjust themselves to the inner gloom which the stabbing brightness of the sunshine without could not penetrate.

Papa Kwan lifted a pair of spectacles from the bridge of his delicately flattened nose to the lined placidity of his forehead. His sparse black hair, graying a little, would never lie down flatly like Occidental hair. It gave him the appearance of a doll made by someone who had hesitated in the making between strict solemnity and a bit of comedy. His eyes definitely slanted, and his hands, long and ivory-colored, were beautiful.

He was glad to see Sergeant Timmy. He wanted to tell him of Bessie's engagement to young Tommy Lan. The red papers, with the young people's names and birthdates, had already been exchanged. The wedding was to be upon the first lucky day as specified by the priest in the joss house. Papa Kwan was intensely fond of his pretty little daughter; although, Chinese fashion, he made no outward display of his affection for her.

"You sit dow', Tirry?" he asked pleasantly, coming from behind the counter.

The big policeman shook his head. "No—I've got something on me mind, Kwan, that needs gittin' off. You know that bad egg, Louie Bassetta—one of them was in that rough-house gang of kids?"

PAPA KWAN nodded. He remembered, rather painfully.

"Well—that bird's motto is 'Somethin' for Nothin''. He's got it engraved on his wrist watch. I dropped in t'day, informal like, t' pay him a visit in his apartment which I can't see no visible means o' payin' for. I—I don't like t' break it to you, Kwan, but—Bessie was there."

There was a short, dead silence in the cluttered, dark shop. Kwan Li Sun's delicate, long-fingered hand came up uncertainly to the spectacles on his forehead.

"You mean—Bessie—my—lir girl?" he said in a strained, sibilant whisper.

"Yeah; that's what I came to tell you. . . ."

The small Chinaman seemed to have shriveled, like a rubber doll being slowly deflated. . . . Sergeant Timmy's voice came to him as from a long distance. It was hard to understand the words. . . .

"Papa Kwan, I don't want ye to think too hard of Bessie. She's a good kid, only she's young, and them gir-r-uls she's been playin' around with lately ain't goin' to do her no good. There was bottles in the room, and he was tryin' to make her have a drink when I come walkin' in . . . hey!"

He sprang forward just in time to catch the small, black-jacketed figure as it slumped off the high stool. A shadow darkened the doorway, and Sergeant Timmy's voice was hard as he saw Bessie Kwan there, one hand clenched over the pounding of her heart.

"You'd better get in here, and take care o' your old man. It was like a blow betwixt the eyes!"

She came down the grimy steps and held on to the door frame with small, sand-colored hands that were white where the knuckles showed through. Slender, not yet out of her teens, her face was a delicate oval framed by a jet black cap of hair that was like polished lacquer. Her lips were rouged to the sharp crimson of the sports sweater she wore, and the brief flapper skirt that reached barely to the knees.

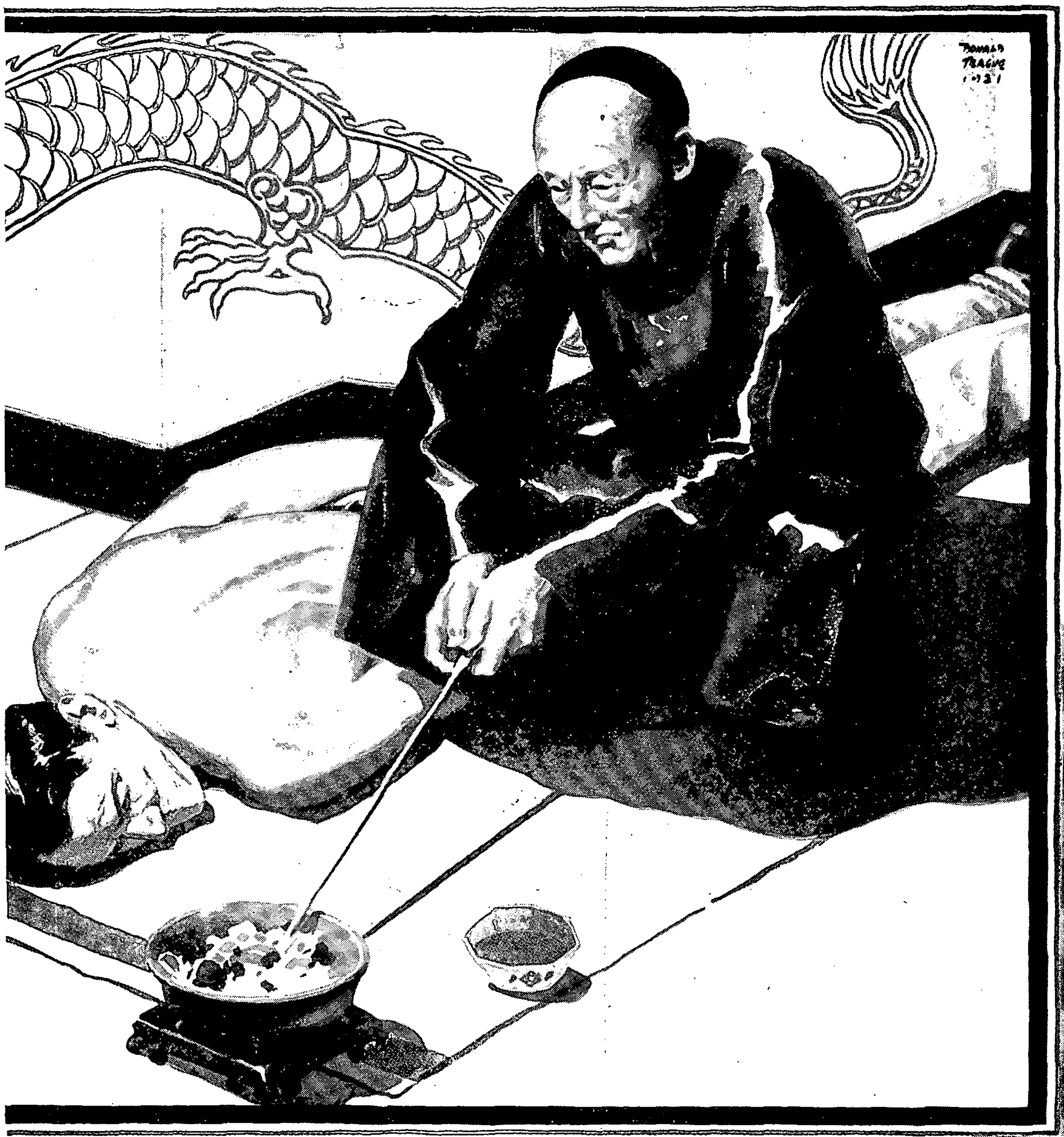
Her voice, when she spoke, had not the faintest trace of the Orient. Bessie Kwan had been born in New York's Chinatown.

"I suppose," her words tumbled out in a gasp, as if she had been running, "you had to tell him!"

"I DID that," averred Sergeant Timmy stoutly. "I'll not stand by and see ye go to the devil. Will ye get in here now and do something?"

She flashed past him, like a frightened mouse, and wrenched open the door of a teakwood cabinet. Her shaking hands lifted a brown, squat bottle, and it clinked against the rim of a porcelain cup as she poured out a liquid that smelled pungently. She put it under her father's pinched nostrils; but her hand trembled so that some of the fiery liquor spilled over upon the neat blackness of his jacket.

"The—girls made fun of me!" Her voice still had that frightened, defiant gasp. "They said I didn't dare have any fun because I was engaged to Tommy Lan, and they called me a Chink! They dared me to go with them to Louie's apartment—and I did. But they left me—*alone* with him! He—he scared me. I didn't do anything wrong . . . but nobody will believe that! And the worst of it is—" she whispered jerkily, "Lan Wo Han, Tommy's father, saw me—coming out of Louie's place—with you. He looked at me—oh, as if I was—*poison!* He's old-



realized that his shirt was gone; he lay there, naked to the waist . . . with the poker heating

fashioned—like Papa! He'll never let Tommy marry me now—I might just as well—"

Papa Kwan stirred feebly. Sergeant Timmy thrust the cup of liquor against his lips, and he sipped it, dazedly. Propped by the brawny arm of the policeman, he sat up. His dull eyes, clouded for a moment, rested on Bessie Kwan's trembling figure.

Three words he said to her in Chinese. Sergeant Timmy did not know what they were. But the girl shrank against a case of ancient armor, and her head went mechanically back and forth in wordless denial. Then, with a gasping sob, she turned, and fumbled for the knob of the door that led to the living quarters behind the shop.

"Oh, Tommy—Tommy—"

Sergeant Timmy stared after her, sorely perplexed, and not a little distressed by his share in the matter.

"Listen, Kwan," he said uncertainly, "this ain't going to make no difference with that young Tommy Lan—why, he's an American—too . . . just as much as I am," he added stoutly, which was stretching a point for Sergeant Timmy.

Kwan Li Sun looked at him as if he had never seen him before. Gone was all the pleasant familiarity that made him "Papa Kwan" to the big policeman.

"You do not understand," he said in a low, flat voice. "Bessie is—Chinese. So am I—so is Lan Wo Han. I have—lost face. There will be no marriage now. . . ."

An hour later Kwan Li Sun passed through the same door that Bessie had opened. The inner room was completely Chinese. The heavily fragrant scent of incense permeated the place. For, upon an altar at one end of the room a handful of joss sticks, burning in a bronze bowl, made a cluster of glowing pin pricks against the glint of gold images and the age-blackened ancestral tablet.

KWAN LI SUN closed the door. In front of the altar, piled in a heap on the floor, were strange, un-Chinese things: two luridly painted Kewpie dolls with staring blue eyes and ostrich-feather skirts; a carnival "tickler"; cheap glass beads, a calendar, two or three framed chromos; articles of feminine clothing . . . a red sweater and skirt . . . a black béret . . . a pair of high-heeled shoes and a pair of silk stockings that trailed over them like flattened brown snakes. . . . Bessie's things; her treasures. Kwan Li Sun stared at them, a curious hissing breath came through his parted lips. He was afraid—terribly afraid. . . .

He crossed the room with rapid, uneven steps, and wrenched open the door of Bessie's room. That cast-off pile of articles that had been dear to her could mean only one thing . . . a gesture of farewell. . . .

But she was not dead. She was crouched there on the floor in the small bare room, stripped of everything that savored of the Occident. She was dressed in brocaded white jacket and trousers that had belonged to her mother. Upon her arms were jade bracelets; her black lacquer hair was bound at one side by a great rosette of turquoise and coral and jade, with dripping strings of small pearls. It was the maiden headdress of her father's people—only a virgin might wear it . . . her dark, tear-stained eyes, lifted to his, besought him to believe that hers was the right to wear it.

But Kwan Li Sun stood rigid and trembling. He was staring at something in front of her . . . a porcelain bowl filled with rice—and bamboo splinters. Horror was in his eyes. Yet his voice was cold and harsh as he spoke:

"Why do you not eat the dish of death, O Daughter of Shame?"

A crimson flush swept the girl's pallid cheeks. But her eyes did not waver from his. Her voice shook as she answered him:

"Because I have regained courage, Honorable Father." (How long it had been since she had called him that!) "Bessie Kwan caused you to lose face—and she is dead. I wear white mourning for her. Moon Butterfly is alive—and will be a good daughter to you. . . ."

KWAN LI SUN sat down suddenly, as if his legs would no longer bear the slight weight imposed on them. "Moon Butterfly—" that was her little-girl name; her "milk name." The one he had called her before her mother died, and before the Mission School influence had changed the lovely Chinese syllables into "Bessie Kwan."

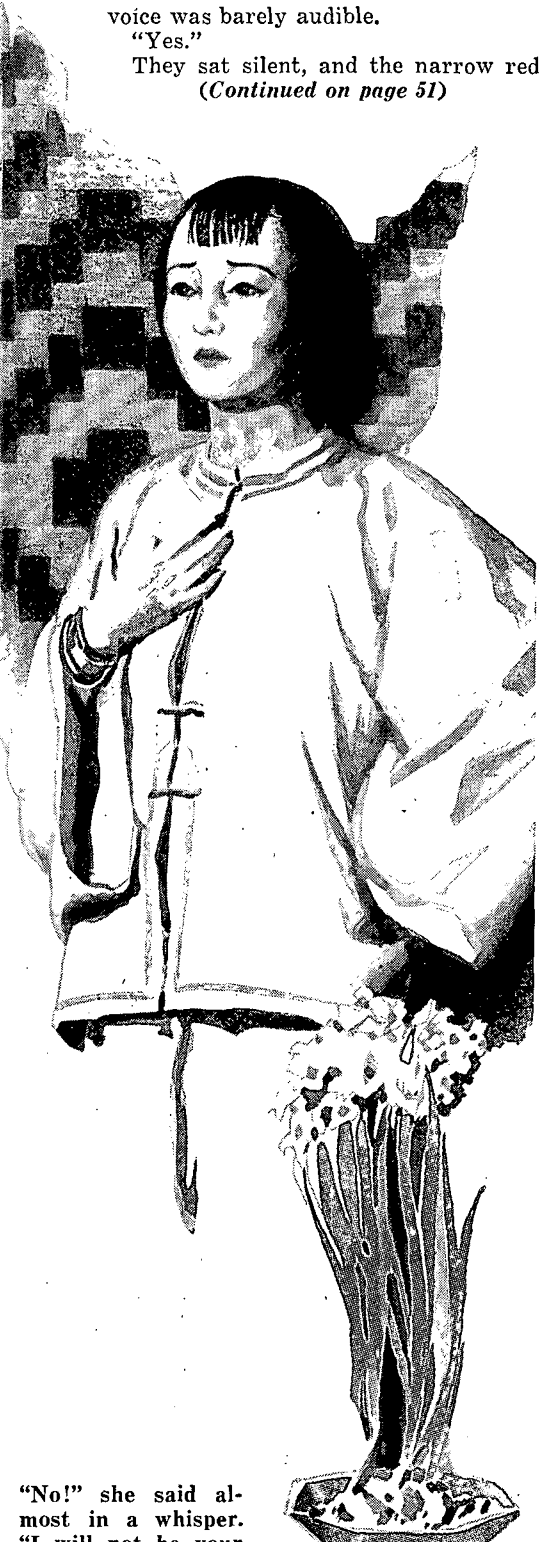
He held out his hand. A red paper was in it. Bessie Kwan flinched away from it with a little gasp. It was the betrothal paper, with her own birthdate painted on it. The return of it was the formal irrevocable reversal of Lan Wo Han's acceptance of her as a future member of his household.

"He—refuses me for his son?" Her voice was barely audible.

"Yes."

They sat silent, and the narrow red

(*Continued on page 51*)

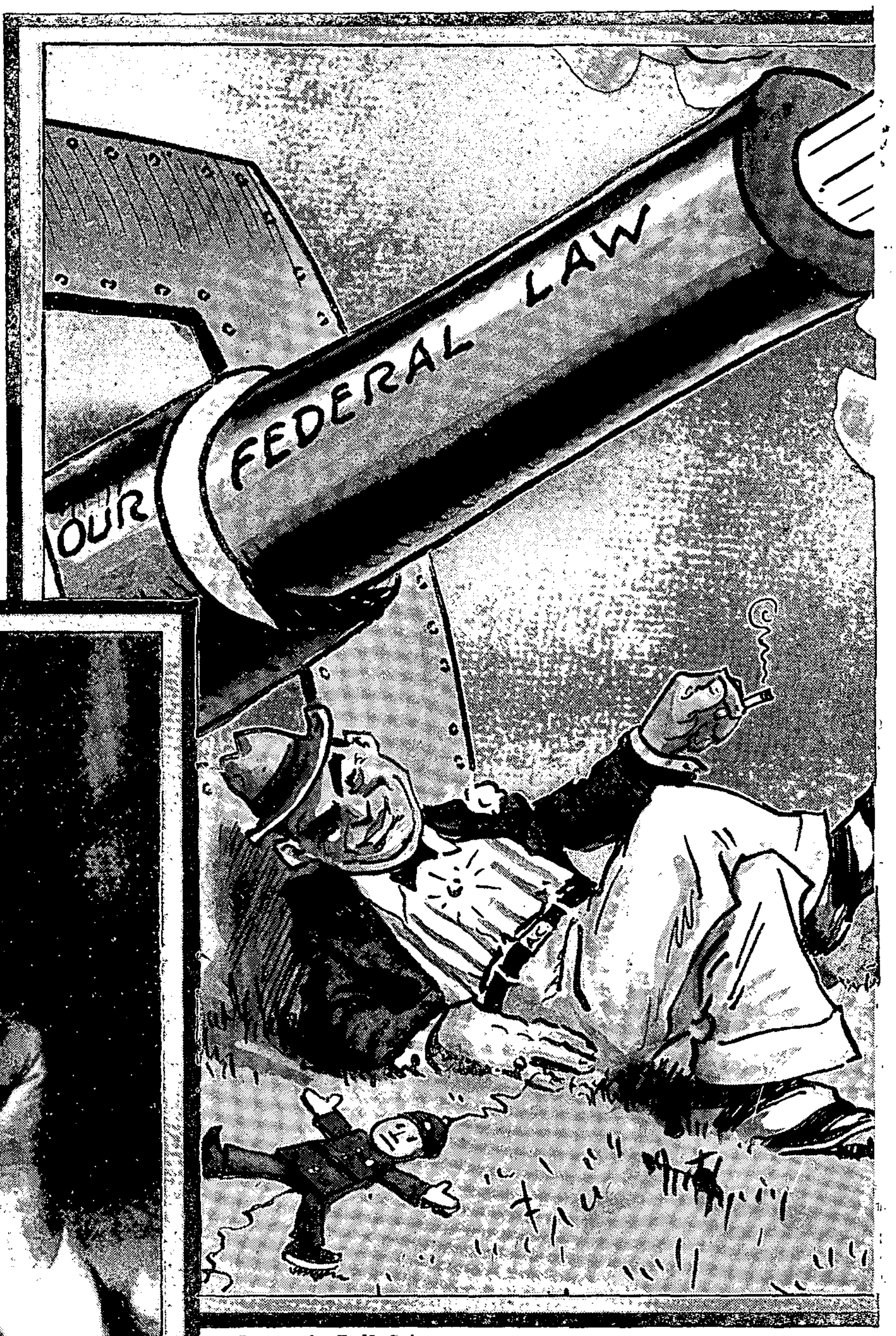


"No!" she said almost in a whisper. "I will not be your wife unless your august father gives his permission"

Can Capone beat Washington, too?

The Battle of Chicago is still raging. Public Enemy No. 1 and a supporting army of gangsters and racketeers have taken the first three trenches; city, county and state forces could not stop them. Now they are facing the fourth trench—our national government

By William G. Shepherd



Cartoon by F. H. Sykes

A MYSTERY for all America occurred in a courtroom in Chicago on last July 30th. This article may partly solve it.

It was Al Capone's day. On that day he was finally, at long last, to get *his*. He was to stand before a Federal judge and receive sentence. He couldn't dodge it *now*. Hadn't he pleaded guilty, in his own voice, to evading payment of Federal income taxes? Hadn't he pleaded guilty to conspiracy to violate the Federal prohibition law?

The "Big Shot," who had fed Chicago its highly relished beer and its gambling and vice for ten years, stood helpless at last. The same newspapers that once subtly heroized him were calling him "plug-ugly," "hoodlum," and "brothel-keeper."

All Chicago, that day, watched the newspapers to see Capone laid low. It was as if something extraordinary, good or bad, were scheduled to happen to the stockyards, the lakefront, Michigan Avenue or one of its baseball teams.

"Two and a half years he'll be away," said a Chicago citizen. "By that time the fair will be over." I gathered that Capone's empty chair would be one of the exhibits of the fair.

International

Federal Judge James H. Wilkerson, whose refusal to "bargain" caused Capone to withdraw his plea of guilty

Underwood & Underwood

George E. Q. Johnson, U. S. district attorney in Chicago

"Two and a half years!" Why did they all say that? How could Chicago say with such assurance what the sentence would be? How could Chicago know in advance what a Federal judge would do?

If your Chicago citizen that morning had told you with assurance what the afternoon baseball results would be or how the races at Hawthorne track would turn out, you would have thought he was merely guessing or that he was in with a crowd of race fixers or that something was wrong with local baseball. Yet here he was telling you exactly, in plain terms, what a judge on the bench with a great variety of decisions to make would choose to do with a criminal.

This was a sub-mystery, however, easily solved. Chicago had gotten the advance information from the press. Newspapers had said it was all settled: two and a half years for Capone.

The courtroom! Hot! Crowded! Policemen everywhere! Plainclothesmen, too. Down at the entrance to the grimy old building forty policemen, as counted by reporters, awaited the coming of Capone. He came, in his car. Policemen escorted him to the elevator and to the waiting courtroom. The gangster was smiling. There he was, the boy who had "come out on top" in the Chicago struggle between gangsters.

Over five hundred men who had tried, in various capacities, to feed Chicago its beer, its alcohol, its prostitution and its gambling, had died to make space for this man. An Italian boy from Five Points, a tough district in New York, had lived through the slaughter and had "come out on top." If it hadn't been Capone it would have been someone else.

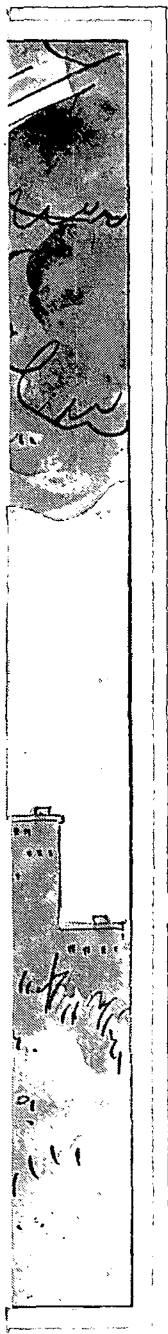
Here he was, facing a judge! And this wasn't a little magistrate. He didn't represent the city of Chicago. Nor Cook County. Nor the state of Illinois. He represented the government of the United States. It isn't votes that put a Federal judge on the bench. Once on the bench, a Federal judge is almost irremovable. Congress alone can take him down, for "high crimes." He doesn't have to worry about votes to hold his high position.

An Uncompromising Judge

Judge James H. Wilkerson, through his long years of public service, had served his city and his state faithfully in various positions of great trust. His fellow citizens know him for the man who secured an improved city charter for Chicago, who fought, as state legislator, for the state civil service law. They know that this august and gallant Federal judge understands crookdom and its ways.

See how he, once, in righteous wrath, used his mighty Federal power to put the sheriff of Cook County into jail! Peter Hoffman, that was the sheriff's name. Two wealthy beer runners, Terry Druggan and Frankie Lake, had been sentenced to jail by the Federal court for violating Federal law. They were sent to Sheriff Peter Hoffman's Cook County jail. But Peter Hoffman let his jail leak.

Local politicians had appealed to Sheriff Hoffman not to be too hard on the two prisoners. What right had the Federal government to step into Chicago



and try to manhandle two of its sons? You know how foreign nations act in China. They go in there with their own courts; don't pay any attention to the local courts at all. A Chinaman, on his own soil, doesn't stand a chance in a court like that. What's the United States government trying to do? Treat the Chicago boys like a lot of laundrymen?

Chicago politicians, including Hoffman, were true to their own. These two prisoners of Uncle Sam were allowed to travel about in fine motor cars as they pleased. They spent much of their term of sentence in a ten-thousand-dollar apartment on Chicago's Gold Coast. Judge Wilkerson heard about that, so he, entirely oblivious to votes and voters, election-day results or party organizations—and beer dealers' campaign funds—took Mr. Peter Hoffman by the nape of his official neck and tossed him into a cell in Mr. Hoffman's own Cook County jail for thirty days. And what's more, he imposed upon Hoffman a fine of $2,500.

No Bargains Today

Yes, Capone was up against a tough judge. So everyone felt who had been lucky enough to squeeze into the courtroom, together with the rest of Chicago. Capone was so surely at the end of his trail, was standing before a judge who had a record for honesty and bravery.

As Capone stood there he, too, must have expected to hear the sentence, "two and a half years." Otherwise his source of rumor as to what the judge might do was different from that of his fellow-citizens.

That whole courtroom full of people and all of Chicago as well as all America was to know before nightfall that a bargain had been made between Al Capone, gangster, and someone in the United States government.

If he quietly pleaded guilty and thus avoided a trial by jury, his sentence would not be so great as otherwise. Someone, for the United States government, had made the bargain with Capone.

Associated Press

An unusual photograph of "Scarface Al" Capone, made in a Chicago courtroom, showing the scar from which his nickname is derived

Acme

Michael Ahern, counsel for Capone, who pleaded his client guilty after an unofficial "understanding" with the district attorney's office

Now at two o'clock this July afternoon, arose the question: "Would the judge on the Federal bench respect this bargain?"

It stands on record that he wouldn't. No one heard the words "two and a half years" in that courtroom that day. The judge amazed Capone and wiped the smile off Al's placid face; he amazed Chicago, but he sent a thrill of new confidence up the spine of Americans when he said: *"It is high time that somebody bring to this defendant's attention forcibly the fact that it is utterly impossible to bargain with the Federal court."*

Now if everybody had not been expecting that two-and-a-half-year sentence that day there would have been no mystery, no surprise about what occurred.

If no bargain had been made—and especially if details of the bargain had not been published in the newspapers—there would have been no surprise. The public might have been mystified, perhaps, at the lightness of the sentence and the tranquillity with which Capone accepted it, but the matter would have ended there.

The clerk called the courtroom to order.

"You may proceed," remarked the Court.

The next instant it became known that there was a hitch in any bargain that had been made between the prisoner and the great, powerful United States government. Ahern, Capone's brilliant young lawyer, arose. Several weeks before, he had pleaded his client guilty. But now, to quote from the official record, he said to the judge:

Why Capone Pleaded Guilty

MR. AHERN: If it please the Court I would like to make a statement before we proceed. Prior to the entry of the plea and, if my recollection serves me correctly, prior to the indictment, the last indictment to the income tax case, and the return of the indictment to the prohibition case, Mr. Milnick and I have had several conferences with the District Attorney. At these conferences the District Attorney stated that if we entered pleas to these several indictments he would make a recommendation with respect to the duration of the punishment and of the penalty.

THE COURT: I understand.

MR. AHERN: In addition to that, he stated, he sought and obtained the recommendation or rather the concurrence of the Attorney-General in that recommendation. In addition to that he sought and obtained the approval of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. We felt, particularly after he had obtained the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, his recommendation would be approved by the Court. The concurrence in that recommendation by the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury we regarded as of paramount importance because that department of the United States government had it within its power, prior to the plea, to compromise the entire civil and criminal liability for whatever sums it sought or chose to take.

These various matters, the recommendation of the District Attorney, its concurrence in by the Attorney-General, its concurrence in by the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, constituted an inducement to the defendant and to us to enter these pleas and I am frank to say to the Court that unless we were confident and firmly believed that the Court would acquiesce in that recommendation, and inflict or enter judgment according to the recommendations of the District Attorney, as made, we would not have entered those pleas. . . .

The Hazards of a Trial

It was the turn of George E. Q. Johnson, United States district attorney in Chicago, whose office, with the assistance of inspectors and agents from Washington and other points, had been working for over two years, upon special instructions from the President of the United States, to get evidence that would put the Chicago gangsters out of business. He made this statement, as taken from the court record:

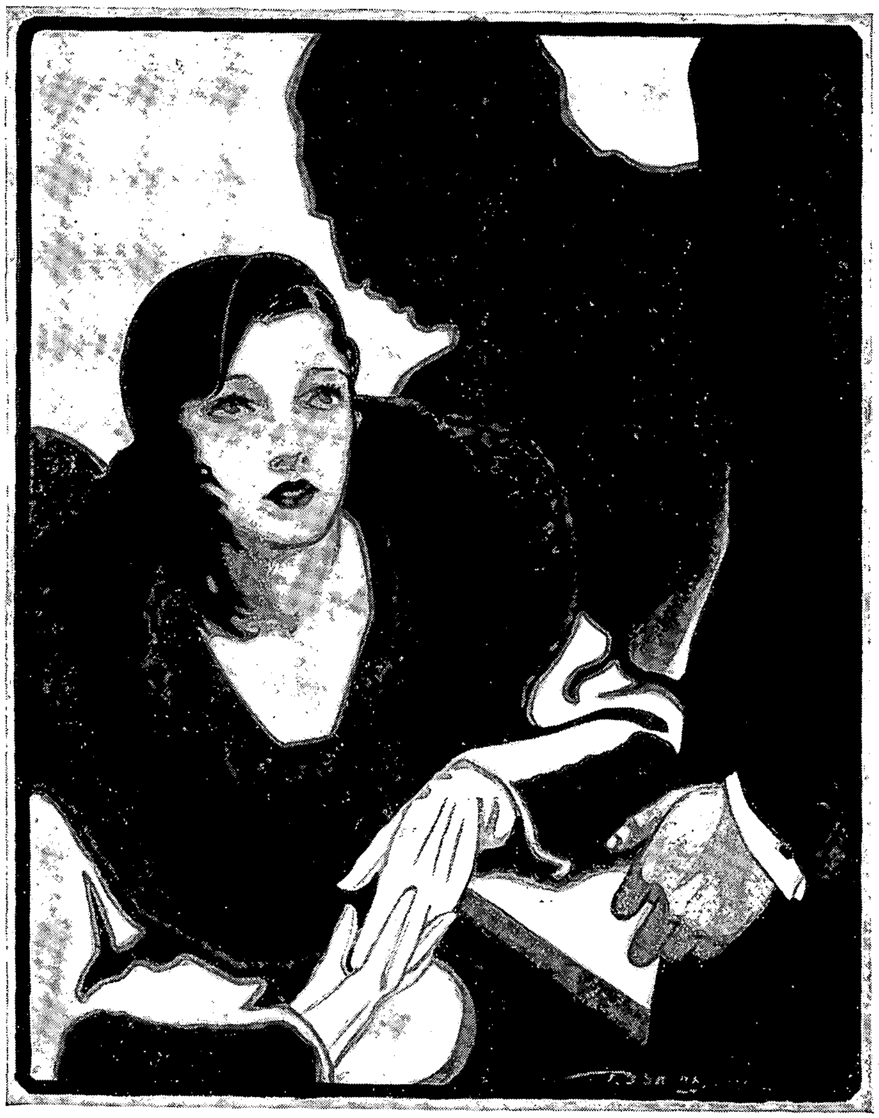
MR. JOHNSON: I owe it here as a duty to the Court to make a statement here of the facts that led up to the United States district attorney's saying that he would make a recommendation in this case. After the first indictment was returned, in some way that is not known to me, the defendant [Capone] became acquainted with the fact and advised his counsel that he had knowledge of such an indictment. The defendant's counsel then asked me for a conference, *which I had with him*, and I advised counsel then that there would be further indictments, I thought, because the matter was before the Grand Jury, and other matters were before the Grand Jury. However, I did not advise counsel as to the nature of the offenses that were being investigated by the government. Then, after other conferences were held, and then, after the final indictments were returned, I had a number of conferences with the defendant's counsel. While these conferences were in progress, the head of the intelligence unit came here from Washington and participated in those conferences and I reported those conferences to my superiors in the Department of Justice at Washington. *I must say to the Court very frankly that it seemed very desirable on the part of the officers of the government who are charged with the responsibility, if we could avoid the hazards of a trial, so that this defendant might at an early date be imprisoned in a penitentiary, it was an end that we sought after.*

"If we could avoid the hazards of a trial"—those words spoken in the Federal courtroom that day in Chicago, had a special meaning. They were uttered in open court by a Federal district attorney who, as a citizen of Chicago, had watched the growth of gangdom and of its power in that city; by a man who for four years had sat in an office of power in the Chicago Federal building. In those words lay the solution of the mystery of what had happened in the Capone case.

The integrity of Mr. Johnson, I may say, has been no more questioned than that of Judge Wilkerson. Chicago admits him to be an official above reproach.

As undisputed statements made in the courtroom that day go to show, Washington knew the terms of the arrangement; Mr. Johnson could not have

(Continued on page 42)



Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

Her beautiful eyes studied him for a moment

The Man from Sing Sing

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

VII

The Story Thus Far:

FASCINATED by the beauty of Ambouyna Kotinzi, a motion-picture actress, Reuben Argels learns that the girl is in love with one of his partners, Moran Chambers. Jealous, he bides his time; and presently, due to his machinations, Chambers is sent to Sing Sing.

Argels goes to London, becomes a gambling financier. Chambers, a well-paid double having taken his place in prison, follows him, joins Andrew Pulwitter, his other partner—whose nephew, "Gordon Phayle," he is now supposed to be—and begins secret warfare against his enemy. . . . Argels has, or *thinks* he has, a spy in Pulwitter's office: Violet Withers, who is, in reality, working for Chambers and Pulwitter. Feeling sure that a crash is coming, the two conspirators are disposing of their common stock and selling "Eagles" (which they know to be weak) "short." The girl informs Argels that Pulwitter is accumulating Eagles: whereupon, knowing his enemy's financial judgment to be excellent, he buys 100,000 shares.

The Bamford Trust—a secret trust fund which, founded by the three partners and well managed, has become a real fortune—is to be terminated soon. Pulwitter calls on Argels and, hoping to trap him, suggests that, inasmuch as Chambers is in prison, he and Argels might, possibly, appropriate his share. Argels, tempted but suspicious, promises to think the matter over.

Man after man (all secretly in the employ of the plotters) approaches Argels. Each has some financial scheme skillfully planned to bring about his downfall. Gradually, in spite of his natural caution, he becomes involved. And, watching him, Andrew Pulwitter and Moran Chambers smile—and bide their time.

Ambouyna Kotinzi arrives in London. She telephones Argels. "It is I," she announces. "I am just back from Germany. I must see you alone. May I?"

A WHIRL of business descended upon him and Argels attacked it with lightning-like rapidity. Every nerve of his body was now taut. In a quarter of an hour he had swept the place clear of callers. Ambouyna sailed through his outer offices and into his private room, shedding perfume, smiles and sensation. There was not one who did not recognize her. Some of them even jumped from their stools to stand at attention, as though she were royalty. Gascoigne reserved for himself the honor of ushering her into his employer's sanctum.

"Madame Ambouyna Kotinzi," he announced.

Argels came halfway to meet her. There was a touch of genuine sympathy in her eyes as she looked into his.

"But my friend Reuben Argels," she exclaimed, as she sank into a chair, "you are not well. You work too hard."

"I have too little in my life when work is finished," he answered.

She smiled.

"Perhaps you have too little in your life because you want too much."

"The man who doesn't want too much," he told her, "never wants what he's worthy of."

"How clever we are this morning!" she mocked. "And is it here the little pigeons fly into your trap, and you pull out their feathers?" she added, looking around.

The humor failed to please him. His reply was almost brusque.

"There are no pigeons nowadays," he confided. "Everyone makes money. The city is reeking of it. It is there to be picked up. Even your cautious friend Andrew Pulwitter is making fresh fortunes."

She indulged in a little grimace.

"ONE hundred thousand pounds they paid him yesterday," she sighed, "for the money he invested in my film, and there will be more to come. Crafty old Scotchman!"

"And you refused to let me invest anything," he protested irritably.

She crossed her exquisite legs and investigated the tip of her shoe.

"You are a dangerous man," she explained. "I would not dare to have you connected with my financial affairs. With dear Andrew it is different."

"And therefore he is permitted to make a hundred thousand pounds, and I, nothing."

"You do very well," she replied soothingly. "You have me this morning paying a visit to your office, or rather the office of the City Trust. Are you the City Trust, by the way?"

"I am," he assented. "It is the fashion now, if you are dealing in high finance, to call yourself a trust. I am the City Trust, however. I have no partner. Have you come to invest some money?"

She smiled.

"I do not come as a client," she told him. "Of my money I am very careful. It goes into what you call gilt-edged stock. I came, however, to speak of another matter. On my return from Germany last night I found a letter from my counselors in New York—and a line from Moran."

"Was it written with his own hand?" Argels asked eagerly.

"It was written with his own hand, naturally. He is allowed to write letters at stated intervals."

PERHAPS not even he himself could have explained the sense of relief with which he heard her words.

"Reuben Argels," she said, "you are a very unprincipled man, are you not?"

"So is Moran Chambers," he rejoined; "so is Andrew Pulwitter. We made great fortunes, the three of us, through being unprincipled men. Don't, please, single me out."

"You were the worst," she insisted; "but let that go. You have admitted that you laid a trap for Andrew on the steamer when you left forged copies of those documents that could have saved Moran in your dispatch case. You wanted them stolen. Is it not so?"

"That was an act of self-defense," Argels pointed out. "If a man comes to steal, one must treat him as a thief. I would not have given him those documents voluntarily. He tried to take them by stealth. If your lawyers had not been clever, Moran Chambers would never have seen daylight again."

"What about the original ones?" she asked.

"They are destroyed," he answered.

She raised her beautiful eyes and studied him for a moment.

"It was a pity to have destroyed such valuable property," she murmured. "If you had them now to dispose of you might realize almost any price for them."

"I am not short of money," was his curt reply.

She leaned back in her chair, contemplating the tips of her fingers.

"I forgot that I was in the City," she murmured. "Money is the standard of everything here, is it not?"

"What else have you to offer?"

"How can one bargain?" she sighed. "I think that I would give my soul to see Moran free, but that is because I love him."

He turned away, with a sick feeling in his heart. Another mockery!

"The original documents are destroyed," he assured her. "Moran Chambers' case was badly handled from the first, but even if the documents themselves could not have been brought into court, evidence concerning their existence might have been produced."

She looked across the room to where a great steel door took up the space of half the wall.

"I should not find them," she suggested, "if I searched there?"

He threw the keys upon the table and sat down. "Try," he challenged.

She shook her head.

"I DO not know how to open safes," she told him, "but Moran is breaking his heart. He behaved splendidly, they say, in that last prison outbreak. It would count in his favor. They might let him go free without another trial at all if only the documents were produced."

"The documents," Argels declared, "do not exist."

"Moran will die over there!" she moaned. "And I shall die, too!"

He leaned across the table, leaned across so far that his chin almost touched his enamel-framed blotter. He struck the table with his fist so that the pens all rattled, and a very beautiful little statuette of Venus Aphrodite rolled unnoticed onto the floor.

"What is the good of all these

words?" he cried. "You come to plead for a great gift and you offer nothing. What would please you would be that I should perjure myself, if necessary, to go and take your lover's place, and then you would never think of me again. God! I thought that if he was shut up, and you knew that he was going to be there for ten years, you would be human enough to forget! What is there about him that other men haven't got? He is better-looking, perhaps, better bred, as you would call it. What does it matter? He can only have what I have for a woman—the heart of a man."

She shook her head sadly.

"You do not understand."

"I am beginning to," he rejoined bitterly. "You are only half a human being. The rest of you lives in some fanciful world where you feed on dew and strange fruits and don't need what other human beings need. I wear out the tissues of my life longing for you, and all you think of is how you can make use of me to get back your lover. The documents are burned, I tell you. Moran Chambers will stay where he is for nine years—perhaps ten, if he lives so long—and if anything that I could do would open his prison doors I'd sooner slip down into hell than do it. Let him stay where he is. His hell is no worse than mine."

"YOU are working yourself into a fever," she warned him gently. "Andrew told me that you looked ill with overwork. Don't be foolish. I never thought a man like you could care so much."

"That was where you were always wrong," he muttered.

"Listen," she went on. "It is perhaps not because of such a love as you imagine that I want Moran Chambers free. Might it not be pity? He was always a dear friend, remember. I have a soft heart. I cannot bear to think of anyone suffering."

"I saw your eyes when you spoke of him," he reminded her hopelessly.

"Perhaps I do love him," she admitted, "but women are capable of much love. They are capable of love for one who does a great and generous action."

The touch which should have been thrilling him left him unresponsive. Great waves of depression were breaking over him. Physically, he felt ill. He subsided into his chair.

"There are no documents," he insisted doggedly. "There is no mortal way in which I can help Moran Chambers."

She withdrew her hand.

"That is your last word?" she asked.

"That is my last word," he answered, "just as you have today destroyed my last hope."

The room was a little misty. He fancied that he heard the buzzer. When he looked up she was gone. He helped himself to his feet by pressing heavily upon the table. The room was going round and round, now up and down. He forced the doctor's words into his mind. "Quite sound heart. Nerves—nothing but nerves!"

Opposite to him was a cabinet—cigars at the top; brandy underneath. He steadied himself with his hands and worked round the table. There were only four paces to go—four paces! He was a strong man. He set his teeth. The next thing he remembered was that he was leaning against the cabinet. He opened it, snatched at a glass, half filled it with brandy, and drank. In a moment he was better.

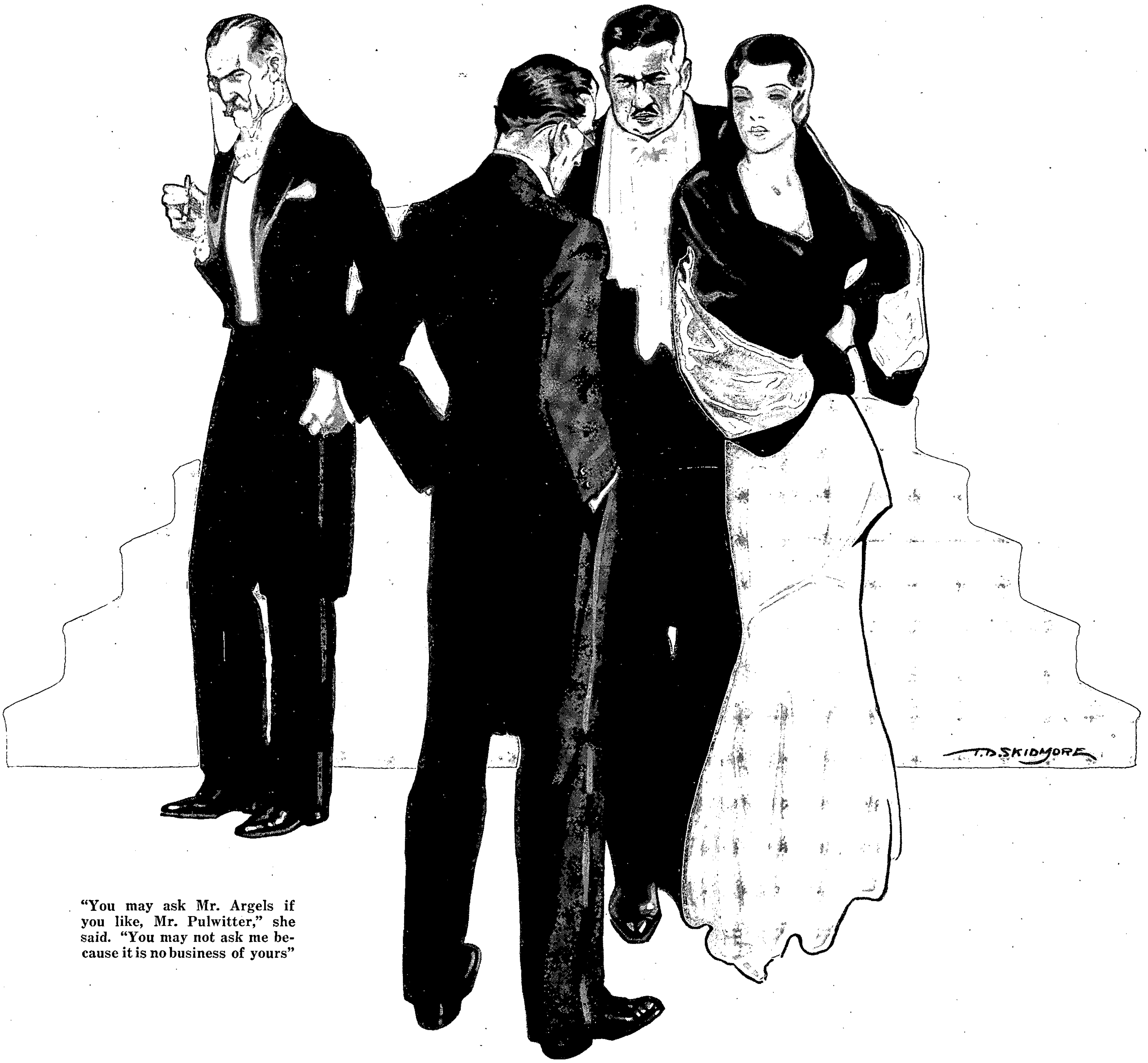
He refilled the glass, this time adding soda water, and carried it, without spilling a drop, back to his desk. Then he drank the whole of it in long, feverish gulps. He was quite well now, he insisted to himself. Time he was getting on with his business. He rang the bell.

ARGELS came face to face with Andrew Pulwitter one day in a crowded eating-room in the heart of the City. The latter's long face appeared to grow gloomier than ever as he recognized his one-time partner. He was sitting with a sandwich and a glass of water in front of him, and he scowled when Argels took the vacant chair opposite.

"You find time for a bite of lunch these days, do you?"

"Not always," Argels replied. "I generally have something sent in. When I

(*Continued on page 55*)



"You may ask Mr. Argels if you like, Mr. Pulwitter," she said. "You may not ask me because it is no business of yours"

Irish Eyes

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

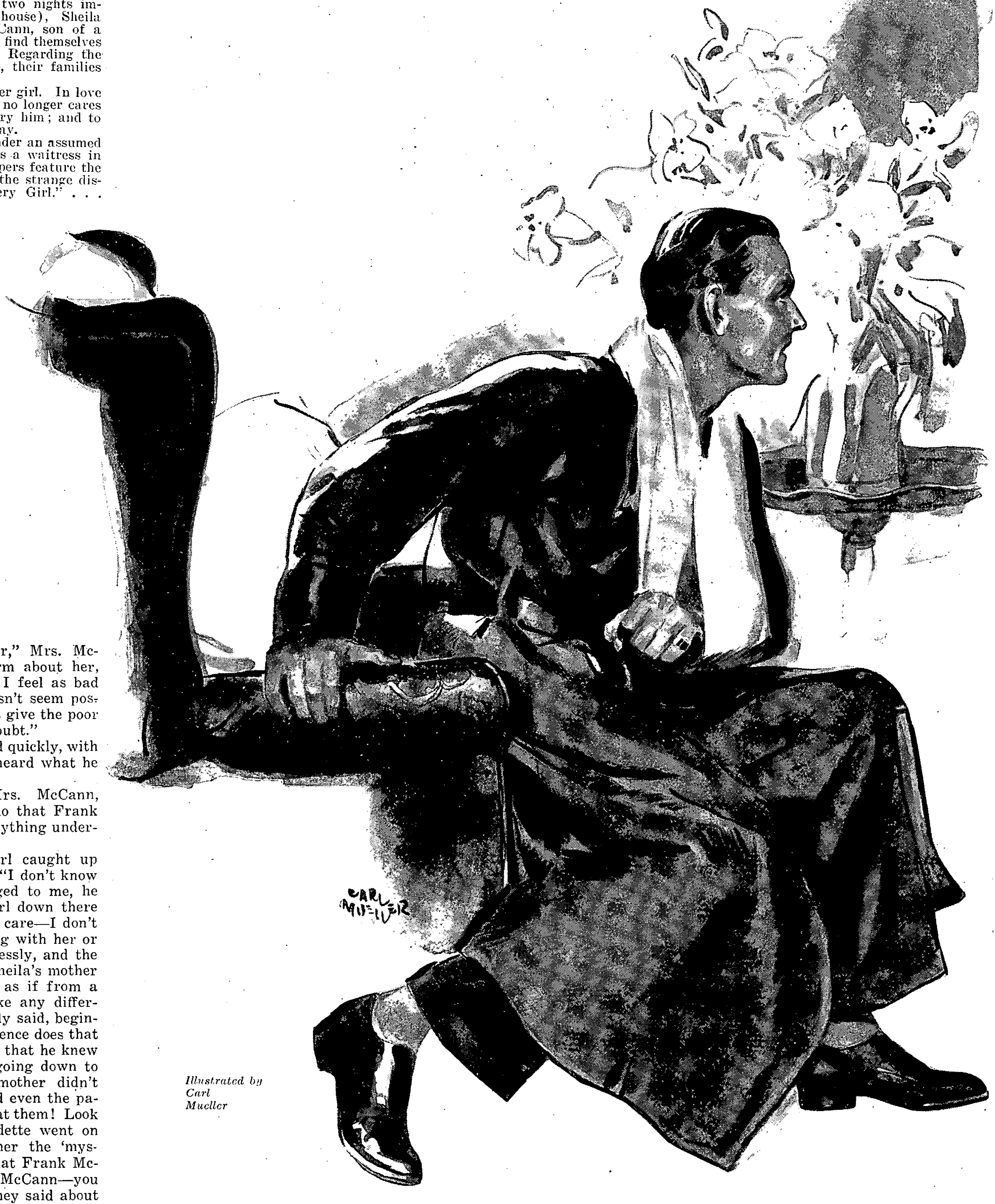
KIDNAPPED by gangsters, and then released (after spending two nights imprisoned in an old farmhouse), Sheila Carscadden and Peter McCann, son of a prominent New York jurist, find themselves in a strange predicament. Regarding the episode as a wild escapade, their families insist that they marry.

Peter is engaged to another girl. In love with him for a time, Sheila no longer cares for him. Nor will she marry him; and to avoid doing so, she runs away.

Going to Atlantic City under an assumed name, she secures a job—as a waitress in a cheap hotel. The newspapers feature the story, print columns about the strange disappearance of "The Mystery Girl." . . . And Sheila, her work distasteful, her memories bitter, is miserable. . . .

Frank McCann, Peter's elder brother who is soon to marry Bernadette Kennedy, arrives, interviews Sheila and learns of her plight. He insists on taking her back to New York in an airplane. They start. Near the end of the journey, they crash. Both are injured—Frank badly.

Sheila is returned to her long-suffering family—her widowed mother, her brother Joe and her crippled sister Angela, where she learns, to her distress, that she is once again the object of thinly-veiled speculation in the tabloid newspapers. Meanwhile, at the McCann mansion, Frank is recovering from his injuries. His fiancée, Bernadette Kennedy, unable to accept their story of accident and divining that Frank loves Sheila, not her, renounces him:



Illustrated by Carl Mueller

XI

"BERNADETTE, dear," Mrs. McCann said, her arm about her, "control yourself. I feel as bad as you do. It doesn't seem possible it's Frank. But let's give the poor child the benefit of the doubt."

"Doubt!" the girl echoed quickly, with a scornful laugh. "You heard what he said!"

"Bernadette," said Mrs. McCann, "you know as well as I do that Frank McCann is incapable of anything underhand—"

"Underhand!" The girl caught up the word again, angrily. "I don't know what you call it. Engaged to me, he was visiting this—this girl down there at Atlantic City! I don't care—I don't care whether he was living with her or not!" she rushed on recklessly, and the judge and his wife and Sheila's mother recoiled from the phrase as if from a blow. "That doesn't make any difference!" Bernadette Kennedy said, beginning to sob. "What difference does that make, as long as we know that he knew she was there, and was going down to see her—and her own mother didn't know where she was—and even the papers didn't know it—look at them! Look at them tonight," Bernadette went on hysterically, "they call her the 'mystery girl,' and they say that Frank McCann, eldest son of Judge McCann—you saw it! You saw what they said about her living at some hotel down there, and this Mrs. Kearney saying that Frank used to telephone her every day or two—"

"Why, that's a lie!" Sheila said, understanding at last. "That's a lie! Frank never telephoned me in his life!"

"Oh!" breathed Mrs. McCann, "this is terrible!"

"I wouldn't believe anything you said, if you swore it on the Gospels," Bernadette said, in a low, trembling tone, turning toward Sheila.

"I wouldn't care whether you believed me or not!" Sheila returned fiercely.

"YOU ruined Peter McCann's life, and Gertrude Keane's life," Bernadette flung at her, breathlessly. "You might as well know it, you've ruined all our lives! While your mother and brother were worrying themselves to death about you, you and Frank—who's a hundred thousand times too good for you—you and Frank were down at Atlantic City! The papers no sooner get through with denying you're married to Peter McCann than they have you in an airplane smash with Frank!"

"He may be dying, and you can talk about him like that!" Sheila said, her face ashen white. Her dress was still dusty and rumpled, her face dirty, and she had a deep purple bruise on one temple. But there was a flaming beauty—a force—in her aspect, as she faced the other girl, that made Bernadette draw back.

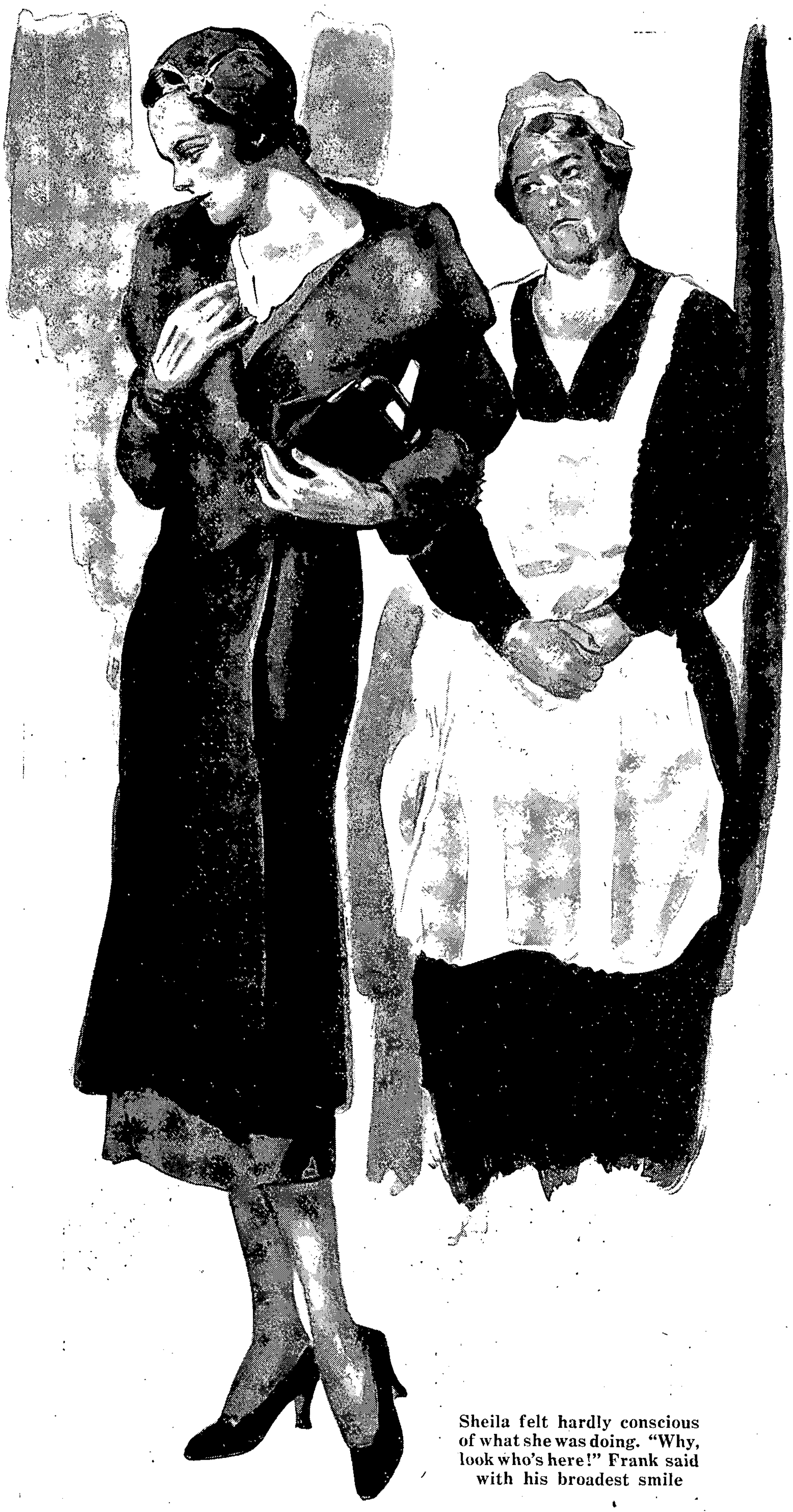
"Pretend that you love him, why don't you?" Bernadette said, in a frightened, dogged voice.

"I DON'T have to! I thought *you* did!"

"Your kind always pretend that they love everyone," Bernadette said, in bitter contempt. "It's all love, and how a boy isn't understood at home, and things like that!"

"My kind!" Sheila echoed, with a bewildered look about the stricken circle.

"Yes, your kind! The kind that goes



Sheila felt hardly conscious of what she was doing. "Why, look who's here!" Frank said with his broadest smile

to a place like Atlantic City with a rich man's son!"

"Look here," Joe Carscadden said, suddenly taking a part in the conversation. "Look here, Miss What's-your-name. You be careful what you call my sister, will you, or you'll find yourself in trouble! Sheila isn't responsible to you for what she does—no, nor the newspapers, either!

"I've just been talking to her," Joe continued, warming at the sound of his own voice, "and she's been working hard in a hotel down there at Atlantic City, with no more idea that Frank McCann knew where she was than—"

"THAN the babe itself!" Mrs. Carscadden supplied, as he paused for breath, and for a simile.

"Joe, you believe me, don't you?" Sheila stammered, bursting into tears.

"I believe you," he said, angrily, "and I've had enough of these rich folks that pretend they want to help a girl, just because she's honest enough to return fifty dollars their daughter didn't even know she'd lost! I don't care if my father and yours *were* friends in Albany," Joe went on wildly, "I don't want my sister to have anything more to do with you!"

"Joe—Joe—" the judge began sorrowfully, placatingly. Joe shook off the friendly hand.

"I'll bid you all good-day!" he said, heatedly. "Come on, Ma. Come on, Sheila!"

They went out, Sheila and her mother and brother, into the night.

"THE way it was, Mamma—" Sheila began.

Carefully peeling and scraping red new potatoes, she was back in the home kitchen, back in an old faded gingham apron, with her bronzed hair tied up severely in a handkerchief. Sheila had returned from church, she had enjoyed once again the delights of a leisurely home breakfast with the family, and she was now retailing to them, for the hundredth time, some of the lesser details of her adventures.

Angela, having finished the dishes, was standing at the sink, occasionally mopping its already well-mopped surface absently. Mrs. Carscadden, just back from "ten," sat in the rocker, her black veil dangling on either side of her face, her cotton gloves and prayer book laid beside her on the table. Joe, really listening, was pretending to read the pages of the paper.

"Don't tell me how it was, Sheila," her mother said resignedly, "I can bear anything but that."

Sheila put her head down on the table and laughed.

"No one was iver as good as you can make yourself out to be, whin ye've bust up two good engagements, and thrown a family like the McCanns into grief and sorrow!" Mrs. Carscadden observed.

"Grief and sorrow! What do they care if Frank marries Bernadette Kennedy or not!"

"Sheila," Angela asked, seriously, "*isn't* he going to marry her?"

"I don't know! You know as much as I do."

"As for tellin' me the way it was, we've been all through it," Mrs. Carscadden was musing, in an undertone. "'Mamma, d'ye think I'd do this?' an' 'Mamma, d'ye think I'd do that?' an' all the while yure good name dragged across the front pages of the papers thimselves, an' me not stippin' back from the merried women's mission but what a lad from the papers'd come up to me an' ask me where the mystery ger'rl does be now, and whativer she'd be into next!"

Sheila laughed again.

"'Is this the Carscadden ger'rl's mother?'" Mrs. Carscadden continued, still darkly reminiscent. "'It is!' 'Where's yure daughter, thin, Madam?' 'I know no more than the bir'rds!'

"He looked at me—an' he had a very bould face on him," the speaker continued impressively, "an' wit' that he give a kind of cry: 'Ye don't know where she is?' he says. 'No,' I says, 'but,' I says, 'there's those that do know,' I says, 'an' that wuddent tell ye, for fear ye'd have the poor ger'rl plasthered over the papers again!'

"'SHE *is* plasthered over the papers again,' says me lad, wit' a look. 'She came down in a crash today, whin she'd be comin' home from Atlantic City,' he says, 'wit' that *other* McCann boy!'"

"Oh, what a yell Mamma gave!" Angela put in here with a shudder of recollection.

"The Reilleys hear'rd me, two flights down. You wouldn't belave the screech I let out of me!"

"I'd believe anything of this family," Sheila assured her.

"Joe come in, thin, as white as a potato cake!" Mrs. Carscadden went on with her narrative. "'Come down to McCann's,' he said to me. 'Sheila's all but kilt, and they're bringin' her there!'"

Sheila had heard all this before. She would hear it again. Whatever happened in the Carscadden family, or indeed in any allied or neighboring family, was immediately transmuted into history, into a saga, to be recited in the regular series of sagas—the deaths, births, calamities, fortunes of the entire group were her mother's stock in trade.

"Mother," Sheila said, "is it my fault if an airplane comes down near Newark, New Jersey?"

"It may not be your fault," her mother responded oracularly, "but there's few cud get thimselves mixed up in trouble the way you do an' kape such an innocent face on you. Whativer you'd be doin' to get into one of thim Zeppelins I don't know, an' that you'd come down near Newark, New Jersey, is no more than you deser'rved! A little befoor that," Mrs. Carscadden continued, in a droning, resigned sort of monotone, "it was disappeared you were, an' no one had spache or sight of ye for days. An' befoor that again, it was merried in Boston, Massachusetts, ye were, by a justice of the peace, or was it a disthrict attorney, Joe?"

"It was neither, Ma," Joe said, and Sheila laughed again. She was not deeply concerned: she was thinking of something else this morning.

She had made up her mind to something the day before yesterday, and since the instant of her decision the world had been singing for Sheila. She was going to call on Frank McCann.

THE terrible day of the plane crash was now almost two weeks in the past; Sheila had had no communication since with the McCann family. The unfortunate pilot of the plane had been buried, the physicians had reported Frank as making good progress toward recovery, and newspapers had turned to other matters. Joe Carscadden had telephoned the McCann house almost every day, and had extended sympathy and made inquiries for the whole family, and it had finally been decided by her mother, Angela and Joe that Sheila should write Frank a "nice note," telling him how glad she was that he was getting well, and expressing her heartiest good wishes for his marriage to Miss Kennedy.

Sheila had half-heartedly agreed to this. She would have preferred, herself, to do nothing in regard to Frank. Without being able to analyze exactly how she felt, she sensed that there was mystery, there was provocation, about complete silence. But a nice letter was simply a nice letter; it ended everything. Everything *was* ended, of course.

(*Continued on page 46*)

The Little House

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Beatrice Blackmar

Illustrated by David Hendrickson

MRS. SIDERELL set down her bedroom candle—she always went to bed by candlelight, preferring it to the harsh glow of the electric chandelier—caught a shawl around her old shoulders and went out the side door of the big house—the "servants' entrance," it had been called in the architect's plans.

Mrs. Siderell felt weary and defeated, as she walked the length of the lawn to where, at the back of the lot, facing the old road, stood the little house—the house Adam had built for her when they were married almost forty years ago. The climbing rose over the doorway was in red blossom. She had planted it long ago, in that first spring. It was still giving its profuse sweetness to the air—stronger, more alive than she.

She had always hated the big house—house of Adam's prosperity and pride, built when the fine new Court Avenue, cut through at the back of their yard on its proud sweep to the country club, had symbolized the sudden growth of Cedar Valley from a sleepy farming village to a thriving manufacturing town. Adam's bank had grown with the city, and his wealth, and his hardness.

In the little house Adam had been hard, too—but he had loved her.

At the rear of the enormous lot the little house had been preserved—at first as a playhouse for the children, later as a workshop and storage space. With the advent of the first automobile, Adam had wanted to convert it into a garage, but she had opposed him, for once successfully.

Now, in the month since Adam died she had had only one desire—to leave the huge empty shell of the big house, to move back into the little house and spend the rest of her life there.

And the children had opposed her.

"People would think it awfully queer," protested Mildred.

"It wouldn't look right, Mother," John, the eldest, had said. "As though we had crowded you out."

The house was hers. Both houses were hers. She had a right to do with them as she liked.

But that evening John had finally borne her down. He and his wife Hazel had driven over after supper to "talk to her"—convince her.

"I am old and have only my memories," she had said. "I want to live with my memories."

"YOU mustn't feel that way, Mother," John had answered. "You have us." And then, making what she knew was a sacrifice—"If you don't want to live here alone, Hazel and I will come and live with you. We can't let the big house stand idle. Father was so proud of it."

She had bowed her head and consented. How could she tell them that she didn't want them?

How could she tell them that the big house had brought her only sorrow—that it had taken her children away from her? It was in the big house that she had seen her dark-haired, stalwart John grow into a replica of his father, with the same set to his chin, the same fine firm lines about his mouth, too concerned with his money and his position. It was here that she had heard, in the awful dark stillness of the night, Mildred sobbing in her bed, on the eve of her wedding. In that square front bedroom Addie had borne the first grandchild, and died as the child died. And in the big house all the trouble with Jimmy had begun.

In the little house she had had time for her babies—playing outside the kitchen door in the sun—helping her, making grubby little loaves on baking day—wiping pans moistly—running errands on clattery little feet.

Jimmy, the baby, was seven when they moved into the big house. He had always had a furious temper but when she kept close to him she could manage him. But in the big house there had been so much to do. They kept two girls. Adam expected her to entertain—church parties, dinners, big weddings for Addie and Mildred. He wanted to have the finest home in Cedar Valley.

ONE day Jimmy, punished by being shut in the dining-room, in a fury of rage kicked over a side table holding some of her most precious china. His father, to break his temper, had whipped him dreadfully with the first thing he laid hands on, a piece of garden hose. From that time Jimmy and his father had sawed at each other's nerves. Finally Adam, calling him unmanageable, sent him to that military school.

If she could only have kept him close to her, she could have straightened him gently, surely.

Then came the south side girl—cheap, Adam had called her. Adam had ordered the boy from the house, not to come back till he had done something worthy. Worthy of what? The big house—Adam's pride? Jimmy was still roving the world somewhere. His last letter had been from Panama.

Jimmy, her bright-haired baby. In the little house he had played beside her, turning up a face that was crinkled with laughter.

Mrs. Siderell caught her shawl tighter about her shoulders. The June night was growing chilly. She must go to bed. Tomorrow would be a hard day, getting ready for John and Hazel.

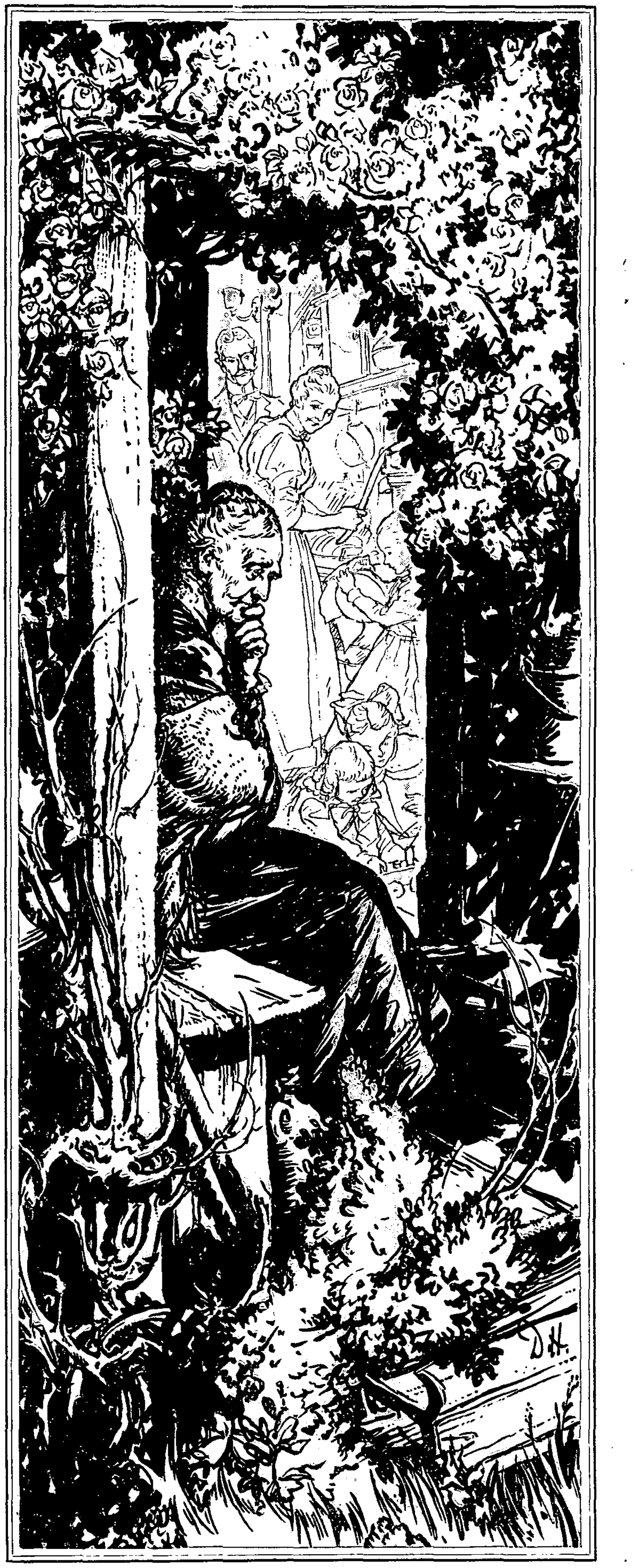
She went back to the big house, picked up her candle, lighted it, and walked through the large empty rooms, past the butler's pantry with its rows of china and glass.

How delighted she had been when Adam put the pump in the old kitchen for her, so she didn't have to carry water any more.

Past the music-room, place of parties and of paid entertainers.

Not like the high sweet music of children's voices.

She went up to her bedroom. There on the dresser stood the latest picture of Adam. How hard he had grown as he grew richer. The big house had taken Adam away from her, too. He had cared more for it than for her.



She felt that young Adam was beside her, there, and her babies

She went to the window to draw the blind. In her shaking hand, the candle tipped and its tongue of flame leaped upon the crisp organdie curtain. She watched it, fascinated, then set down her candle, turned, and sped down the stairs.

Huddled back by the little house, under the climbing red rose vine, she watched the flames spread quickly. She felt that young Adam was beside her, there, and her babies.

When he learned that she was living in the little house, Jimmy might come back to her. Jimmy had always loved the little house, too.

Under New Management

With Knute Rockne gone and most of last year's stars, including Carideo and Brill, lost by graduation, can Notre Dame hold its place in football? Here is Mr. Rice's opinion

By Grantland Rice

TWO years ago in early October, Notre Dame was playing the Navy in Baltimore. Knute Rockne that day was sick at his home in South Bend and Tom Lieb, acting head coach, was in charge of the team.

Before the game started I dropped into the Notre Dame dressing-room and found that Tom Lieb had just been talking to Knute over the long-distance phone, getting final advice and final inspiration to pass along to the squad.

When Notre Dame swings back into football action this October, Knute Rockne will be missing again, but on this occasion "Hunk" Anderson, the new head coach, will not be able to have Knute relay any long-distance inspiration to his team. For the first time since Notre Dame became a football power there will be no Knute Rockne either playing or coaching, no message from the man who put more beauty and speed and skill into football than any coach that ever lived.

And with Rockne missing, except in spirit, almost an entire nation is asking and wondering what will happen to Notre Dame on the football battlefields of 1931. Will the South Bend simoom continue to sweep the gridiron from coast to coast? Or will it show the first sign of falling back with the run of the pack?

In the first place, those watching the new régime at South Bend with Jess Harper and Hunk Anderson in charge must remember that in addition to losing the greatest of all coaches the Notre Dame squad has also lost such stars as Frank Carideo, one of the great quarterbacks of all time; Joe Savoldi, one of the best of all fullbacks; Marty Brill, one of the best of all blockers (and you know what blocking means in a Notre Dame system); Mullins and O'Connor, two able reserve backs; Metzger, the brilliant 155-pound guard who led much of the interference, and Tom Conley, a star end and a captain qualified to lead. When you take seven star football players from any team, even from a Notre Dame group, that team is seriously handicapped. You can't replace Carideos, Savoldis and Brills every week-end from the reserves.

There is another side. It was under Jess Harper, with Rockne playing quarterback, that Notre Dame's present system was first started—a system that called for shifts, for open play, for misdirection and deception and for the best blocking in the game. Without any question Rockne made additions to and improvements on the old Harper system, but if any two men know the Notre Dame system today they are Jess Harper and Hunk Anderson, who will be on hand to see that it is carried through up to the ability of the material at hand.

When the call for spring practice came at South Bend after Rockne's death there was a rush and a spirit that showed more than anything else the influence of the lost leader. In his career at Notre Dame, Knute Rockne had built up a spirit beyond anything football has ever known. His amazing personality reached every part of the campus and it made direct appeal to every man who played football at Notre Dame, and this means a large part of the entire student body.

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Acme

International News

Notre Dame's 1931 squad, under the guidance of Hartley Anderson, below, at spring training

Anderson apparently has little to worry about in regard to his line. Culver and Kurth, two tackles, are left over from last year. Kurth is a first-class tackle and Culver is one of the best in football, a big, fast, powerful forward who can hold his own with anybody. Then there is Krause, a star developed at De La Salle High School by Norman Barry, who was George Gipp's right halfback. Yarr, the captain, is at center and there will be few better. Host and Kosky are holdover ends from 1930 and both are good men. So Notre Dame will have two good lines. The big battle will be to build up a backfield that is even close to the smashing 1930 combination, a combination that had speed, power and brains. The 1931 backfield will miss Brill's blocking and tackling and Carideo's all-around ability.

But it will still be a backfield full of trouble for the enemy. As a starter there is Marchmont Schwartz, who was one of the star backs of last fall, one of the most elusive ball carriers of many seasons. The battle for backfield jobs will find Jaskwhich and Murphy at quarter; Schwartz, left half; Shekeetski and Cronin, right halves; Lukats and Hanley, fullbacks. Lukats looked good last season and he has moved forward a long way since then, a habit Notre Dame players have after they have been worked into the system.

Then there is another back, Koken, a substitute for Schwartz, who will be heard from this fall. So here are at least two sets of backs who can play a lot of football, working behind two sets of forwards who can hold their own.

The Spirit of Rockne

I think a lot will depend this season on the development of Jaskwhich and Murphy at quarter. Notre Dame football is smart football and smart football is handled only by smart, keen quarterbacks. Two great examples were Harry Stuhldreher of the Four Horsemen and Carideo of the 1929 and 1930 teams with their nineteen straight victories. Even the outstanding ability of a Knute Rockne could not develop such quarterbacks every season.

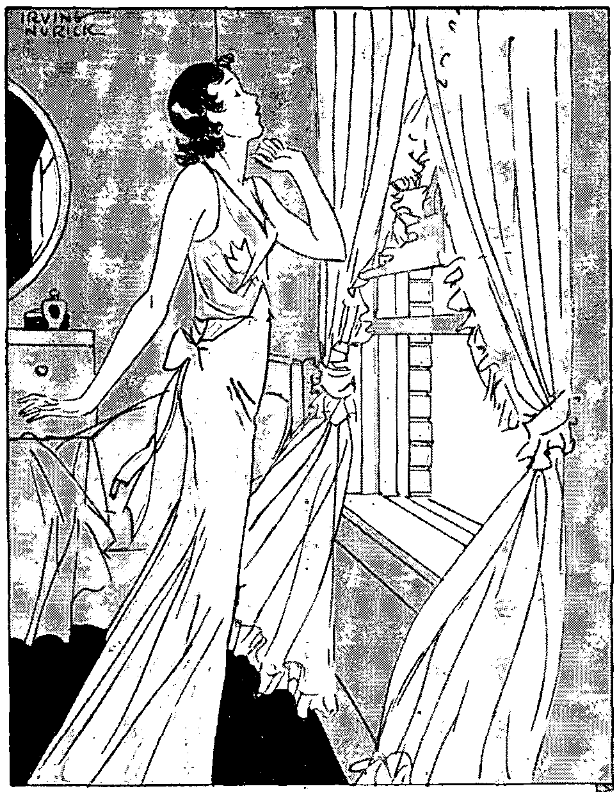
Both Jess Harper and Hunk Anderson look forward to a successful year, if not to a clean sweep. No one university can keep on winning forever. Yet both have been confident that the South Bend delegation of 1931 will win most of its games and play high-class football from start to finish with the same old spirit that former teams always gave Knute Rockne. You can make your guess that this 1931 bunch will give everything they have, feeling in some mysterious way that the spirit of the lost master is still with them in every game and that his keen eyes are still watching every move.

No Time Out

If you haven't time to rest during the day, you certainly haven't time to be tired. Here are some short cuts to rest that will take the weariness out of busyness

By Helen Durham

Illustrated by Irving Nurick



There's nothing like an early-morning open-window stretch to start you off on the day's work

THOSE beautiful women who are fascinating at forty and fair at fifty owe it to something more than gowns and a girlish figure. They make a business of rest if they make a profession of beauty.

This goes for men, too. The popular diner-out is generally no slave to his business, while the so-called drawing-room sphinx has usually talked himself out across his desk earlier in the day.

Your modern Venus sleeps late, breakfasts abed, dresses slowly and rests again before the festive eve. She has plenty of time for manicures, massage, finger waves or fittings, and plenty of leisure adds more to her looks than the beauty parlor or the modiste.

And the popular diner-out draws much of his pep and repartee from his nap under the barber's hand, his easy-go-easy day, the chat at the club, and the leisurely donning of dinner clothes to a slow and care-free whistle.

But how about us workaday people? We start the day to an alarm clock, fight the crowds to business or juggle the housework, children, marketing and committee meetings, grab a bite to eat, put in a whirlwind-finish afternoon, dash to a dinner date (or, dashing faster, give a dinner party) and sink at last into bed with a groan. We can't help it. Our days aren't spent in a chaise longue or a leather club-chair.

But don't give up. Here are some short cuts to beauty sleep and the afternoon siesta guaranteed to brighten the eye, smooth out the wrinkles, stir the step and, incidentally, add years to the lifetime. Mind you, these quick rests don't call for spare time. We haven't any of that. They are merely a matter of knowing how.

First of all, here is something for those "before-you-get-up blues." When the alarm goes off, thumb your nose at it and *stretch.* Not the graceful stretches of a movie queen in bed, but man-sized ones that sprawl you across the mattress and pull up your blankets by the roots. Then stretch yourself out of bed and over to stand at the window. Stretch once more while the fresh air is billowing around you. There's nothing like an open-window stretch to send the drowsy blood coursing through your veins.

Snatching a Rest

Now for the next quick rest—only don't make it too quick—over your coffee cups. Breakfast should not be a hurried meal, says Dr. William R. P. Emerson of Boston, the famous nutrition expert. And then he says something startling—"The caloric value of breakfast should be more than one-third of the daily intake."

A chorus of protests. "I can't eat breakfast." "All I ever want is my coffee."

"Nonsense," he and the rest of his profession reply firmly. "Fruit, a good hot drink, cereal with cream or bacon and eggs or both!" Of course if you snatch it off a corner of the kitchen table with one eye on the clock, your stomach is as tense as you are and you "aren't hungry." But if you allow yourself time enough every morning for a decent breakfast decently served, the first thing you know you will be liking it, savoring and sipping and doing a good meal the justice it deserves.

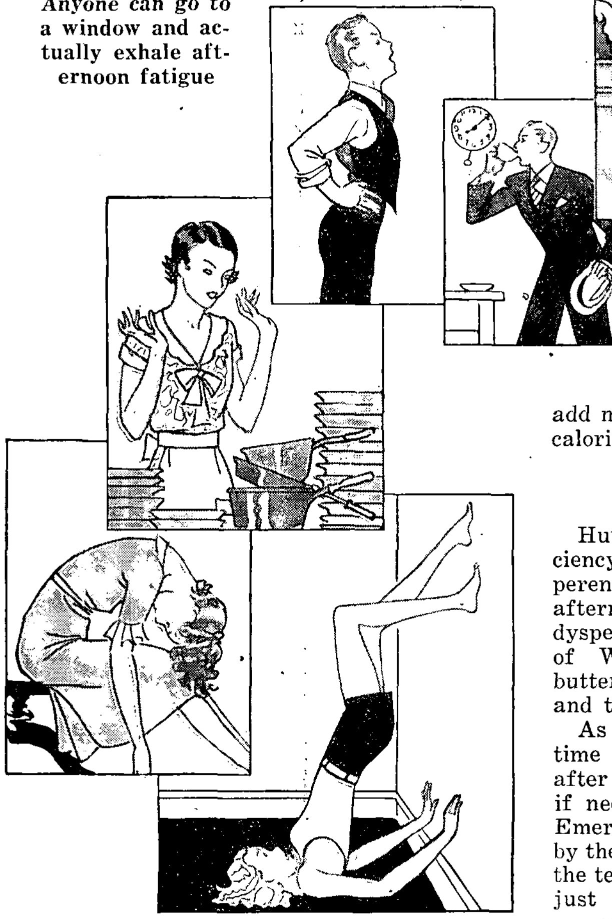
During an overcrowded morning a quick way to snatch a minute's rest without losing any time is to change your occupation. If you could scream at the sight of one more pan to wash, stop and sweep the back porch. If you are sick and tired of darning, stop and straighten the toy closet. If your head is woozy with dictation, stop and telephone for those appointments. When you turn back to the big job, you'll find that what seemed like a mountain was only a hurdle.

When you're tired or sunk go to the nearest window for a deep breath of air and be sure to breathe *out* as hard as you breathe *in.* Exhale your fatigue with the stale air, inhale rest with the fresh air.

Breathing is nature's restorative and yawning is nature's relaxative. So not only breathe deeply but yawn luxuriously—oh, not in a drawing-room, maybe, but whenever you decently can.

Another way to get a quick rest is to eat something. In an office you may have to crunch a surreptitious cracker or two, but if you are at home, take time and trouble for something better, a sandwich with a hot drink in winter or with a cold, refreshing one on a summer scorcher. Hunger will add more lines to your face than extra calories will add pounds to your figure.

Tension, as much as dyspepsia, prompts the daily parade of secretaries with buttermilk



Anyone can go to a window and actually exhale afternoon fatigue

When you "just can't do another thing," try a little exercise—you'll be surprised

Before and After Meals

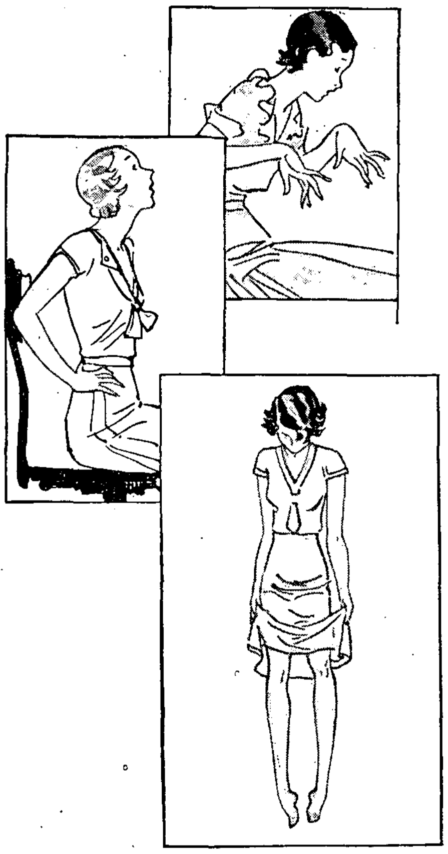
Hunger fatigue lessens business efficiency and sharpens the tongue. The perennially young Englishman takes his afternoon tea in comfort, and it isn't dyspepsia alone that prompts the parade of Wall Street secretaries bearing buttermilk to mahogany desks at eleven and three.

As for your meals proper, try to find time and place to rest both before and after them. If you are rushed, eat less if necessary, but take it slowly. Dr. Emerson was called in a year or so ago by the Dartmouth football coach because the team had gone stale. He prescribed just two changes in their regimen—a rest before each meal and very slow eating—and the team came back and remained in top-notch condition throughout the season.

Another valuable rest is to quicken the blood stream. Anything that sends the blood rushing to another part of the body will relieve fatigue. An extreme illustration of this is the trick of Blanche Yurka, famous Ibsen actress, who finds relief from the strain of a particularly tragic act by standing on her head in her dressing-room, thus renewing her vitality by quickening her blood stream before she goes back on the stage for another highly emotional scene.

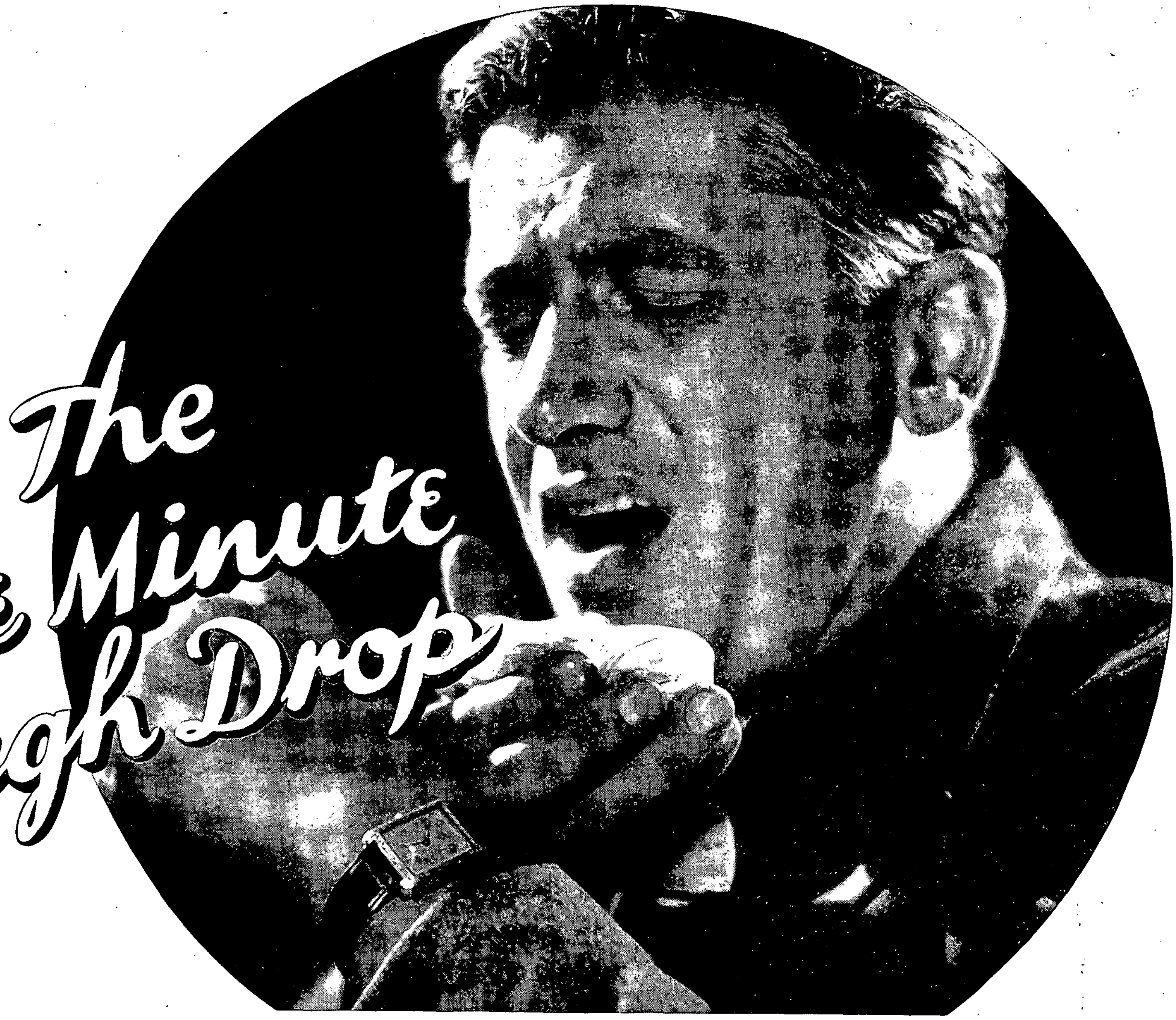
A less acrobatic way to get the same relief from fatigue is to lie flat on your back and literally climb up the wall with your heels (stocking-footed of course) until you are arched backward and downward with your heels propped

(*Continued on page 54*)



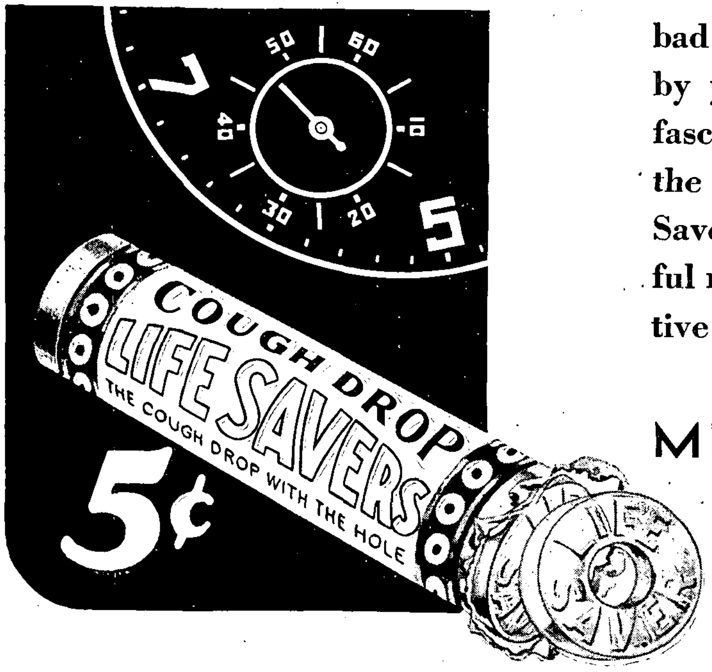
Hand, foot and torso exercises are of great aid in relieving the fatigue that inevitably piles up on the office girl

The One Minute Cough Drop



TIME IT! PROVE IT!

A soothing blend of menthol, horehound and eucalyptus



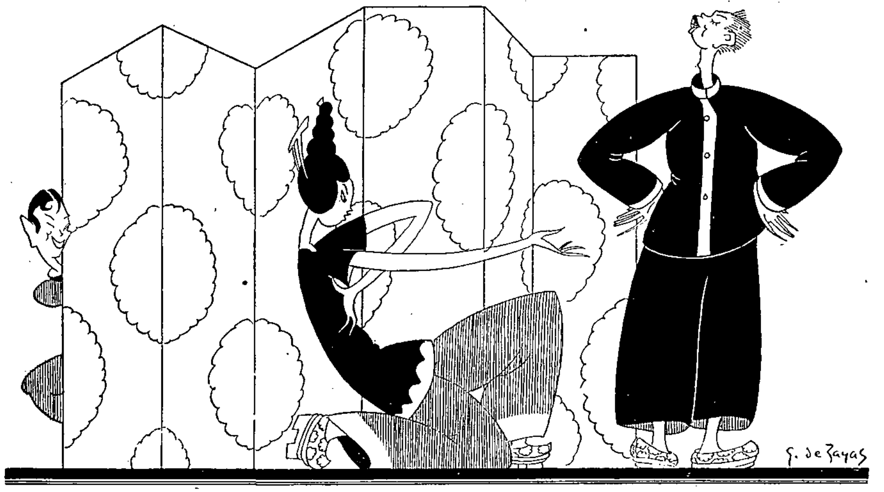
TRY these modern cough-breakers. They have the authority! They get results! They'll check a bad coughing spell in one minute by your watch. It isn't just their fascinating flavor alone that won the public to Cough Drop Life Savers. They have a lively, delightful medicating action fully as effective as spraying your throat.

You get some relief from the old-fashioned cough drops. But why not use the kind that brings instant ease to the sorest throat, and actually stops your coughing?

Delightful to take, handy to carry. Cough Drop Life Savers are rolled in foil; they don't rattle or spill in your pocket. Only a nickel, at more than 300,000 Life Saver stations.

MENTHOL *Cough Drop* **LIFE SAVERS**

IN THE HANDY ROLL PACKAGE



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Among the Moi, a semi-civilized tribe in French Indo-China, the women—not the men—propose marriage.—*By Marjorie Jervis, New York City.*

In two states—Kentucky and New Hampshire—joining a religious sect which believes marriage is unlawful is, legally, grounds for divorce.

Radio broadcasting in Japan today is done by an association supported by license fees paid by the set owners. When the fee is paid, a metal sign is nailed on the listener's doorpost to show that he is a member in good standing.

Rickets, the bone disease that attacks about half of all American babies, now is being prevented and cured successfully by milk from cows whose feed has been irradiated with ultra-violet rays.

In Siam, all male servants are forbidden to wear hats.

"Artificial gold," a new stainless gold-like alloy of copper and aluminum, now is being produced in England for dining tableware.

The Museum of Anthropology in Rome has on exhibition today more than 200,000 specimens and 10,000 photographs showing the physical features of every known race of man since prehistoric times. It is one of the greatest ethnographic collections in the world.

Nitroglycerin, the powerful explosive which constitutes about 40 per cent of all dynamite, is used frequently as a heart stimulant.—*By R. L. Trautman, Dayton, Kentucky.*

About 65 per cent of all schoolhouses in the United States today have only one room.

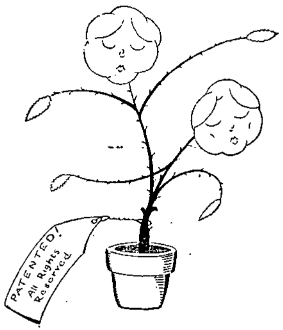
England now is laying skidproof highways.

More than 150,000 New Yorkers—excluding policemen—now carry revolvers.

Of the many thousands of book manuscripts submitted to American publishers each year, only 1 out of 30 is published and, of those published, only 1 out of 50 sells for more than 2 years.

China still is without insurance and bankruptcy laws and also has today only 139 modern courts to dispense justice to a population four times larger than that of the United States.

For the first time in history, the United States Patent Office recently granted a patent on a product of nature, a new type of plant—an ever-blooming rose.



In the Irish Free State, the names of jurors on criminal cases are kept from the public through the substitution of numbers—as a precaution against bribery, intimidation or any kind of molestation.—*By H. I. McCourt, Roscommon, Ireland.*

Financial experts estimate that the air-mail service, through its fast delivery of letters containing drafts and checks, is saving the banks of this country about $2,500,000 in interest annually.

In Peiping, China, thousands still take their pet birds for a daily airing, boldly carrying the cages through the streets despite the fact that the city government prohibited this old custom months ago in its effort to stamp out "backwardness."

Prohibition agents in Iowa were given recently a list of more than 1,200 suspected liquor wholesalers, and 125 of them were women.

During normal sleep, women usually dream more than men.

After several years, Pennsylvania now is enforcing its "Fictitious Name Act" which requires that all companies doing business under fictitious or trade names must register the real names of their owners.

Postage rates are amusing. It costs a New Yorker 7 cents to send a 10-ounce pamphlet across the street but only 5 cents to send it to Shanghai, China.—*By B. F. Miles, Albion, Michigan.*

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

One to the Button

Continued from page 9

"And when shall I see you again—Giovanna?" Percy asked.

"I do not know," she said. "Perhaps I shall come to the library again soon."

Percy Lawrence spent every evening in the library. But she did not come. In the final game with Michigan, Benny Benito made three touchdowns—after runs of fifty, eighty and ninety yards. Saturday night the campus was ablaze with triumphant student bonfires. Percy sat on a stool in the lunch car and listened to the Congo Kid.

The library was closed on Sunday evening. Percy Lawrence had dinner at the faculty club with Somers of the department of sociology. Somers talked and talked and talked. Percy let him talk while he thought of Giovanna's eyes.

"LAWRENCE," Somers said, "what do you say we go out and find a drink?"

"I didn't know you could get a drink in this town," Percy said.

Somers laughed. "Of course we have nothing like your Eastern speakeasies," he said. "But many a foreign family adds to its income by serving beer and wine and whoopinsocker."

"Good heavens," Percy said. "What's whoopinsocker?"

"Italian moon," Somers said. "Home-made liquor. You shall try it. The place I'm taking you to is run by my friend Giuseppe, who is a stonecutter by trade. He caters exclusively to professors."

Somers led the way to the basement of a dark house and knocked three times. An Italian with singularly broad shoulders and white mustache let them into a room furnished with small tables and wooden chairs. In one corner was a desk, with a reading lamp, and a pile of books. At the desk, bending over a book, sat Giovanna Malatesta.

Percy stared at her until she looked up. She smiled at him—the same grave, mysterious smile that had so entranced him. "Good evening, Professor Lawrence," she said.

"G-g-g-good evening, Miss Malatesta," Percy said.

He sat down at a table with Somers.

"What's the matter?" Somers asked.

"Nothing," Percy said.

"You look as if you needed a drink," Somers said. "Giuseppe—bring us the whoopinsocker."

Percy got rid of Somers at last and took a long walk and wrestled with his Boston past. He couldn't marry a bootlegger's daughter. No Lawrence could do that. She had perfectly good manners; she was intelligent; and she was the most beautiful woman in the world. But it wasn't done.

The following evening Percy Lawrence was waiting in the library when Giovanna came in. He went over to her chair and whispered in her ear. She rose obediently and followed him.

They walked across the campus to the shore of the lake. They stood side by side leaning on the parapet and looking out at the dark surface of the lake.

"Giovanna," Percy said, "I understand. But it doesn't make any difference. I love you."

He took her hand in his.

"You are very kind," Giovanna said in that low voice of hers—that voice with a throb in it. "But—" She paused so long that Percy had to speak.

"But what?" he asked.

She shook her head. "It cannot be," she said. "It cannot be."

"Ah, Giovanna," Percy said, "it must be. We were made for each other."

"My father will not think so."

"But I will persuade your father."

She trembled. He could hear her heart beat. He drew her to him.

"No—please," she said.

He respected her reserve. He took her home.

"Tomorrow night," he said, "I shall see your father."

"I am afraid it will be no use," Giovanna said.

"We shall see," Percy said.

He walked home with that light and strong feeling that comes to a man who has fought his prejudices and won. He thought of Harriet Bean. Harriet was his oldest friend. It was too bad that he and Harriet had never clicked. But was it his fault that this romantic thing had happened?

He presented himself at half-past six the following evening, at an hour when there would be no customers in the speakeasy. Giuseppe Malatesta let him in.

"Mr. Malatesta," Percy said, "I wish to talk to you."

Giuseppe Malatesta bowed. He gave Percy a chair. He set out two glasses. He unlocked a cupboard and took out a carafe of red wine and filled the glasses. They lifted their glasses to each other.

"My dear fellow," Percy said, "your wine is delicious."

"It is a good wine," Giuseppe Malatesta said. His eyes twinkled under his shaggy brows. "It is not to sell—like the home brew and the whoopinsocker. It is what I drink myself."

He had Giovanna's gravity. He knew how to wait.

"Mr. Malatesta," Percy said, "I love your daughter. I wish to marry her."

Giuseppe Malatesta nodded.

"May I present my credentials?" Percy asked.

Giuseppe Malatesta offered Percy an Italian cigar and lit one himself.

"It would not be suitable for you to marry Giovanna," he said.

"And why not?" Percy asked. "Here in America we believe that love is the only true basis of marriage. Nothing else matters."

"Love is good," Giuseppe Malatesta said. "Love is very good. "But—" he shrugged his shoulders—"there are also other things—there is family and—"

"If I may say so," Percy said, "my family is one of the oldest in America. My ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

"That is good," Giuseppe Malatesta said. "That is very good. And when did this Mayflower ship arrive?"

"Three hundred years ago," Percy said. "My family has lived in Boston ever since."

"YOU will pardon me," Giuseppe Malatesta said, "if I speak plain?"

"But I want you to be frank," Percy said.

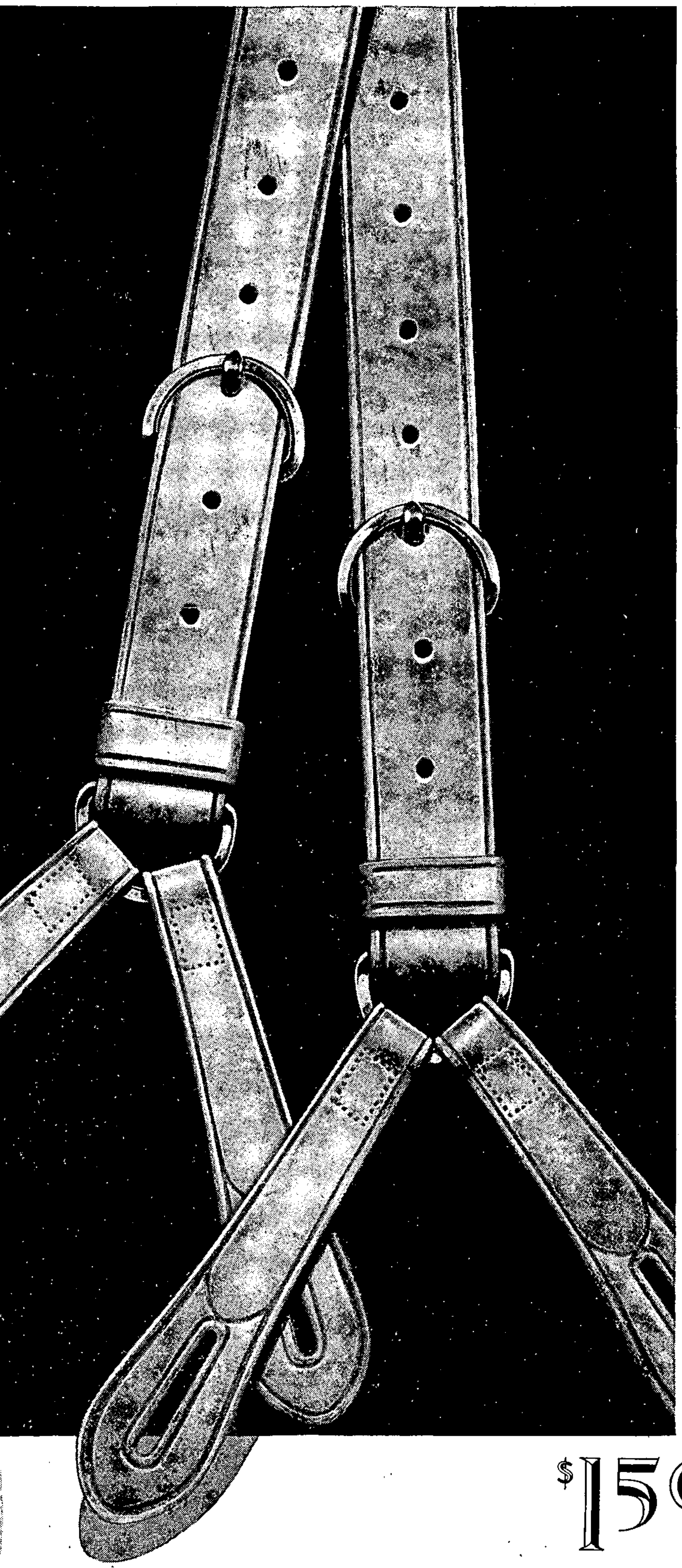
Giuseppe Malatesta nodded. "You see, to me, my friend, three hundred years does not seem long. I am Italian. My family is old. Very old. The Malatestas have lived in Florence a thousand years—mebbe two thousand. Three hundred years in Boston is good—very good. But it is not like Malatesta in Florence."

Percy Lawrence was aware of a slight irritation with Mr. Malatesta's simplicity.

"But that, my friend," Giuseppe Malatesta continued, "was not what I mean when I say it is not suitable for you to marry Giovanna. You are not Italian. Giovanna—she is Italian."

"That is true," Percy Lawrence said.

(*Continued on page 28*)



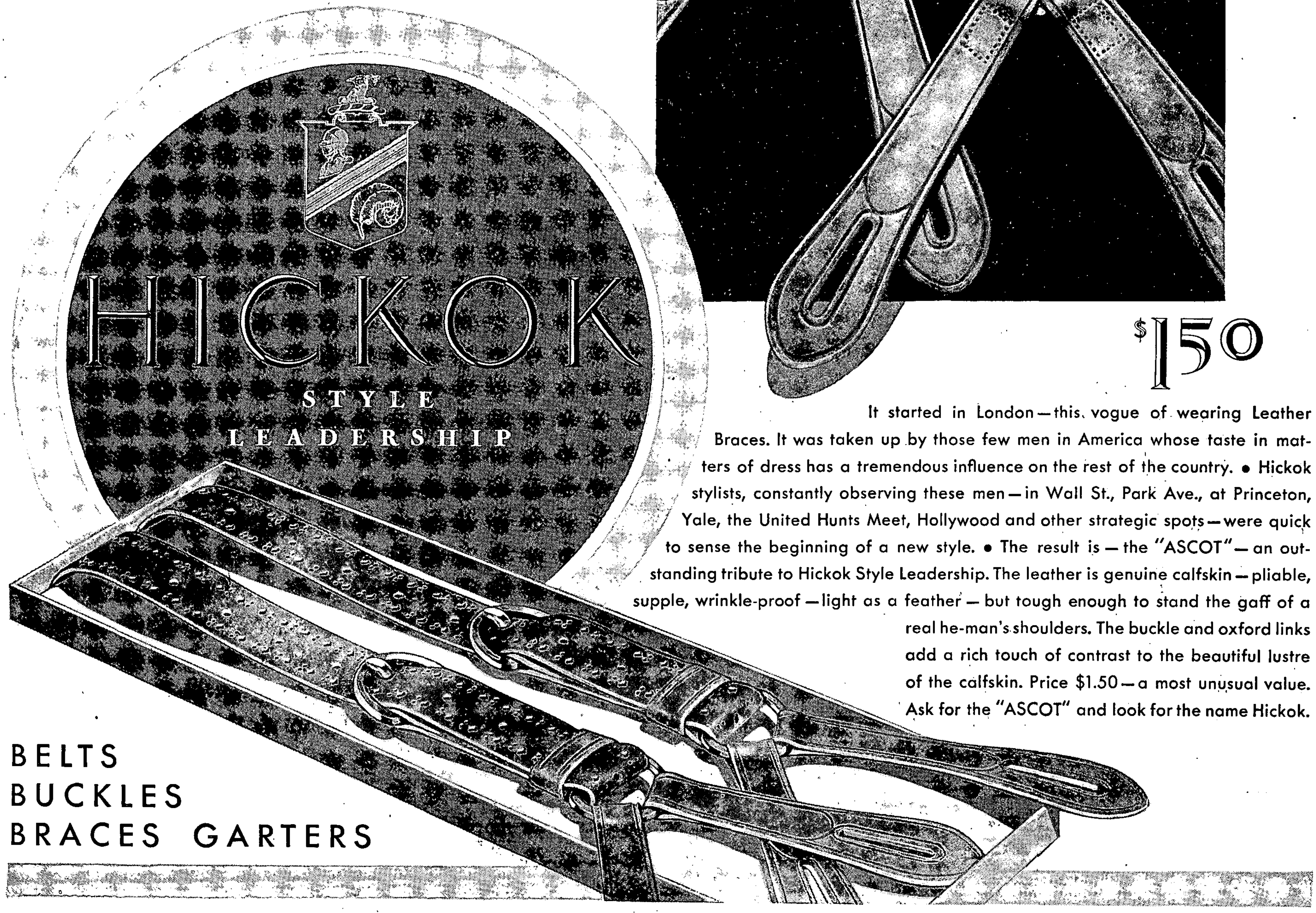
Introducing

The "ASCOT"

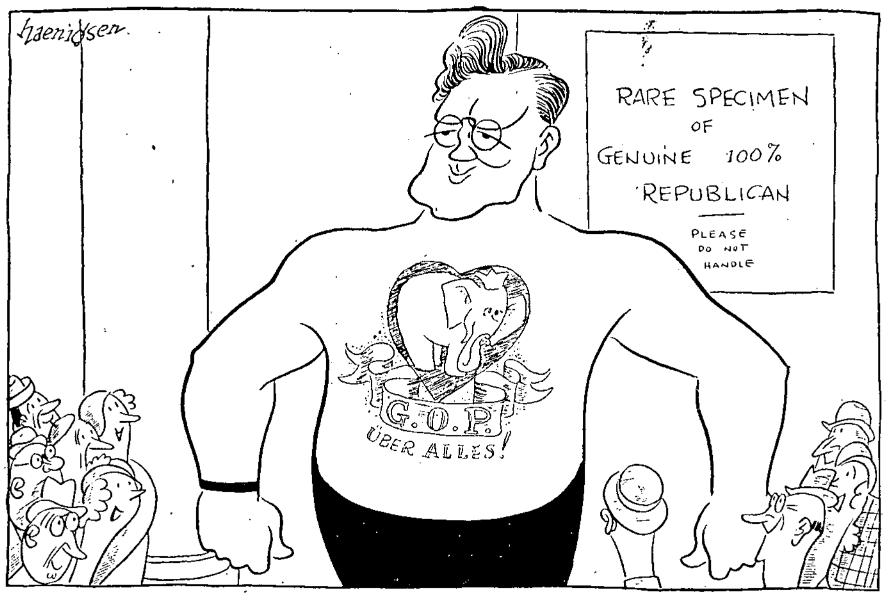
A BRACE OF GENUINE CALFSKIN

$150

It started in London—this vogue of wearing Leather Braces. It was taken up by those few men in America whose taste in matters of dress has a tremendous influence on the rest of the country. • Hickok stylists, constantly observing these men—in Wall St., Park Ave., at Princeton, Yale, the United Hunts Meet, Hollywood and other strategic spots—were quick to sense the beginning of a new style. • The result is—the "ASCOT"—an outstanding tribute to Hickok Style Leadership. The leather is genuine calfskin—pliable, supple, wrinkle-proof—light as a feather—but tough enough to stand the gaff of a real he-man's shoulders. The buckle and oxford links add a rich touch of contrast to the beautiful lustre of the calfskin. Price $1.50—a most unusual value. Ask for the "ASCOT" and look for the name Hickok.



BELTS
BUCKLES
BRACES GARTERS



A "Real Republican"

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

WITH Vice President Curtis preferring to run for senator from Kansas rather than for his present office, and with Senator Morrow hardly available for second place on the 1932 Hoover ticket because as an advocate for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment he cannot run on a dry platform, look out for Senator Jim Watson of Indiana as Mr. Hoover's next running mate.

Mr. Watson wants the nomination for Vice President for a very good reason; it will afford him a dignified exit from public life. He has no illusions about the chances of being elected Vice President in 1932. He expects to see the Republican ticket defeated in the next election, but it is better to be defeated for Vice President or even to be defeated for the nomination for Vice President than it is to be defeated for senator in his own state.

So among Hoosiers one hears the prediction made that Mr. Watson will decline next spring to run for senator again and will announce his candidacy for the Vice Presidency.

And it is by no means an unpromising candidacy. After all, the list of availables for the Republican nomination for Vice President is small. Who is there in the Republican party desiring that office more prominent than Jim Watson?

A Dearth of Candidates

The East has neither Republican governors nor Republican senators to offer. New York and Massachusetts each have a Democratic governor and two Democratic senators. Connecticut has a Democratic governor. Neither Bingham nor Walcott, its Republican senators, will do. New Jersey by 1932 may have a Democratic governor. And its two Republican senators are wets. Pennsylvania is still Republican, but the party would not take Governor Pinchot. And Senator Reed is not well liked. Ohio has a Democratic governor and one Democratic senator. Dr. Fess is a joke. Illinois might offer Governor Emmerson, but it is doubtful whether he could get his own delegation.

So there remains in this whole territory only Jim Watson. West of the Mississippi there are fewer Republican governors than there used to be, and none of those that remain are known outside of their own states. And the Western Republican senators of reputation are mostly anathema. It is going to be hard to find anyone but Jim.

It will be objected that President Hoover will not want Jim on the ticket with him. Some importance must be attached to Mr. Hoover's opposition but not too much. Presidents cannot always dictate their choice of running mates.

The 1932 convention will nominate Mr. Hoover sullenly and without enthusiasm because it can do nothing else. Then it will probably look around for a candidate for Vice President to its taste, one of the boys, one of the good regular Old Guard Republicans.

They're Out for Revenge

The party is now sore on the "Hoover boys," who are making trouble for the leaders in various ways. It will be particularly rebellious in the convention, as it is likely that there will be by that time a "Hoover boy" National Chairman. It has never quite accepted Mr. Hoover as a "real Republican." So it will be all the more inclined to express its feelings by putting a "real Republican" on the ticket for Vice President. Who is a more "real Republican" than Jim Watson?

Most of the leaders on the floor of the convention like Jim Watson. He is one of their own kind. His nomination will be a slap at the "Sons of the Wild Jackass." It will be a slap at superior persons who don't quite know whether they are Republicans or Democrats. If the Republican party is going down in defeat, Jim Watson's nomination will be a sign that it is going down with flags flying.

Jim belongs to the old school. He is a burly, hearty fellow with an uproarious laugh, a man's man, and the politicians don't like sissies. They may "pander to the better element," as Tom Platt used to say, but only when by no other way may they win. When it is a case of "after this the deluge" they are likely to follow their inclinations.

Of course a ticket of Hoover and Watson would be a ticket of contradictions. But the Republican party is a party of contradictions. It is made up of Sons of the Wild Jackass and of Moseses and Grundys. Nobody despises Mr. Watson more than the President probably does. And no Republican despises the President more than Mr. Watson does. "How can a man follow the President," he said, "unless he has St. Vitus' dance?" But many of the Old Guard leaders of the convention will secretly share Mr. Watson's sentiment, even though the President stands for much higher and better things than the leader of the Republicans in the Senate does.

One to the Button

Continued from page 26

"But if we love each other—what does it matter?"

There was a quick hard knock at the door. Giuseppe Malatesta jumped up to open it.

Benny Benito stood in the doorway. He was wearing full dress, which accentuated the breadth of his shoulders and the narrowness of his waist. His dark handsome face was flushed. His black eyebrows met over the bridge of his nose.

"Where is Giovanna?" he asked.

Giuseppe Malatesta shrugged his shoulders. Two or three college boys, fraternity brothers of Benito's evidently, followed him in. They urged him to come on—it was time for the football banquet.

BENNY BENITO shook them off. "Where is Giovanna?" he demanded.

Giovanna Malatesta appeared on the other side of the room.

"Ah, sweetness," Benny Benito cried. He put his arm around her and would have kissed her. Giovanna slapped him. Benny Benito chuckled and drew her closer.

"Go away," she said in that deep voice of hers, more throbbing now than ever. "I told you I would never speak to you again."

Benny Benito had apparently no realization that she meant it. He caught both her hands in one of his and bent her to him with the other.

Percy was on his feet. With one hand he took off his eyeglasses and with the other he caught Benny Benito's elbow.

"That will do," Percy said.

Benny Benito shook him off without looking up. He bent his head to Giovanna's. Percy grabbed his arm and whirled him round.

"My dear chap," he said, and he was so angry that his Harvard accent was more marked than usual, "put up your hands."

Benny Benito grinned at him goodhumoredly. He still didn't realize that Percy Lawrence meant what he said.

"Put up your hands," Percy said sharply.

Benny Benito raised his hands. Percy Lawrence led with his left. His long straight left caught Benny Benito square on the nose. The bright blood gushed down his shirt front. He wasn't hurt. But he was stung.

"You asked for it," he said hotly to Percy, and swung his right with enough power to tear a man's head off his shoulders.

Percy Lawrence stepped inside that right, as any good boxer would, and drove his own right at the point of Benny Benito's jaw. For the first time in his life he let the right go with everything he had. There was a smack as bone hit bone. And Benny Benito fell crashing on his face, as completely out as if somebody had tapped him with a hammer.

"Benny!" Giovanna Malatesta cried. She was across the floor and on her knees and taking Benny Benito's head in her lap. "My dearest Benedetto," she crooned. "*Carissimo mio.*" She bent over him, kissing him, talking to him in a flood of Italian endearments.

Percy Lawrence put his hand on her shoulder. "Listen, Giovanna. He isn't dead. He'll come round in two or three minutes."

She looked up at him and the tears streamed down her face and she was no longer the quiet creature he had fallen for. She screamed at him.

"Go," she screamed. "Go—dog—brute—beast—hound. Go!"

Percy Lawrence picked up his glasses. Giuseppe Malatesta put his big hand on Percy's arm.

"You see, my friend. Benny is Italian. Giovanna is Italian. They love each other very much. They quarrel very much. Now it is all right."

Percy Lawrence stumbled out into the dark and down the street. He walked on and on. Toward dawn he came to the lunch wagon. He went in and ordered a sandwich.

"The boys been doin' a lot of talkin' in here tonight," the Congo Kid said. "They say you been playin' round with Benny Benito's girl and tonight you two met up and you knock him cold. Only they can't understand how no professor can knock out Benny Benito."

"He led with his right," Percy Lawrence said. "He led with his right and—"

The Congo Kid held up his hand. "You don't need to say no more to me, Professor," he said. "All you had to do was step inside that right of his and take a shot for the button and he comin' in—golly."

"Yes," Percy Lawrence said.

"Yessir," the Congo Kid said. "It's all in knowing how. It really is. It's the same way with eve'thing—boxing or wimmen or horses."

"It didn't do me any good with the girl," Percy Lawrence said.

The Congo Kid grinned a broad grin. "I reckon not," he said. "I reckon you didn't 'spect it would, did you?"

"I rather think I did," Percy Lawrence said.

The Congo Kid shook his head. "No, Professor. It's all in knowing how—and that ain't no way to please a woman—knocking out her boy friend."

The professor moodily ate his sandwich. He had done a lot of thinking. He had it pretty well figured out.

"Listen," he said, "what do women want?"

"Love," said the Congo Kid. "Love—thassall. You gotta make them think you're crazy about 'em—thassall. They don't care nothin' about anything else."

Percy drank his coffee. Of course the Congo Kid was right. Of course Harriet Bean had turned him down when he proposed to her in that left-handed way. Of course she wanted to feel that he was crazy about her.

And he was crazy about her. He wasn't crazy about a girl who screamed epithets at him. He was crazy about Harriet Bean.

"Congo," Percy Lawrence said, "may I send a telegram over your telephone?"

"I jest reckon you kin, Professor," the Congo Kid replied. "An' if I wuz you I'd lay it on thick."

AND that's why an awfully nice girl in Boston was waked up long after midnight by the telegraph company and called to the telephone. Harriet Bean listened to the message they gave her and dictated her reply, which was two words—just "Yes, darling." And then she curled up in her big armchair and burst into happy tears because Percy Lawrence had let loose at last and told her how much he loved her.

And that's why Benny Benito didn't attend the banquet they gave the football team at Minnewaska that night. That's why he wasn't there when the governor got up to tell him what a great man he was. He didn't know you can't lead with your right. But he knew how to please Giovanna Malatesta. He stayed away from the banquet so he could spend the evening with her.

THIS
OR
THIS?

Feel well *and* keep well *use* LISTERINE AFTER SHAVING

The safe antiseptic exhilarates the skin and guards against infection

DO you want your face to feel cool, refreshed, and exhilarated after shaving? Do you want to get rid of that hot, burning sensation, that raw feeling, that so often follows a shave?

And, more important, do you want to feel sure that no dangerous infection from a razor scratch will threaten your health and possibly your life?

Then use Listerine, full strength, after shaving. Pour this golden liquid into the cup of your hand and douse it on the face. Immediately you will feel your skin tingle—which tells you that the tiny nerve centers and blood vessels have been stimulated. Soon after there steals over your face, the coolest sensation you have ever known. The skin feels like a baby's, soft and satiny.

Don't forget that when you use Listerine this way you are automatically taking care of the danger of infection. Because Listerine used full strength is a deadly enemy of germs. Though safe to use and healing to tissue, it kills germs within 15 seconds.

Germs are uncertain things. On some people they seem to have little effect. On others they develop infection, which, running a swift course, results in sickness and sometimes death. *And these tiny germs often gain entrance through small wounds left by the razor.*

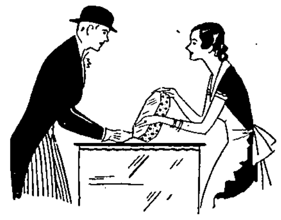
Tell your wife about this

The same qualities that make Listerine ideal as an after shaving lotion, recommend its use by women as an astringent. If your wife doesn't already know about this, tell her. She will thank you.

Why run the risk of infection? Why not apply Listerine after every shave? It is worth using solely for the protection it gives, and it is doubly worth using when you realize how fresh, clean, and exhilarated it leaves your skin.

If you haven't tried it, do so the next time you shave. And while you're making your toilette don't forget to gargle a little Listerine. As you know, it puts your breath beyond reproach. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

COOLS ~ SOOTHES THE SKIN ~ KILLS GERMS



No guesswork here!

Johnston offers ..freshness you can see

IN CANDIES FOR HOME...FOR GIFTS...FOR ENTERTAINING

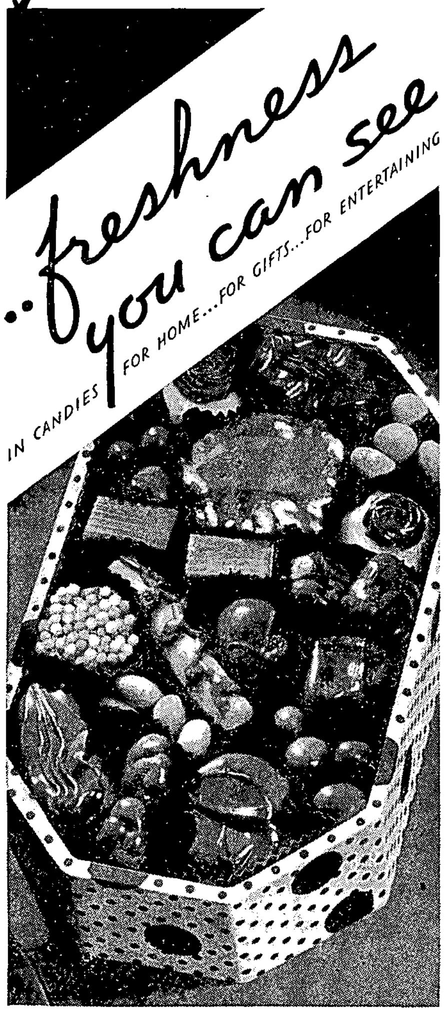


TABLEAU by Johnston is a totally new idea in candy packaging! Wherever you live, you now can buy candy from a famous maker—and be sure of perfect, glowing freshness every time!

The package is smart, sparkling, modern. A package you can give with pride . . . but amazingly uncostly. And there's an assortment for every taste and purse!

For gifts, for personal enjoyment, why risk inferior candies *ever?* . . . now that Johnston offers *freshness you can see.*

Johnston's

"My 3 Nicest Parties" is a fascinating booklet compiled by the Johnston Party Bureau, for women who like to entertain charmingly. The booklet is free—write for it.

2-10-10
ROBERT A. JOHNSTON CO., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Please send me free booklet "My 3 Nicest Parties."

Name..

Address..

City.............................State.............

Business is what you make it

Continued from page 13

down to perhaps eight dollars. In this store we are more interested in getting more and more quality into that ten-dollar shoe, so that the man who can spend ten dollars for a shoe can progressively get a better and better shoe all the time.

"The public gets more out of this plan after all, for right now the shoe we sell for eighteen dollars in our store has been built up in quality until it is as good as the twenty-five-dollar shoe was. But this has been accomplished not by cutting down a twenty-five-dollar shoe but by building up an eighteen-dollar one. As a result we are selling more shoes chiefly because we sell two pairs of eighteen-dollar shoes to people who formerly paid twenty-five dollars for their shoes.

"Incidentally you ask what makes a store a success. I used to think it was what the merchant knew—his experience and knowledge. Recently a speaker at a conference of shoe men advanced the theory that personal success consisted fifteen per cent in what you know and eighty-five per cent in what you are. Your experience amounts to fifteen per cent; *you* account for the other eighty-five per cent. Those percentages may be arbitrary quantities in that equation. But in the main I am beginning to think there's a good deal in that. That is the reason which explains the success of the independent merchant in the shoe business, provided he actually does possess that other fifteen per cent of knowledge."

I tried to explore this a little. A very successful dry-goods merchant told me he held to the other view. "For that reason," he said, "I don't use buyers. My goods are selected by a highly organized and specialized buying group in New York. They don't depend on guesswork. When new styles appear they can make trials for a week or two in certain stores to test the styles. When they buy for us, therefore, they have some history back of their selection. I would rather trust them than a buyer in my store who is a salesperson, floor manager and other things besides and who cannot have the merchandising records available to the New York expert."

A Chain of Independents

Then I went to Marshall Field's great Chicago store. I knew it was a mammoth merchandising institution, but I had no conception of its real size. Besides the great Chicago store it owns the enormous Davis store in Chicago's Loop, the magnificent Frederick & Nelson store in Seattle and about twenty-five other department stores. At first this looks like a chain.

"But it is not a chain," said Mr. Robert Schaeffer of the Marshall Field organization. "Each of these stores is operated as a unit. In spite of the immense buying power lodged in these combined stores, our policy is to have the buying in every department done by the buyer of that department. We believe he knows better what the women in his territory want than any central buyer can."

And this brings me to one of the really big changes which the present situation has wrought. It is so simple that I hesitate to name it as a change in a country that has always boasted about its hurry and bustle and industry and thrift. I have asked business men all over the country to name the most important change that has taken place in merchandising. I think ninety per cent of them made the same answer—work.

"We got very badly spoiled during the war," they said. "After 1921 some of us supposed we had been cured. But things really came very easy for a lot of people. And then the new cult of leisure and the good life came along and we thought that was pretty good. It is pretty good, but it seems to me a man must deliberately choose what he wants—leisure and the good life or a continuance of the high rewards he expects to draw from business. He will get out of business only what he puts in. He can't invest a fine golf score in a hardware store and expect to collect dividends on it."

You Get What You Invest

It must not be inferred from this that the merchant was amazingly prosperous before our market crash. Mr. James Ray, of Pittsburgh, former president of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce and one of the leading dry-goods wholesalers in the United States, said to me:

"I think it is a reproach to the retail business that so many of our merchants have lost money year after year. When you realize, as the Harvard Research Bureau points out, that department stores doing a business of from $500,000 to $1,000,000 continually lose money, you must think this is a reproach to the intelligence of the retail business. And yet when so many do this you begin to think that the trouble is not with their intelligence but that they haven't put their intelligence into the business."

Business flowed in pretty easily. There was no great trouble with the volume. Merchants got into leisurely ways in spite of the fact that the profits were not so large. But when a country-wide depression was superimposed on their particular difficulty, merchants began to realize that they weren't giving enough attention to the details of the business.

Wherever I went I found stores putting on more steam. And it was quite astonishing what results were obtained by that. The store of Loveman, Joseph and Loeb has six hundred employees. Its managers looked around to see where they could find a little more energy. They realized that out of their 600 employees, 202 were non-selling. There must be considerable selling energy in those 202 people if they could use it. So they started out after a ten-per-cent increase in business through the energy of the non-selling employees. They put on a carefully developed campaign for a month and added 2,795 direct sales valued at $15,000 to their business.

In the little town of Colfax, in Washington, the fifty-two merchants of the town got together to see what they could do to make things hum. They organized a United Thrift Day campaign, did the whole thing through coöperative effort and increased their Saturday sales from fifty to 200 per cent.

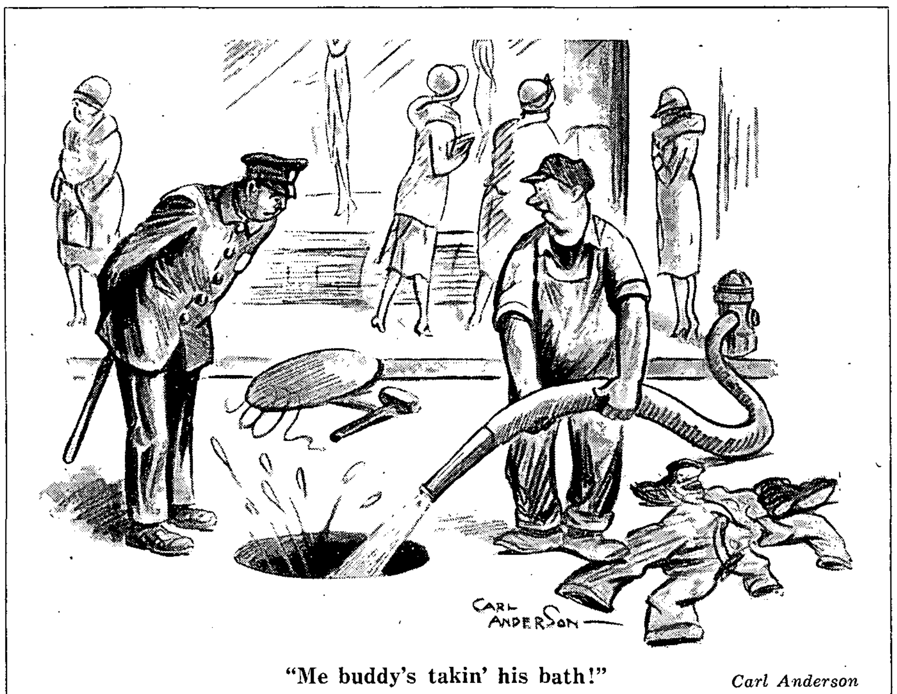
Here are two druggists who buy from the same wholesaler. They buy the same amount of goods and buy at the same price. They sell for about the same price. They ought to make the same amount of money. But one man finds he pays sixty per cent of his sales for his goods, the other pays seventy per cent. How can this be if both pay the same price? Both stores were studied by an accountant. The difference was that one man had watched his business, the other had not; one man bought a certain percentage of goods he couldn't sell; he permitted a certain waste to deplete his stock; he failed to get cash discounts, and he failed to stop various little cash leaks.

High Spots in Low Areas

Nowhere did I hear more of this immense change in the matter of selling energy than among automobile distributors and dealers. In spite of the fact that automobile registrations fell off, I found any number of automobile dealers who were doing a better business. But in almost every case they attributed it, aside from the value of their cars—a natural explanation—to more intensive selling.

In the past, dealers relied on their manufacturers to sell their cars pretty nearly outright by advertising. But now they have to have that, plus more actual selling hours in their own work. It is surprising what dealers have been able to do. In a city like Minneapolis the Holt Motor Company, with its dealers scattered all through the farm belt where the farmers have been feeling the heavy hand of farm trouble, has been able to increase its sales each year of the depression and put up magnificent

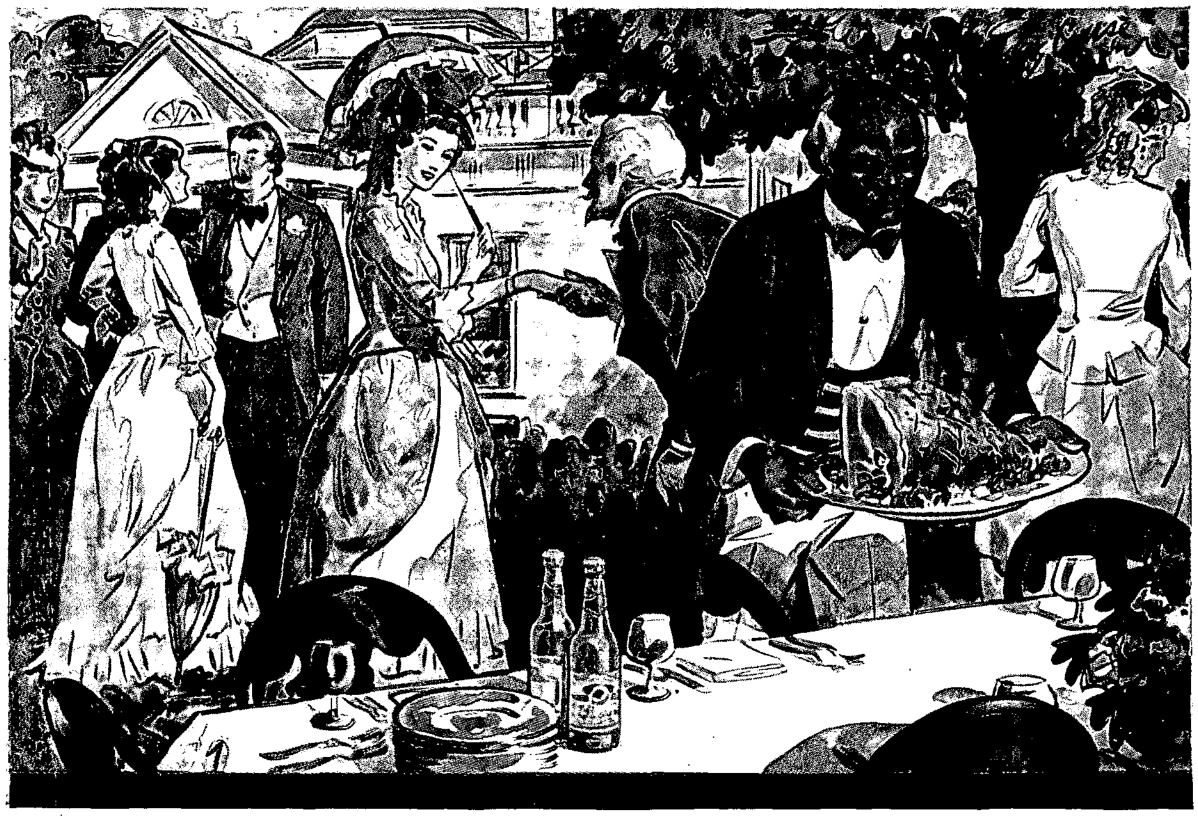
(*Continued on page 35*)



"Me buddy's takin' his bath!" *Carl Anderson*

Budweiser

GOING STRONG IN 1870 – AND EVER SINCE



ANHEUSER-BUSCH
BUDWEISER
ST. LOUIS, MO.
U.S. PERMIT
MO-L-22
We guarantee that this beverage is healthful, refreshing, nutritious, free from bacteria, fully matured and aged. Will keep in any climate, and is made in St. Louis. Notice that all crowns bear our "A" and "Eagle" trademark.
THE WORLD RENOWNED
BUDWEISER BEVERAGE
AUSTRALIA
EUROPE
AFRICA
ASIA
AMERICA
AB
TRADE
MARK
MIN. CONTENTS 12 FL. OZ
DOES NOT CONTAIN ½ OF 1% OF ALCOHOL BY VOLUME
Budweiser
Manufactured by the original Budweiser Process from the
Choicest Cereals and Hops
Matured and dealcoholized to conform to Federal Act of 1919
Anheuser-Busch Inc.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
St. Louis, Mo.

Thank the State of Virginia for enriching the American table

Once only Virginians knew the delightful deliciousness of Old Virginia hams. Then the packing industry began using Southern methods. Hams that smacked of the flavor of chestnuts, beechnuts, sweet potatoes, laurel, cinnamon, cloves and molasses became available all over the United States. With this event, the American standard of eating was raised another degree!

Lovers of good food and drink soon discovered that nothing whetted the appetite for Old Virginia ham or heightened the fine flavor better than BUDWEISER, famous in that day as the king of bottled beers. Baked Virginia ham and BUDWEISER have been favored by one generation after another for over 50 years. BUDWEISER matches good food because it is *itself* a good food—in liquid form.

Brewed from the finest barley—blended with selected domestic and imported Saazer hops—thoroughly aged—70 years of knowing how!

Whether with a ham sandwich or a full course dinner, you'll find that BUDWEISER *tastes better with food and food tastes better with* BUDWEISER.

Bottled exclusively by Anheuser-Busch in the largest and finest bottling plant in the world

ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS

BUSCH
EXTRA DRY

And when you want ginger ale . . . BUSCH EXTRA DRY, *America's finest ginger ale, fits every occasion—in the home, at the club, for dancing and dining, for old and young of both sexes.*

A CAR FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

CHEVROLET

Roadster	$ 475
Sport Roadster	495
Phaeton	510
Coupe	535
Coupe (5 Windows)	545
Coach	545
Sport Coupe	575
5 Passenger Coupe	595
Convertible Cabriolet	615
Sedan	635
Special Sedan	650
Landau Phaeton	650

PONTIAC

Coupe	$ 675
Sedan, 2-Door	675
Sport Coupe	715
Sedan, 4-Door	745
Convertible Coupe	745
Custom Sedan	785

OLDSMOBILE

Sedan, 2-Door	$ 845
Coupe	845
Sport Coupe	895
Sedan, 4-Door	925
Convertible Roadster	935
Patrician Sedan	960

OAKLAND

Coupe	$ 895
Sedan, 2-Door	895
Sport Coupe	975
Sedan, 4-Door	995
Convertible Coupe	995
Custom Sedan	1,055

BUICK

2 Pass. Business Coupe "56"	$1,025
2 Door Sedan "50"	1,035
Sport Roadster "54"	1,055
Phaeton "55"	1,055
4 Pass. Special Coupe "56S"	1,055
4 Door Sedan "57"	1,095
4 Pass. Conv. Coupe "8-56C"	1,095
2 Pass. Business Coupe "66"	1,285
4 Pass. Special Coupe "66S"	1,325
Sport Roadster "64"	1,335
Phaeton "65"	1,335
4 Door Sedan "67"	1,355
4 Pass. Coupe "86"	1,535
4 Door Sedan "87"	1,565
Sport Roadster "94"	1,610
7 Pass. Phaeton "95"	1,620
4 Pass. Country Club Coupe "96S"	1,720
5 Pass. Coupe "96"	1,765
4 Door Sedan "91"	1,785
4 Pass. Conv. Coupe "8-96C"	1,785
7 Pass. 4 Door Sedan "90"	1,935
7 Pass. Limousine "90L"	2,035

LA SALLE V-8

Coupe, 2 Passenger	$2,195
Roadster	2,245
Convertible Coupe	2,295
Sedan, 5 Passenger	2,295
Coupe, 5 Passenger	2,295
Touring, 7 Passenger	2,345
Town Sedan, 5 Passenger	2,345
Sedan, 7 Passenger	2,475
Imperial	2,595
All-Weather Phaeton	3,245
Sedanet	3,245
5 Pass. Sedanet Cabriolet	3,245

CADILLAC V-8

Coupe, 2 Passenger	$2,695
Coupe, 5 Passenger	2,795
Sedan, 5 Passenger	2,795
Roadster, 2 Passenger	2,845
Town Sedan	2,845
Phaeton	2,945
Convertible Coupe	2,945
Sedan, 7 Passenger	2,945
Imperial	3,095
Touring	3,195
All-Weather Phaeton	3,795

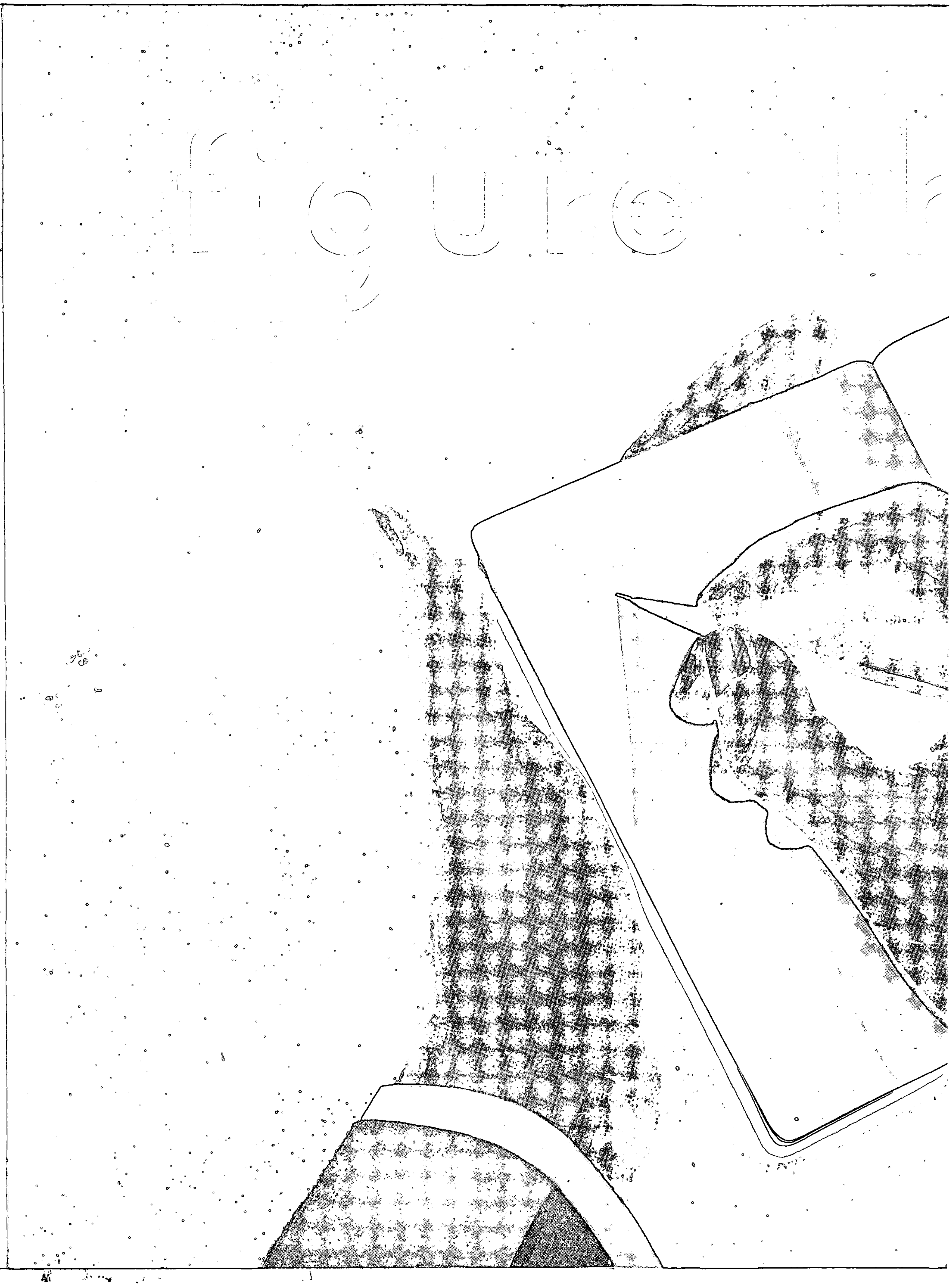
CADILLAC V-12

Coupe, 2 Passenger	$3,795
Coupe, 5 Passenger	3,895
Sedan, 5 Passenger	3,895
Roadster	3,945
Town Sedan	3,945
Phaeton	4,045
Convertible Coupe	4,045
Sedan, 7 Passenger	4,195
Touring	4,295
Imperial	4,345
All-Weather Phaeton	4,895

CADILLAC V-16

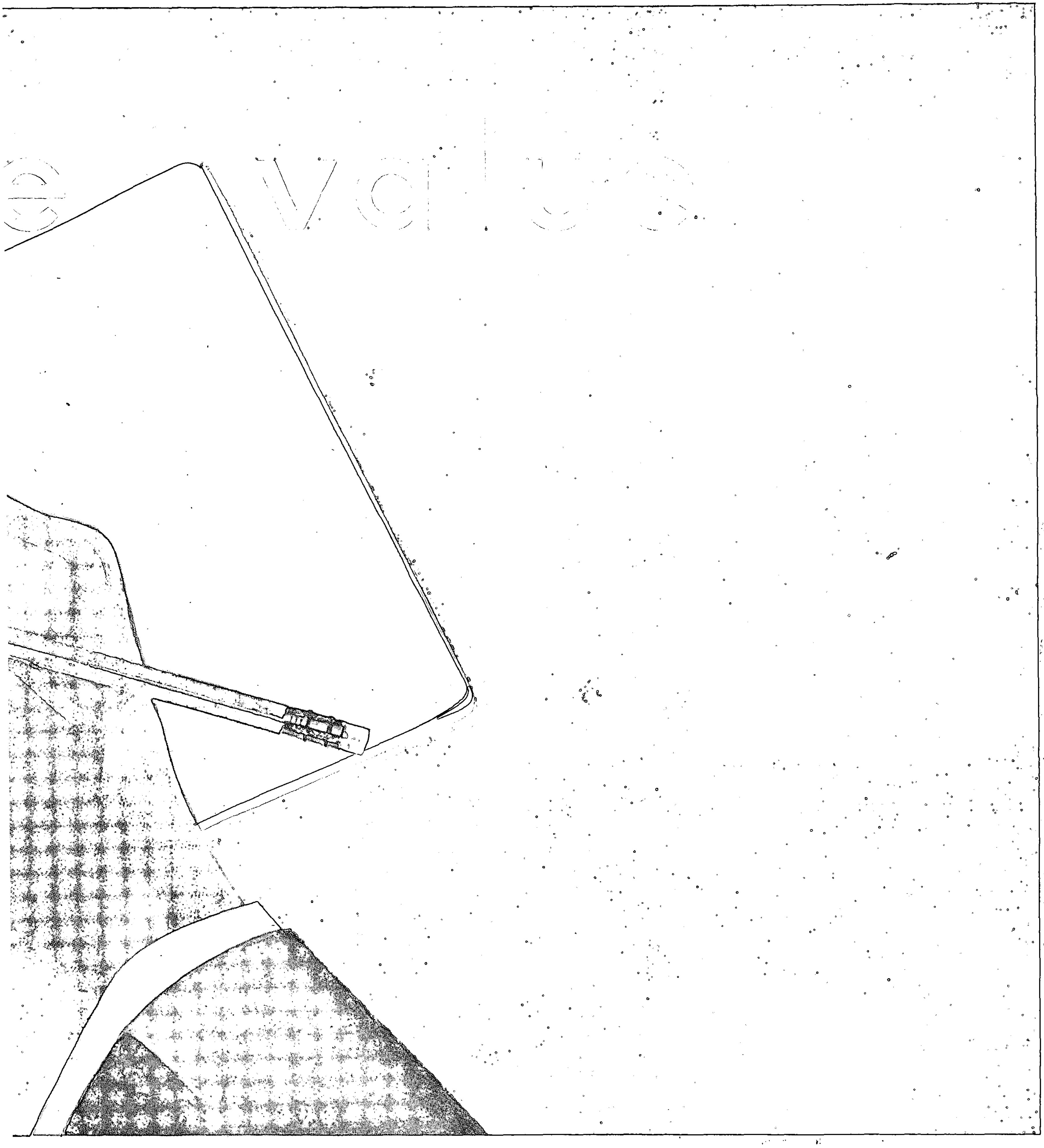
31 Fleetwood Custom Models	$5,350 to $9,700
Special Custom Models, up to $15,000	

All prices f. o. b. factories. The G. M. A. C. convenient time payment plan is available on all General Motors Products sold to the public.



GM
GENERAL MOTORS

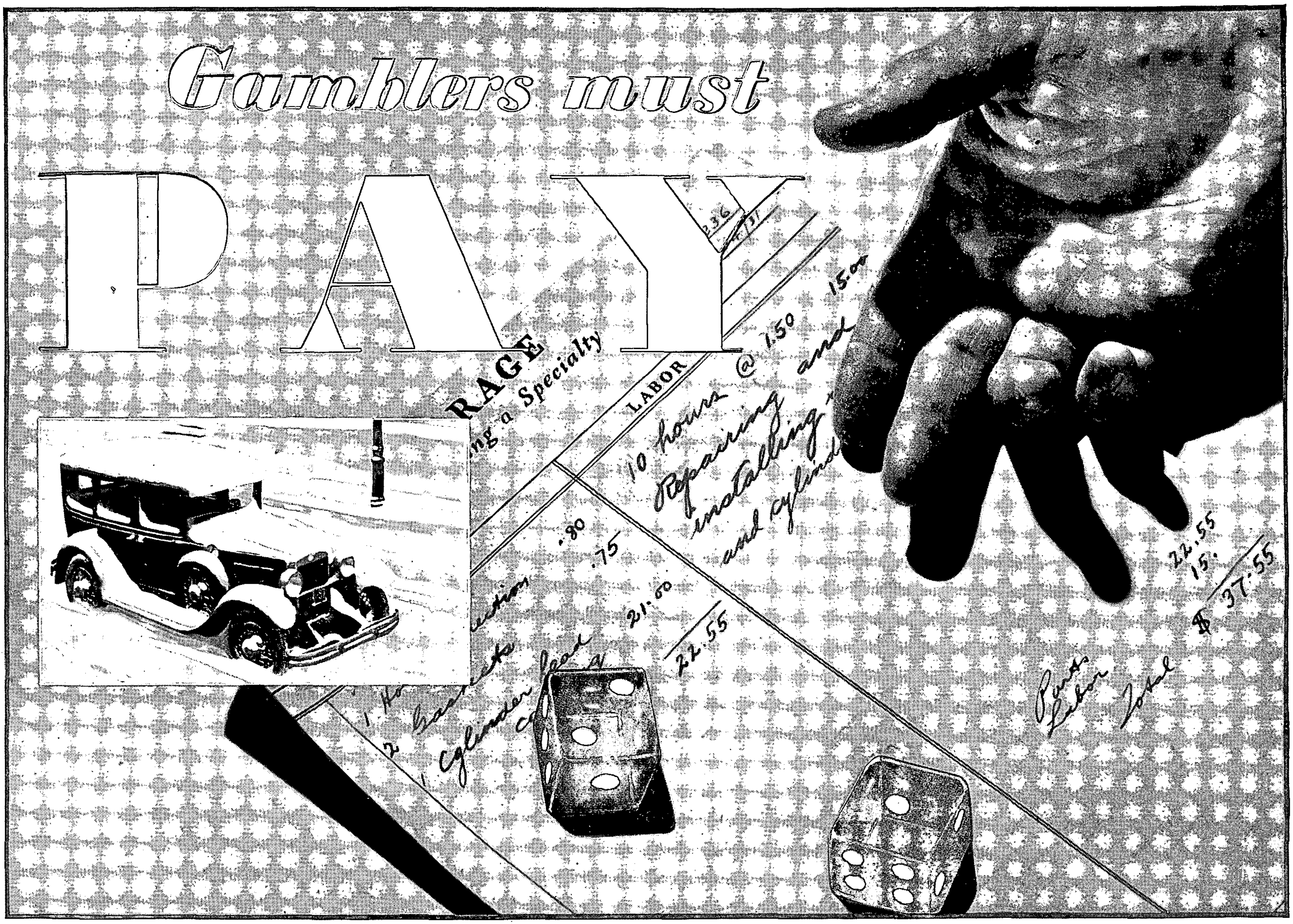
In considering the purchase of a car, it is well to remember the value which results from the association of General Motors and its motor car Divisions—Cadillac-LaSalle, Buick, Oakland-Pontiac, Oldsmobile and Chevrolet. These associations make possible extended research, exhaustive testing in laboratories and on the proving ground, continuous study of manufacturing methods, advanced analysis of style and color trends. Through their association with the parent organization, the Divisions of General Motors are enabled to pass on to buyers the obvious benefits of group purchases of choice materials, coachwork by the Fisher Body Corporation, liberal owner service policies and the time payment facilities of G. M. A. C. When you make comparisons, count the many advantages which each Division gains through association with General Motors; number these far-reaching activities; and the natural conclusion follows—General Motors should produce cars of outstanding value.



GENERAL MOTORS CARS HAVE OUTSTANDING VALUE

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • OAKLAND • BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC • BODIES BY FISHER

DON'T GAMBLE WITH WEATHER · · · USE EVEREADY PRESTONE



THAT car of yours cost you a lot of money. Why gamble this winter with unsafe, unreliable "anti-freeze" mixtures—when you can have complete EVEREADY PRESTONE protection for so little?

There's no *winter-worry* with Eveready Prestone. No wondering whether your "anti-freeze" has boiled away. No danger of your car freezing some blizzardy night when you are many miles from home. Eveready Prestone safeguards you *throughout* the winter. It doesn't overheat your motor on warm days, and it flows freely on cold ones. It has less tendency to leak than water. It has no disagreeable odor, and will not damage the expensive finish of your automobile.

Eveready Prestone was the first product scientifically developed to keep engines from freezing. It is not a makeshift originally intended for some other purpose. Its use on scientific polar expeditions and its acceptance by leading car manufacturers and automobile engineers prove its supreme quality!

Last year Eveready Prestone safeguarded more than a million and a half automobiles. Now it is still further improved. New substances have been added which form a film of protection over the rough metals of the cooling-system. They retard the formation of rust, and keep the whole system unclogged and free-flowing.

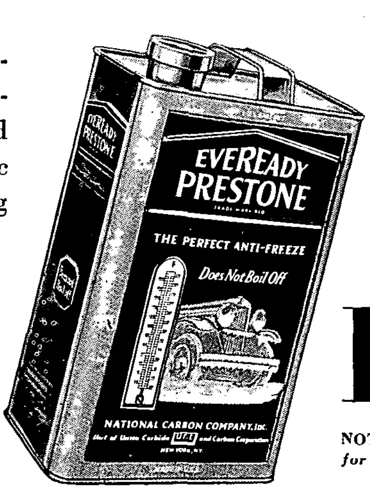
Makeshift products are never cheaper. Cost-per-gallon doesn't mean anything, when your "anti-freeze" boils away and needs constant refilling. Or when nearly half of what you buy is water, as it is with some other products. Eveready Prestone is concentrated, so that only a relatively small quantity is needed. The first cost of Eveready Prestone is the last. You can put it in and forget it.

Play safe this winter. Have your radiator cleaned, tightened and filled with the proper amount of Eveready Prestone. Then you can smile when cold weather comes and other cars start freezing — and gamblers pay their bills!

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

9 POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

1. Gives complete protection. 2. Does not boil off.
3. Positively will not damage cooling-system.
4. Will not heat-up a motor.
5. Circulates freely at the lowest operating temperatures.
6. Will not affect paint, varnish or lacquer finishes.
7. Non-inflammable and odorless.
8. Prevents formation of rust in cooling-system.
9. Economical — one filling lasts all winter.



EVEREADY PRESTONE

NOTE: *When you drain your cooling-system of Eveready Prestone in the spring, put in Eveready* RUSTONE, *for all-summer protection against rust, clogging and overheating. Then your car will always be free of rust.*

Business is what you make it

Continued from page 30

headquarters in both Minneapolis and St. Paul. In Omaha, Nebraska, Murphy, another motor car dealer, did the same thing. To illustrate the factor of work, he said many dealers, as soon as the business decline appeared, just lay down. They admitted there was a depression, that everybody was broke and that they couldn't sell cars. "We could have done the same thing," he explained. "But we merely added more men to our staff, put them to work in the territory of these languid dealers, dug up prospects for them, closed their sales and the result has been a big business. We now have filed orders for forty carloads of automobiles which we have not yet been able to get filled."

Keeping Up with New Trends

I have said it is not a changed world, but a changing one—new ways, new wants, new materials, new industries bobbing up always. The lacquers come along and displace the varnishes, then a new varnish comes along which threatens to displace the lacquers. We just get our road building well advanced when along comes Henry Ford to say we will make our new roads out of rubber. I found along the coast slot machines selling magazines at gasoline stands and someone told me our new billboards would be talkies. Rayon replaces silk and is hardly launched on its career when a German chemist finds a substitute for rayon. Our new prosperity will probably come from these new things but as new kinds of prosperity roll along, what happens to the merchant? I asked a department-store owner:

"What happened to the music dealers when the phonograph came and they thought it was a rival and should be fought? They got somewhere when they adopted it. What happened to them when, later, failing to remember that first lesson, they started fighting the radio? Again they got somewhere when they stopped fighting radio and adopted it. That is a lesson for every merchant. See how so many resist new materials and new ways.

"Here, in this not-so-good year, is a fast-selling item—tomato juice, which has increased its sales 600 per cent in a year. Yet for a while we were the only store in this town carrying it in our grocery department. Our policy has been to keep our eyes peeled for new ideas in every department. We have capitalized on that heavily. We have done this not only in our merchandise but in our methods. I think merchants are a little slow about this. They tend to give battle to new things, particularly new ways."

The most prosperous lines I have found anywhere have been the automatic refrigerators, one of our new necessities. In Chicago, Mr. H. A. Malcolm, manager of the Stiver Company, said:

"In April, 1930, we decided to make a giant effort to sell a million dollars' worth of refrigerators. We put on a big campaign, held salesmen's meetings, advertised heavily, used what is commonly called ballyhoo all over town. With this immense pressure we sold our million dollars' worth and were very happy. That was a record, reached when everyone else was yelling hard times. This April we just went sailing along. We were not thinking of making a record. We always push hard, but we did nothing to compare with the extraordinary effort of last April. Toward the end of the month, casting up our sales, we were astonished to find we were within a very small sum of that record million. Then we put on a little steam and went way over it."

In that same month the L. H. Bennett Company of San Francisco sold thirty-eight carloads of electric refrigerators, the greatest month in the history of their business.

In the little town in which I live, outside of New York, there are literally hundreds of unsold new houses. In all the near-by neighborhoods are thousands of houses built a year and two and three years ago which builders have not been able to sell. Explanation by builders—the depression. Business is gone to the bow-wows—you can't give a house away. Very well. A gentleman comes along and in the midst of these unsold houses puts up about fifty new ones. "Crazy!" mutter his brother builders. But not so crazy. The houses were snapped up before they were finished. Twenty thousand people go to look at them. The builder picks and chooses his buyers carefully. Why? Because they are a new kind of house.

He has put merchandising brains into those houses. There are no old-fashioned chandeliers, but plugs for fixtures, and the money saved thus is put into the bathroom—a bathroom such as a millionaire could not have had ten years ago. The whole house, unlike the jerry-built houses that can't be sold, represents the new ideas in home decoration, home beauty.

One of the most interesting changes is that which is hitting the store in the little town. Beyond the little town and the farm in its open country lies the big town—twenty-five or thirty miles away. The big town is a big show for the farmer. It's a form of amusement. The big town's stores are pretty. They have larger collections of merchandise. They have style. And the farmer's wife and daughter want style. So does the farmer himself.

Holding Business at Home

These farmers and their families like the better movies in town. They like the beauty parlors. The permanent wave on the daughters' heads is as much a fixture on many farms as the permanent mortgage. And so the good road which leads into town has proved to be a kind of drain which carried the farmer's cash into town and past the village stores.

This has meant that the village merchant has had to perk up. And of course many of them have done so with surprising results. The road that leads to town is a two-way road; it also leads into the village from other villages.

Belvidere, Illinois, is a small town—of about 8,000 people—lying between two big ones. About thirty-five miles away is Elgin, Illinois. Some thirteen miles west is Rockford, a leading furniture manufacturing city. Seventy miles away is the great metropolis of the West—Chicago—with its magnificent and aggressive stores challenging every little merchant within that radius. In Belvidere is a grocery store—an independent one—run by a man named C. H. Piel (pronounced Pile). I have put this store down as the most extraordinary grocery store in America. Piel does a business of more than a million dollars a year. On each side of him is a chain store and across the street two more. But he not only does this amazing business in this small town, but actually sells thousands of dollars' worth of

(*Continued on page 38*)

Greet the Morning Sunshine *with a* Saline Cocktail!

IF you wake up tomorrow with a grouch—feel dull, dispirited, headachy—get your zest back with a Saline Cocktail!

A teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica in a glass of cool, fresh water does the trick, and it'll give you a singing start that'll carry you through the day!

This modern idea of health cocktails is good! Fine! Tomato juice cocktails, fruit juice cocktails, sauerkraut juice cocktails—all go a long way towards keeping you healthy. But when you drink a Saline Cocktail, you drink the grandest of them all!

For gently, thoroughly, promptly Sal Hepatica cleans the whole system. It sweeps out toxic wastes and purifies the bloodstream. Constipation, headaches, colds, rheumatism, digestive disorders are all defeated by the saline cleansing.

Every year physicians, here and abroad, send throngs of wealthy people to the great European spas — Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, Aix—to take the "saline cure." Doctors have long known the great restorative powers of these saline springs. And Sal Hepatica is their efficient American equivalent, offers the same benefits as those famous waters.

Ask your doctor and find out why the saline method keeps you "in the pink." Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Then buy a bottle from your druggist. And if you've been getting up on the "wrong side of bed"—feeling as though you'd give a week's pay to stay at home — try a Saline Cocktail! Try it for a week. And just see how your pep comes back to you!

Sal Hepatica

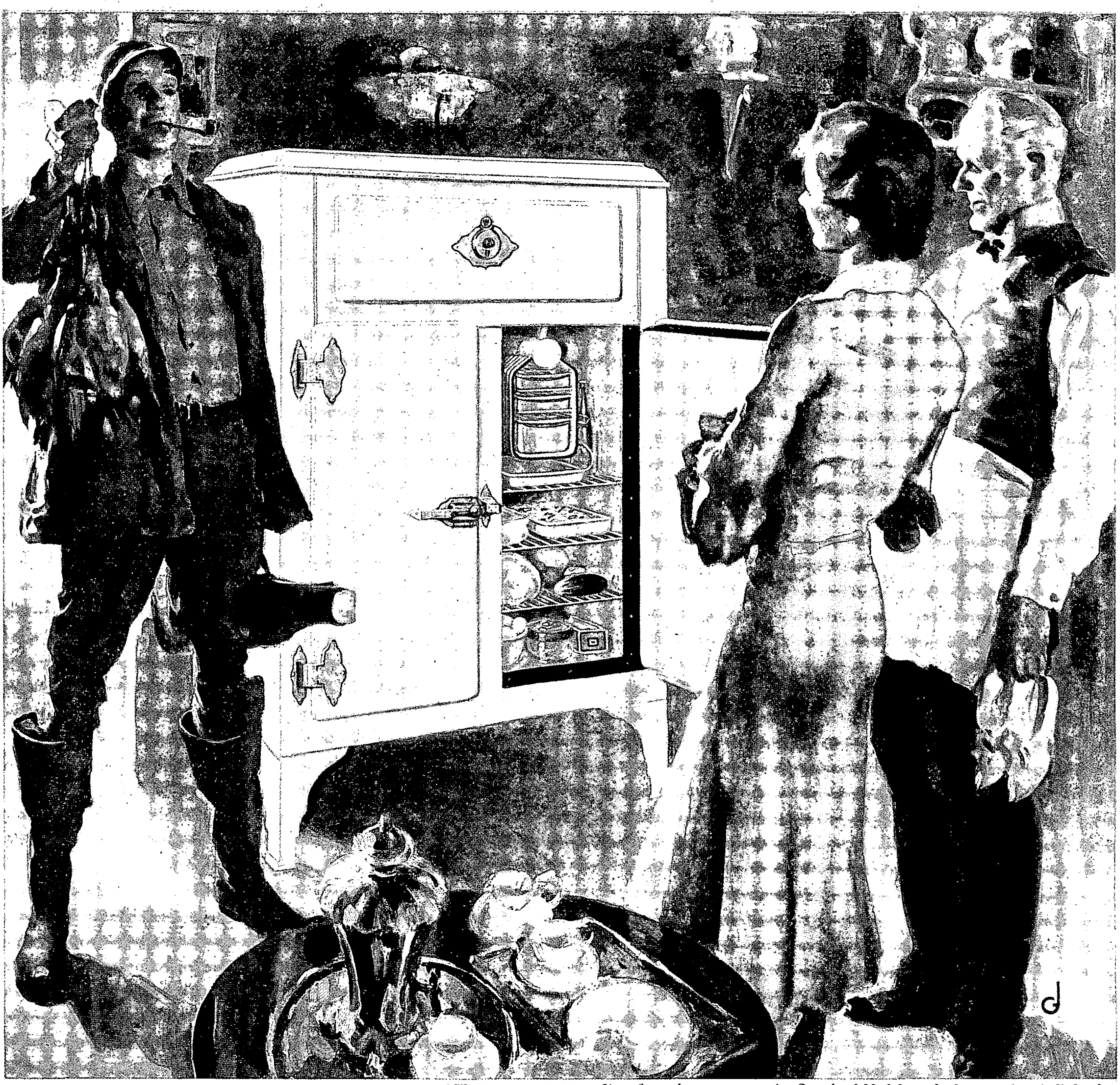
At your druggist's *30¢, 60¢, and $1.20*

Sal Hepatica
Laxative & Cathartic

© 1931

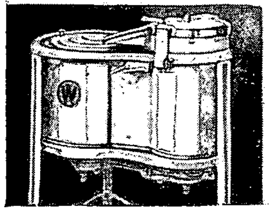
Bristol-Myers Co.
Dept. B-101, 71 West St., New York
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.
*Name*____________________
*Street*____________________
*City*__________ *State*________

A *proved* money-saver

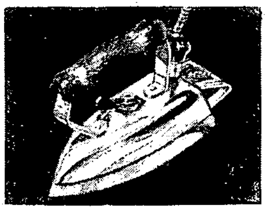


The WESTINGHOUSE *line, from the apartment-size Standard Models to the largest electric-lighted De Luxe Models, comprises eight sizes of beautiful refrigerators, priced from $180 up, f. o. b. factory*

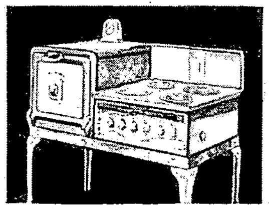
KEEP THAT YOUTHFUL CHARM • LET



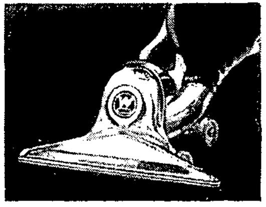
WESTINGHOUSE Spinner Dryer Washer gives her washing efficiency at moderate price. Extracts water automatically. Her



WESTINGHOUSE Master-Matic Iron with its adjustable automatic heat control insures perfect ironing temperature.



Her Flavor Zone Electric Range makes cooking a joy. Her Vacuum Cleaner makes cleaning easier and more thorough.



backed by a *mighty* name

Before you buy ANY refrigerator, get the facts and figures showing what a WESTINGHOUSE can save you

IF you knew *all* the facts, you would buy a WESTINGHOUSE Refrigerator—AT ONCE! Not "tomorrow," not "next spring," but *now* ... TODAY. • Unfortunately, you know only a part of the WESTINGHOUSE story. You know that a WESTINGHOUSE would prove a world of convenience; that it would save you endless work. You know, too, that a WESTINGHOUSE would preserve and safeguard the food that goes on your table. You know that a WESTINGHOUSE can be depended upon to serve you without interruption for many years. You know that the name WESTINGHOUSE never was and never will be placed upon any product that isn't the best of its kind. • But the thing you *don't* know is that a WESTINGHOUSE Refrigerator is a profitable investment. You look upon it as an expense. You do not realize the many ways in which a WESTINGHOUSE can save you money. • If you did, you would order a WESTINGHOUSE Refrigerator now—*direct from this advertisement.*

How owners save money

Reports from owners in many sections of the country clearly prove that the woman who says, "We can't afford a WESTINGHOUSE Refrigerator just now," is entirely mistaken. The fact is, no family can afford to be *without* a WESTINGHOUSE. • Many owners know that a WESTINGHOUSE easily pays for itself thru the money it saves in two to three years. And it will continue to be an important money-saver for many more years. • Ask any WESTINGHOUSE dealer to explain to you in detail the various ways that a WESTINGHOUSE can cut down your monthly expense. • Let him also show you how, on a cash payment as low as $10, you can become the happy possessor of a beautiful WESTINGHOUSE "*Completely Balanced*" Refrigerator. • Two whole years to pay the balance! And all the time your WESTINGHOUSE is saving you money.

The swing to WESTINGHOUSE

Thousands—many thousands—who thought a few months ago that—"refrigerators are too expensive"—are now enjoying the comfort, the convenience, and the economy of a WESTINGHOUSE. • The swing to WESTINGHOUSE during the past year has been most impressive. • There were days, and even weeks, last spring when the WESTINGHOUSE factories were unable to keep pace with the demand. • Many people who once said, "Electric refrigerators are all about alike," have changed their minds. They have come to realize that the WESTINGHOUSE Refrigerator, like all other WESTINGHOUSE products, is a superior mechanical creation. • See a WESTINGHOUSE. Observe its beauty and style. Examine its many conveniences, such as the practical buffet top, broom-high legs, convenient temperature selector, and maximum shelf space. Learn how it saves you money—how it more than pays its way; how only $10 puts it in your home. Prove to yourself forever that a WESTINGHOUSE, instead of being an expense, will be a profitable investment. • WESTINGHOUSE Refrigerators can be had in all sizes and at popular prices. • Send the coupon for complete information ... and be prepared to receive GOOD NEWS.

Westinghouse
REFRIGERATOR

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC
AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Merchandising Department
Mansfield, Ohio

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Merchandising Department, Mansfield, Ohio

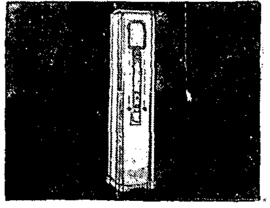
☐ Please send me a copy of the WESTINGHOUSE Refrigerator Book.
☐ Also send literature describing other WESTINGHOUSE electric appliances for the home.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________

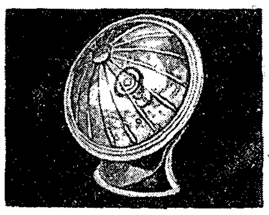
INVEST IN AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Westinghouse *Refrigerator*

WESTINGHOUSE DO THE DRUDGERY

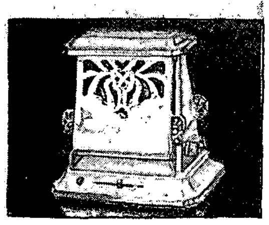


The smart modern WESTINGHOUSE Columaire Jr. De Luxe brings her the nation's best entertainment. Nine tube superheterodyne.



On frosty mornings, her Cozy Glow spreads its warmth. Her coffee made in the new China Percolator is a delight.

Her crisp brown toast is made in the automatic WESTINGHOUSE Turnover Toaster. The toast is turned without touching.

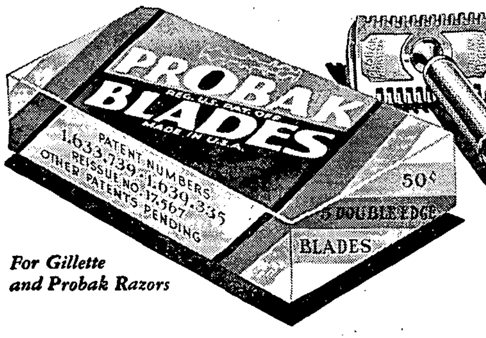


THE SHOCK-ABSORBING BLADE

PROBAK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. MADE IN U.S.A.

Men gave away millions of shaves

MAN after man tried the double-edge Probak—found it far superior and started a personal sampling campaign among friends and associates, giving away thousands of blades. Probak leaped to world-wide popularity in little more than a year. Shock-absorber construction and automatic machine manufacture make Probak a vastly better blade. Prove this on our guarantee. Get the finest shaves you've ever experienced or return the package to your dealer and get your money—$1 for 10, 50c for 5.



For Gillette and Probak Razors

PROBAK BLADES

Business is what you make it

Continued from page 35

groceries every month to customers in Rockford, thirteen miles away, and in Elgin, thirty-five miles away.

Piel brings them to his store in the little town from the big town. He has reversed the flow. How? First it is plain that Piel is one of those merchants who, perhaps without analyzing it, put in not only the fifteen per cent of knowledge but the eighty-five per cent of themselves. People like to go to his store. He is in it all the time. In spite of the fact that he has nearly forty clerks he does not hide away in an office. He waits on people and probably waits on twice as many as any clerk. But there is more to it than that. A large manufacturer's agent who has sold to Piel for years explained it thus:

Too Fast for Chain Stores

"It is because he is one merchant who spends his energy selling instead of buying. I don't mean he doesn't buy well. But, after all, that *isn't* so difficult if a man will just use his eyes and ears. What is more difficult and what requires attention is the thing that so few grocery merchants give any attention to at all, and that is *selling*. Piel has studied the chain's methods and he runs them ragged with his sales, his events, his displays and his merchandising activities and his ads. He is on the spot. He is the boss.

"He can act while the chain's managers must follow rules. And he insists on selling goods on which he can make a profit, and buying only goods which he can buy as cheaply as any competitor. And as he sells as much goods as almost all the chains in his district put together he has no trouble doing this."

Here is a story of a small town. I withhold its name because the plan outlined here has not yet been released. It is located thirty-one miles from a city of 250,000 on one side and a city of a little under 100,000 on the other. The main road runs right through this village. Its trade in the past has been entirely from its own population and the farmers in the surrounding country, a large number of high-class farmers. Most of its trade fell away and its merchants have been in serious circumstances.

But there was one energetic young merchant among them who realized it was a job for group action. He called his fellow merchants into conference and proposed a plan. First he told them he had spent a good deal of money to find out the trouble. He gave his facts. There was not one store in town which could be called a first-class store. People went to town for three reasons. First, to find good stores—shoe, hat, specialty, grocery—where they could get a large and stylish selection. Second, to see a good movie at the same time and many to visit a good beauty parlor or hairdresser. Third, because they liked to go; but the first two reasons were a big part of the last.

"We are all running poor stores because each of us is trying to sell too many things. Result: we have too few of too many things. Wouldn't it be better if one of us focussed on having a real good men's furnishing store with good selection and another a good shoe store where a woman can buy the style she wants and another a good specialty store instead of little fifth-rate department stores, and so on down the line?"

His plan was to get the merchants to make over their stores completely, each adopting a recognized special branch of merchandising. Then he proposed that they form a company and build a handsome little movie house that would bring the best pictures, with sound. Then he urged that they back a good beauty parlor as an entirely separate institution. He proposed that they name a committee to bring attractions to the town on Saturdays, which is still their shopping day; and, to start with, they hired a band to play on the village green and gave good moving-picture shows in the open air.

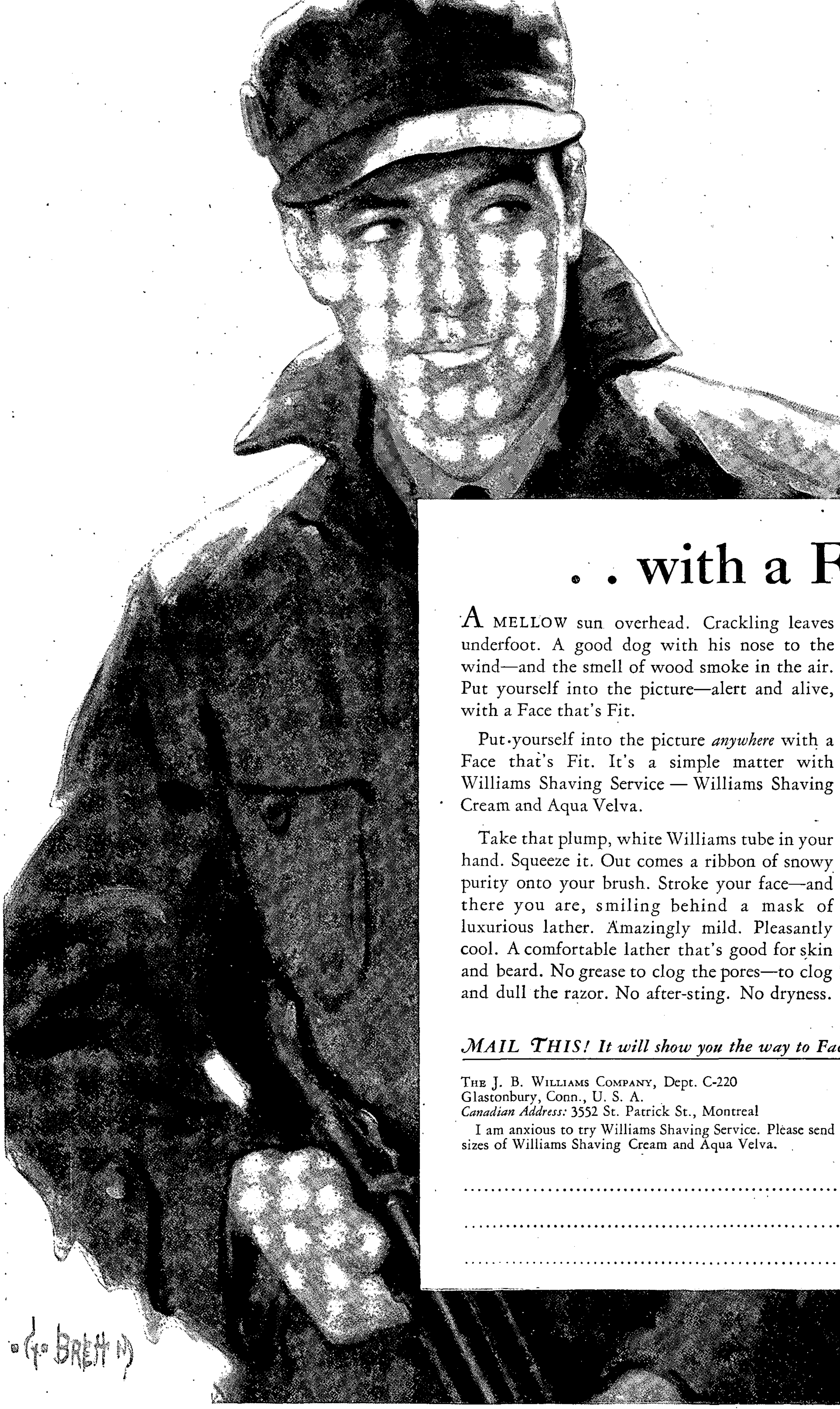
Then he proposed an advertising campaign that would reach out into all the other towns, advertising their Saturday specials, their amusements and other attractions. This plan is now in the course of being worked out. It will be interesting to observe the results of that intelligent plan to hold their own shoppers at home. I have no doubt other towns have done something of the same thing and it would be interesting to hear what their plans are. In Nebraska there is a new movement called the Master Merchant movement, which is sponsored by a state trade paper. Each year it names with great éclat the twelve men chosen as the Master Merchants of the state. A most searching inquiry into the merchants' businesses and methods, character and civic and social utility is made. Last year the awards went to twelve merchants in small towns. They must be good, because they were chosen from a state with the most extraordinary record of small-town merchant successes.

Keeping in Step

In that state the per-capita purchasing power of all the small towns under 10,000 population is as great as that of most of our big cities, which indicates that this great change in our ways of living which has hurt so many small-town merchants need not do so unless they lie dormant and participate in their own destruction.

Changes in taste, changes in method, changes in the tempo of business, changes, immense changes in the efficiency of competitors, changes in the times—all these things impose upon the storekeeper, large and small, the commanding duty of keeping his eye peeled for the shifting conditions of business and the ways in which intelligence meets those changes. Everywhere one finds storekeepers, small ones as well as large, prospering in communities where competition is severest and where the chains and the great merchants make competition most difficult. One finds stores of all sorts owned by small individual proprietors flourishing amid powerful chain rivals. I have had the opportunity to talk with a large number of merchants of that type. Invariably I have found one outstanding characteristic in such merchants. They have been keenly aware of the fact that the world in which they carry on is a different one; they spend little or no time sympathizing with themselves and blaming others for their troubles. They spend a great deal of time studying new conditions, new changes in business. Their stores are invariably different, different from those of their competitors and from their predecessors. I found I could almost invariably pick out the prospering merchants in a neighborhood by walking into their stores. It was not the biggest store nor the most elaborate nor the fanciest. It was usually the one that was different.

Put Yourself into the Picture . . .



. . with a Face that's *Fit*

A MELLOW sun overhead. Crackling leaves underfoot. A good dog with his nose to the wind—and the smell of wood smoke in the air. Put yourself into the picture—alert and alive, with a Face that's Fit.

Put yourself into the picture *anywhere* with a Face that's Fit. It's a simple matter with Williams Shaving Service — Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

Take that plump, white Williams tube in your hand. Squeeze it. Out comes a ribbon of snowy purity onto your brush. Stroke your face—and there you are, smiling behind a mask of luxurious lather. Amazingly mild. Pleasantly cool. A comfortable lather that's good for skin and beard. No grease to clog the pores—to clog and dull the razor. No after-sting. No dryness. Not an atom of dye in Williams Shaving Cream.

Finish with Aqua Velva . . . and it *is* the perfect finish for the perfect shave. Dash it on the moist skin. It's as tingly and bracy as the Autumn air. It wakes up sleepy tissues—firms them. Conserves the good-complexion moisture. Helps to care for tiny, unseen nicks and cuts. Sends you away from the mirror smiling—with your face well-groomed for the day.

In any season, in any land, millions of men know that Williams Shaving Service is the swift, sure way to Face Fitness.

Williams
SHAVING LIQUID

WILLIAMS SHAVING LIQUID

Shaving lather in a very new form. Quick. Mild. Just shake a few drops from the man-style, blue bottle onto your brush. And there you are. Great, too, for a shampoo.

***MAIL THIS!** It will show you the way to Face Fitness*

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. C-220
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Address: 3552 St. Patrick St., Montreal

I am anxious to try Williams Shaving Service. Please send me trial sizes of Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

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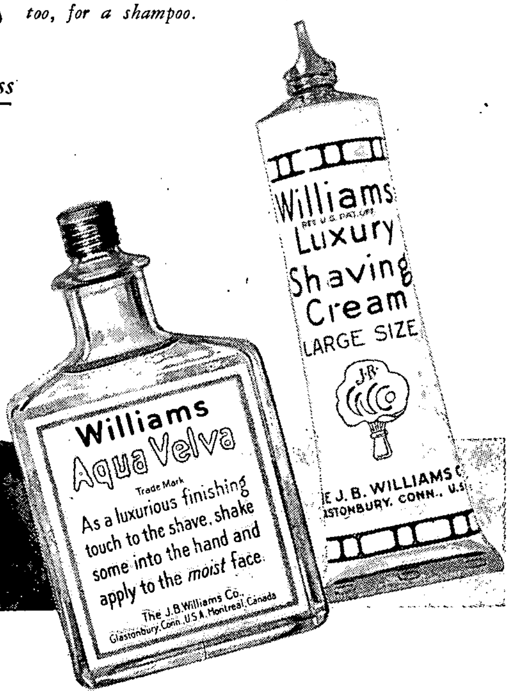
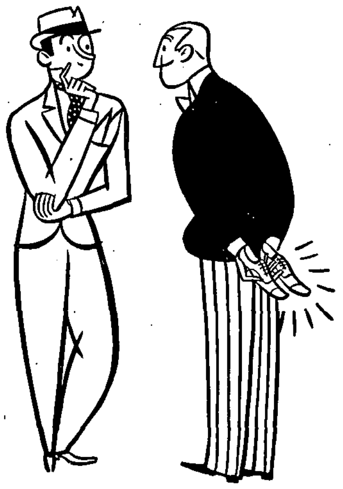
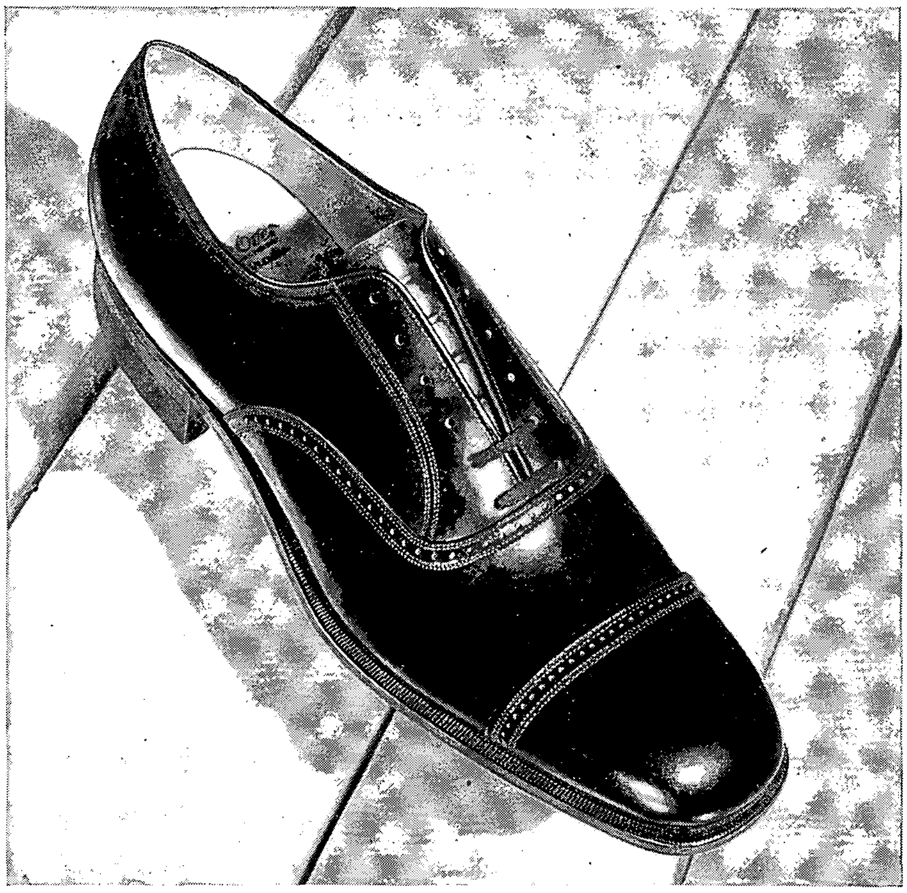

Williams
Aqua Velva
Trade Mark
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the *moist* face.
The J.B. Williams Co.
Glastonbury, Conn. U.S.A. Montreal, Canada
Williams
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Luxury
Shaving
Cream
LARGE SIZE
J.B.
THE J. B. WILLIAMS C
GLASTONBURY, CONN., U.S.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams SHAVING CREAM
AQUA VELVA

. . what size 8½ B do you wear . . ?





How many times have you wondered why a pair of shoes "your size" didn't feel comfortable? If size means fit to you, then Walk-Over makes 40 different sizes of 8½ B or 9 C or whatever you want. The answer to all this is: There's a lot more to shoe fit than lengths and widths. There's the LAST . . . the shape of a shoe in relation to the shape of a foot.

Because we make our men's shoes on 40 different specialized lasts to fit all types of feet—high arches, low arches, high insteps, low insteps, short toes, long toes, etc., etc., we say that your Walk-Over dealer can give you the most perfect fit you ever enjoyed in any pair of shoes. And style . . . you can get the style you want in the last and length and width that will make you feel and look like a million dollars. How about this black calf ROTO at $7.

WALK·OVER

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

Too Bad

Continued from page 10

Windel had been murdered. Then, near by, he picked up some pieces of sausage skin and put them in an envelope. I was astonished.

"Well!" I exclaimed. "That puts a different look on it! Burns may have been lying about the other murders, but he did this one, because nobody would have known about these things except himself. You compare his prints with the prints found on Windel's furniture and you will find they are the same."

"Yeah?" O'Malley inquired. "You're getting to be quite a dick, ain't you? This morning we compared those finger-prints and they are different. Besides, Burns wasn't even in New York the day this murder happened; he was in Boston. He was sent there to get a car a customer of the garage where Burns works had left in Boston."

I was crestfallen. "It couldn't have been him, then," I admitted.

We drove to a drug store and O'Malley telephoned headquarters. Then we stopped at a garage and got the carburetor adjusted. There were three men in the garage and O'Malley asked the name of the one who fixed the carburetor. His name was Baldwin. He was in his twenties. Afterward, we drove to the precinct station.

A couple of men from headquarters came in presently and talked with O'Malley and then went into an inner room, and soon afterward some officers who had gone out just after our arrival returned, bringing the three men from the garage.

"You gentlemen don't have no objection, do you," O'Malley said to them, "if we take your finger-prints?"

"All right with me," one of the men answered, and the second one nodded. Baldwin said nothing.

"This Baldwin," said one of the cops who had brought them in, "was quitting his job at the garage and packing up to leave, only he didn't get the idea quite quick enough."

AN OFFICER came out of the inner room and took the prints of the men's fingers and carried them away with him. After a short time he came out again and handed their prints to two of them, who tore them up and went away. He did not return Baldwin's prints. Then we all went into the inner room, taking Baldwin with us. There were several officers in the room and Burns was with them.

"What's your first name, Baldwin?" O'Malley asked him.

Baldwin looked uneasily about the room. "Joe," he said sullenly.

"Well, Joe," O'Malley said, "do you want to tell how you killed the old man, or do you want we should go ahead and prove it on you?"

"I didn't tell 'em, Joe!" Burns called out. "I said I did it myself."

Baldwin cursed him loudly. "I'll say nothing," he declared. Then he cursed Burns some more.

Burns stood glaring at him.

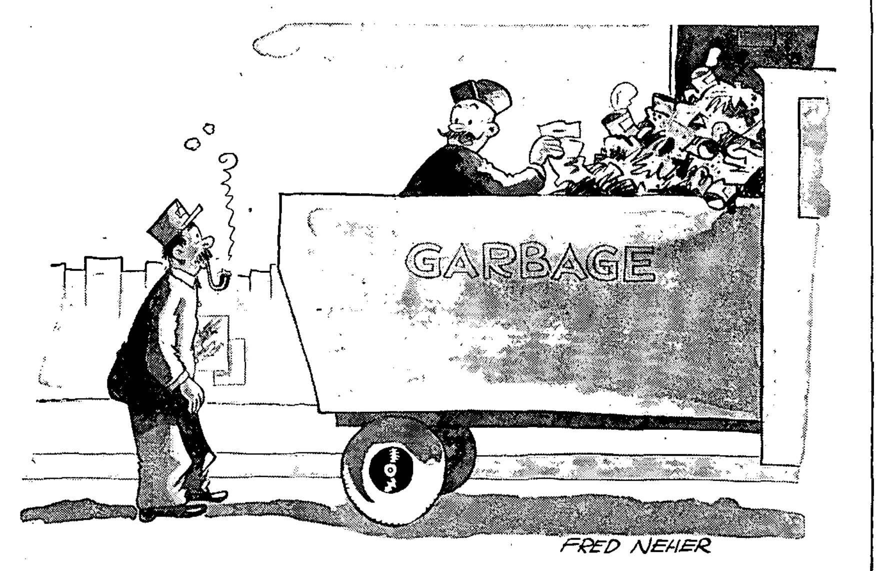
"I'll tell now, Joe!" he shouted at him. "When I came back from Boston with the car, Joe was alone in the garage and he had some old clothes and was pulling them apart to see if there was money hidden in them. There was blood on them, so I knew he'd done a murder. He said he hadn't; but the next morning it told about old man Windel in the paper, and then I knew that was the one he'd done. So then I made him tell me all about how he done it. I promised you I wouldn't tell, Joe, but I've changed my mind."

"WELL, O'Malley," I said, after we had left the station house, "I suppose I ought to have known when we stopped to get the carburetor fixed, that that was the garage where Burns worked. I didn't. This case is pretty clear to me now except in one particular. You got the break that you were waiting for to clear it up; but it was smart work that you knew that it was that. I don't see yet why, as long as you knew Burns had nothing to do with the murder, you paid attention to the story he told about it."

"How long would I hold my job if I didn't pay attention to things?" he answered. "This kid confessed to about a dozen murders, none of which he could have committed. Eleven of 'em he didn't know no more about than what he'd read in the newspapers, but this one sounded different. Then I checked up and found the paper the lunch had been wrapped in; he knew more about this one murder than the cops did. Well, that meant—didn't it?—that somebody who knew those things had told him—and the guy who knew so much must be the one that done it. I didn't know if he would be one of those in the garage or not, but I tried them first."

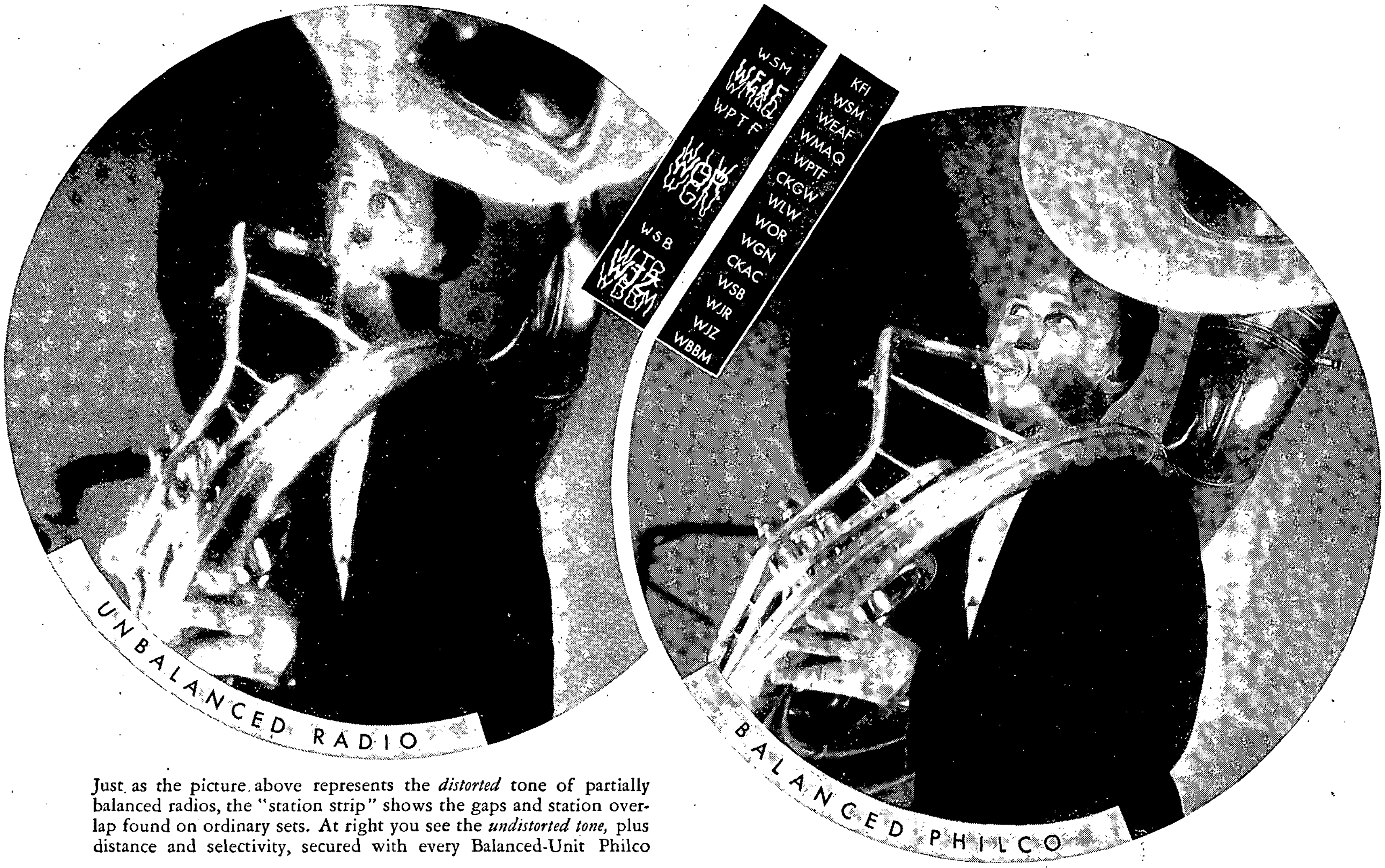
"It was good police work," I said. "I'll bet you get a mention for it."

"A mention on this case?" he demanded. "If they was willing I should get a mention, would they have put me on a case the public's got no interest in?"



"Are ya sure ya had your lunch wrapped in a Tribune?"

Fred Neher



Just as the picture above represents the *distorted* tone of partially balanced radios, the "station strip" shows the gaps and station overlap found on ordinary sets. At right you see the *undistorted tone,* plus distance and selectivity, secured with every Balanced-Unit Philco

GLORIOUS TONE! AMAZING PRICES! UNPARALLELED VALUES!

In Three New Philco Baby Grands

5-TUBE T. R. F. $36.50 **7-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE WITH TONE-CONTROL $49.95** **9-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE WITH 4-POINT TONE-CONTROL—AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL $69.50**

Prices complete with Philco Balanced Tubes

No wonder Philco Baby Grands are the world's largest-selling radios!

With 5, 7 and 9 tubes they cover the entire price range of outstanding performance, in compact size.

Tube for tube, and circuit for circuit, they represent the greatest values in radio history.

In the new 5-Tube T. R. F. Baby Grand, you get the very best radio of the type ever built — more tubes — more power — more performance — *and at a price actually less than many 4-Tube sets.* In addition, you get exclusive Philco Balanced-Unit construction, Screen Grid power, the new Pentode Power Tube, a genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker, and a beautiful genuine Mahogany Cabinet.

The number of tubes and type of circuit largely determine radio performance, so be sure you know these facts about any radio you buy. You can't compare value without knowing the number of tubes. You can't get selectivity, distance and glorious tone without enough tubes.

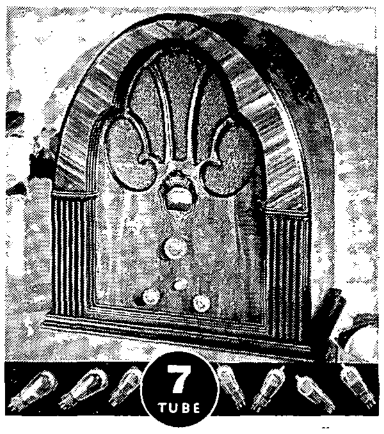
Just as no 4-Tube set can approach the performance of the 5-Tube T. R. F., the 7-Tube Philco Baby Grand gives proportionately greater range to your radio enjoyment, with more tubes, and with Superheterodyne—the most highly selective of all circuits, plus Tone-Control.

With more than 600 stations broadcasting today, no matter where you live you need a Balanced Superheterodyne to separate them sharply and clearly.

You need Screen Grid power. You need Tone-Control. You need a Station Recording Dial on which to log your favorite stations once for all, and thereafter tune them in easily and accurately without having to remember their wave lengths.

All these the 7-Tube Philco Baby Grand gives you — fine, modern radio performance within the reach of all.

And, by far the greatest of all small radios, the 9-Tube Baby Grand Superheterodyne, has in addition Automatic Volume Control, which counteracts fading and thereby enables you to enjoy practically any program you want regardless of whether it is on a nearby or a distant station. Automatic Volume Control gives full scope and brilliancy to the selectivity of Superheterodyne—to the power of Screen Grid—to Tone-Control and to the glorious tone and realism of Balanced-Unit construction. Why be without Automatic Volume Control now that Philco's enormous production brings it to you in a set complete with 9 tubes, as low as $69.50.



FURNITURE MODELS	
FIVE-TUBE LOWBOY	$49.95
SEVEN-TUBE HIGHBOY	65.75
SEVEN-TUBE LAZYBOY	69.50
SEVEN-TUBE RADIO-PHONOGRAPH	110.00
NINE-TUBE LOWBOY	89.75
NINE-TUBE HIGHBOY	109.75
ELEVEN-TUBE LOWBOY	149.50
ELEVEN-TUBE HIGHBOY	169.50
ELEVEN-TUBE AUTOMATIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH	295.00
SEVEN-TUBE PHILCO TRANSITONE AUTOMOBILE RADIO—INSTALLED	99.80

Slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West

PHILCO BALANCED TUBES BETTER THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

THE MOST SPECTACULAR MUSICAL BROADCAST OF ALL TIME

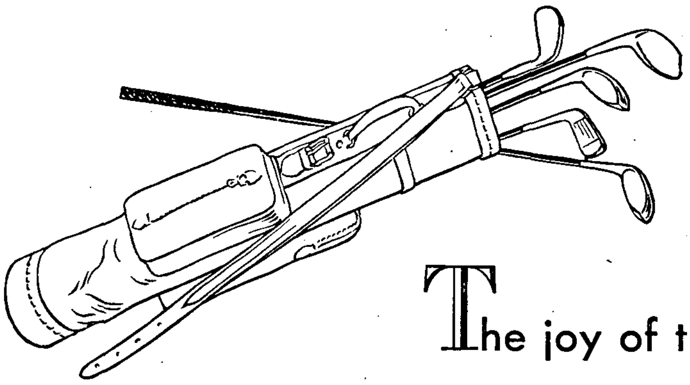
The master music of the ages, by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, broadcast under the sponsorship of Philco over the complete network of the Columbia Broadcasting System in seven programs, of an hour and three-quarters each, from the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. The first broadcast of this great series, October 12, from 8:15 to 10 p.m. E. S. T. Tune in, with your family and friends

·PHILCO·

WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO MANUFACTURER

© 1931, Philco

IT TAKES A BALANCED SUPERHETERODYNE TO FULLY MEET PRESENT-DAY CROWDED BROADCASTING CONDITIONS



The joy of the game, the pleasure of the company, the sparkle of White Rock and the distinctive taste of White Rock Ginger Ale — these make the unbeatable foursome.

White Rock
Always cool before opening
White Rock Water
Delicious sparkling healthful
A natural water lithiated & carbonated by the White Rock Mineral Springs
Waukesha, Wis. U.S.A.
Pale-Dry
White Rock Pale Dry Ginger Ale
Bottled by White Rock Mineral Springs Co. Waukesha, Wis. U.S.A.
Contents 12 fl. oz.

White Rock
The leading mineral water

Can Capone beat Washington, too?

Continued from page 17

proceeded in the case without the approval of the office of the Attorney-General in Washington.

To the office of Attorney-General William D. Mitchell, after the courtroom mystery arose, hurried the newspaper reporters. They asked him about the Capone case. His lips, too, were sealed.

"As long as the case is pending in the courts," he said, "no statement about it can be issued from this department. The reason for this is obvious. After the case is finally disposed of in the courts, any information we may have about it here will be available to the press or to anyone who is interested."

Years from now, that may be, for Judge Wilkerson permitted Capone to withdraw his plea of guilty, made on bargain terms. Plans, at this writing, were that he should be taken before a jury and tried. A trial, with appeals, in case of a verdict of guilty, may easily occupy two or even three years.

Treason in Camp

"It was expressly stipulated by me," Capone's attorney told the court that day, "as a condition of the plea [of guilty] that *the defendant should be asked no questions.*"

At the trial, perhaps, Capone may be persuaded to talk; and after the trial the Federal officials, with lips finally unsealed, may possibly tell America the amazing story of how and why the government bargained with Al Capone.

The fact of the matter is the officials won't have much to tell. Confusion in the public mind is likely to be as great, after they explain why they bargained with Capone—and vainly expected a Federal judge, sitting on the bench, to fall in with a bargain that had been made in an office room—as it was on the day that Capone changed his plea in the courtroom.

The reason for our confusion—and for the confusion of public officials in Washington and Chicago—is that we look upon the Capone problem solely as a legal problem.

Let's look at it in another light, and see how clear it all becomes.

Let's look at it in terms of war; war in which actual force, at least on the gangster's side, is employed.

Chicago has already begun to do this, in considering and publicly branding its gangsters as "public enemies."

The front-line trench against these "public enemies" is the city government. In that trench, in the city of Chicago, are 6,000 policemen. More soldiers and more ammunition, revolvers, gas bombs, machine guns, armored motorcycle cars, radio apparatus, and more funds for operation are in this trench than in any of the three trenches behind it.

Long ago, before prohibition came into effect, the "enemy" was in the front-line trench in Chicago, hobnobbing with the privates. Joe Colisimo and other dealers in vice, crime and lawbreaking operated with the help of policemen. But the day was to come, after prohibition had given new and unprecedented profits to criminals, when Mayor William E. Dever was to say, in gist:

"Over sixty per cent of the policemen in this town are in the liquor business and by that I mean in the actual handling of liquor."

The day finally came in Chicago when unlucky citizens, realizing the friendship between "the enemy" and the policemen-soldiers in the first-line trenches, refused, when forced to do jury duty, to convict gangsters of murder or other violent crimes.

So much for the front-line trenches of the city government.

The second-line trench is the county government. It has fewer soldiers—the county attorney, the sheriff and his deputies. Ammunition is not so plentiful as in the first-line trench. But the power of the second-line trench is extremely great. It is supposed to fire heavy artillery. It is the men in this trench who have power and the specific duty of taking men into court and convicting them, when guilty, of a vast variety of crimes.

If this second-line trench does not stop robbers, forgers, murderers, bribers, rapists, then neither of the two remaining trenches can do so and society lies helpless before them. The Cook County trench welcomed the enemy. We've already seen how one sheriff gave hospitality to "enemies."

The third-line trench—that's the state government.

Its soldiers are scattered and few; the state has legal power but little actual ammunition. The crimes that the attorney-general of the state of Illinois, or of any other state, may prosecute, are very few. They usually have to do with the acts of corporations. It is true that, in most states, the attorney-general may call to account a county attorney who is not doing his duty in protecting society against "public enemies," but no word like that came from the third-line trench to the second-line trench in the "Battle of Chicago."

The fourth-line trench is our Federal government. The entire purpose of this article is to describe the problem that exists in this fourth-line trench—the Federal trench that runs through all our states, cities and counties. Is it strong, or is it weak?

The answer is: It is weak. It was not built nor equipped for this sort of fighting, and that's why the men in that trench were willing enough to make speedy terms with Public Enemy Al Capone to avoid the "hazards of a trial."

The ammunition in this fourth-line trench is high-powered, it is true, but it cannot often be used.

The only criminals the Federal government can shoot at from the fourth-line trench are those who commit one or more of a very small variety of crimes—counterfeiting, evading Federal taxes, using the mails illegally, violating prohibition laws or laws covering interstate commerce, treason and other laws which are not enforced by city, county or state.

The surest shells that the Federal government could fire at Al Capone were those charges of evading his income tax and of conspiring to evade the prohibition law.

Seeking a Truce

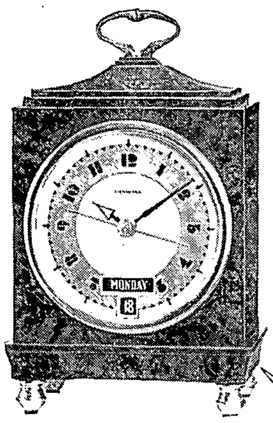
Evading income tax is a difficult offense to prove, especially if bank accounts are hidden under other names. Money must be traced, by the most difficult detective work, from one source directly into the hands of the defendant; and it must be traced primarily as *income*, not loans, gifts or rewards.

"This bird, Capone," one of the Federal men in Chicago told me, "was always hidden two or three or four fences behind every deal. Other people were always doing things for him; he was never caught, at least by the Federal men, doing directly for himself. That's why he was charged, not directly with violating the Federal prohibition law, but with *conspiring* to do so."

(Continued on page 44)

The most dependable hands in the world

Nicely, to just the fraction of a second, the forward-pass must be timed. But the unfailing second-hand of this Bichronous clock travels with even greater precision. It always keeps *exact* time. Always. Not even interruptions of the electric current, which is its time-source, can stop it. Turn off the electricity and it will continue to operate accurately. There is no other electric clock like it. Unfailing time! No winding. No oiling. No stopping. One of the most remarkable jobs in modern engineering. A Hammond achievement! In many beautiful models—some as low as $14.50. Insist on seeing the new Bichronous—the clock that never stops. The Hammond Clock Company, Chicago. In Canada, at Toronto.



Avondale calendar clock in black or walnut, $16.50. Other Bichronous models from $14.50 to $27.50.

HAMMOND

BICHRONOUS AND SIMPLE SYNCHRONOUS ELECTRIC CLOCKS

"I always prescribe Yeast . . *in place of laxatives*"

reports the noted **DR. KARL WALKO, of Prague**

X-RAYS show that fresh yeast actually cleanses and "tones" sluggish intestines. (*Left*) Dr. Walko, the noted stomach and intestinal specialist.

IF you're a victim of the weakening laxative habit, here's good news! Here's a way to correct constipation *naturally*. It's the method used and endorsed by leading medical men!

Read, for instance, what the head of the clinic for internal diseases at the famous University of Prague says about it. Dr. Karl Walko was physician to Enrico Caruso. He is the author of sixty-five important medical articles and books.

"In cases of chronic constipation," he says, "I always prescribe fresh yeast in preference to harsh laxatives and habit-forming drugs . . . Fresh yeast overcomes intestinal putrefaction . . . intensifies gastric secretions . . . has a decidedly stimulating influence on the system generally."

Eaten daily, Fleischmann's Yeast actually "tones" and strengthens your sluggish intestinal tract. At the same time it softens the waste masses that accumulate in your body every day.

Then, when normal elimination sets in, excessive poisons no longer seep into your blood and spread through your system. Your complexion clears, appetite picks up, abundant new energy is yours!

Just eat 3 cakes a day, regularly—plain, or in a third of a glass of water or any way you like—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime.

You can get it at grocers', restaurants and soda fountains.

The noted intestinal specialist, DR. MAZERAN, of Paris, says: "I use fresh yeast regularly in my clinic."

"My doctor advised Yeast"

"Everything seemed to get on my nerves," *writes* Miss Perdita Scurlock, *New York City*. "My doctor said my trouble was a slightly acid condition due to a sluggish system and advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate it with almost immediate results. The world soon regained its rosy hue."

Important

Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form . . . the kind, famous doctors recommend.

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Can Capone beat Washington, too?

Continued from page 42

Frightened jurors, of which Chicago has a record of thousands; inability to punish for anything save vague crimes like tax evasion and conspiracy, caused the Federal officials to bargain with the man at their trench edge.

If Capone fought back, he would be fighting on his own battle ground; on a wet battleground, where citizens had voted five to one against the prohibition law which had made Capone rich and powerful.

It looked best not to drive Capone into an open battle. If he would promise to lie down, at the firing of a small shell, and play dead, at least during the world's fair, the Federal men in the fourth-line trench would reach "an end that we sought after," as Federal Attorney Johnson told the court.

Fifth-Line Reserves

Judge Wilkerson, at this writing, has changed all that. He was an outraged judge that day when Capone stepped up for sentence.

The record quotes him:

THE COURT: There have been some unfortunate happenings about this case. There have been publications contemptuous in their character, and which have brought the administration of justice in the courts into disrepute. There have been publications in which gentlemen have undertaken to announce definitely, in advance, what the action of this Court would be. It is high time that somebody bring to this defendant's attention forcibly the fact that it is utterly impossible to bargain with the Federal court.

So all the truce that was made in the fourth-line trench and all the plans that were laid there for an easy surrender of the prisoner, without open battle, went awry.

Newspaper men in Chicago tell you that it was Capone himself who boasted to reporters that his sentence had been fixed at two and a half years, and that he was getting an "easy out."

That boasting changed things.

Wherefore now, by order of the judge, Capone, gangster, must stand before the fourth-line trench and take the luck of battle; whatever shells the Army of the People fires at him.

Suppose the fourth-line trench fails. It may do so. It runs through enemy country; it passes through the great metropolis which has lent some of its greatness and power to Capone himself; in return for his wares. He gave Chicago its beer and booze. If the fourth-line trench fails to hold, what then?

One trench remains, the fifth and last.

It is martial law, with drumhead trials and courts-martial by uniformed officers, perhaps in khaki tents on the lake front. There are no juries in such trials and the word of the military judge-advocate is above all civil law and above all political bargains.

Several years ago certain citizens of Chicago through their senators asked Washington that a form of martial law to insure an honest primary election be established in the city.

This was denied, but about that time President Hoover started an especial drive against gangsters through Federal courts. He stirred the fourth-line trench into activity.

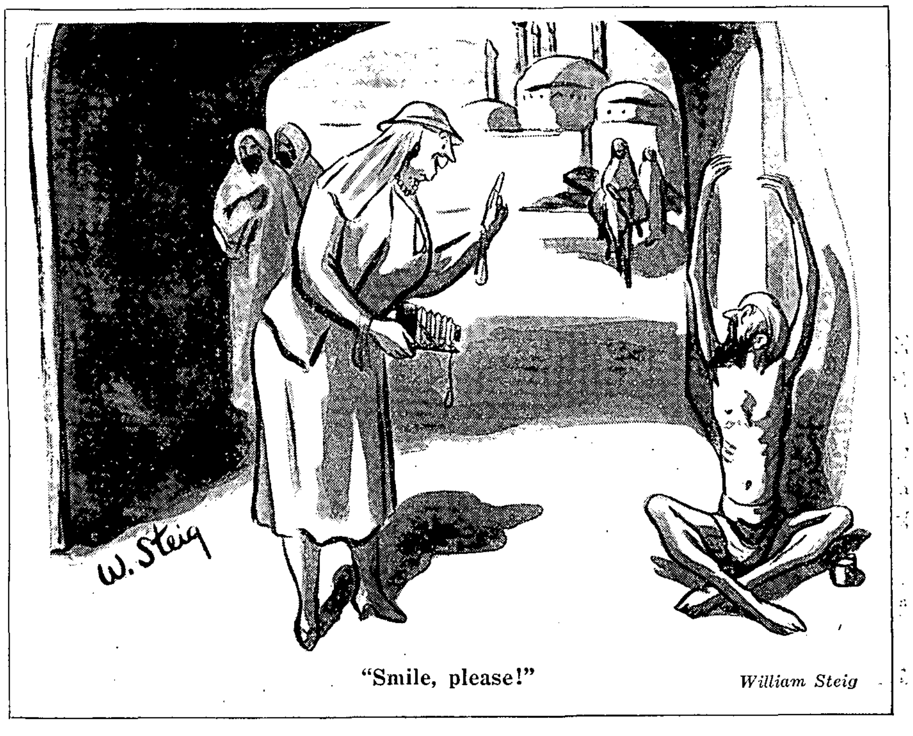
If that trench does not hold at some especially difficult part of the line we may some day, somewhere, in our effort to subdue gangsters and racketeers, see the fifth-line reserves in action.

A New Hindenburg Line

Chicago is not alone with this problem. The day of criticizing her for being unique in crime has passed. Within the past year the gang situation in New York has become as serious as in Chicago. Gangsters are appearing in many of our middle-sized cities. Chicago was the first in the storm area. She is rapidly enough being followed by other cities, but because she is nearer the center of the storm, she is worth watching.

Whatever she tries we may all have to try, some day, just so long as our first-, second- and third-line trenches continue to break down under these increasingly severe attacks of bootlegger gold.

If General Pershing, by some crazy rule, had not been allowed to injure the cement-and-steel Hindenburg line and our doughboys had not been allowed to fight their way into it to get at the enemy, we would have been whipped. Twenty-five thousand uncontrolled speakeasies in Chicago; thirty-two thousand speakeasies in New York, speakeasies everywhere—these are the Hindenburg line of our new army of public enemies, and no one seems to dare destroy them or try to control them.



"Smile, please!" *William Steig*

RADIO REACHES MATURITY

Now...radio attains that completeness of voice which gives absolute fidelity to every tone the ear can hear...for Zenith...and logically Zenith...has achieved the ultimate in reception, with...

Tone-Totality

Mark another triumph for Zenith engineers! Always years ahead. They score again with Zenith TONE-TOTALITY...the sensation of modern radio. No longer is radio reception a mere reproduction of the studio program...it is NOW a duplicate of the *original* performance itself! ¶ Here is not merely a Super-heterodyne circuit...as the super-heterodyne is familiarly known...but an ADVANCED development of this famous circuit that fairly dwarfs even its former astounding performance. Linked with Zenith's famous audio system...recognized since radio's early beginning as foremost...is TONE-TOTALITY...radio's most stupendous forward step...an exclusive Zenith feature. ¶ TONE-TOTALITY lifts radio *out* of the mechanical *into* the sublime. It is the one achievement that remained to make the human voice *human*...to make an orchestra scintillate with the very heartbeats of the musicians...to make an organ recital a really *personal* performance of the organist...to put the very lips of speakers at your ears. ¶ TONE-TOTALITY achieves an undreamed purity...as pure as the original...and it can be had only in Zenith. ¶ Don't buy ANY radio until you hear this amazing TONE-TOTALITY. Go to any Zenith dealer for a demonstration.

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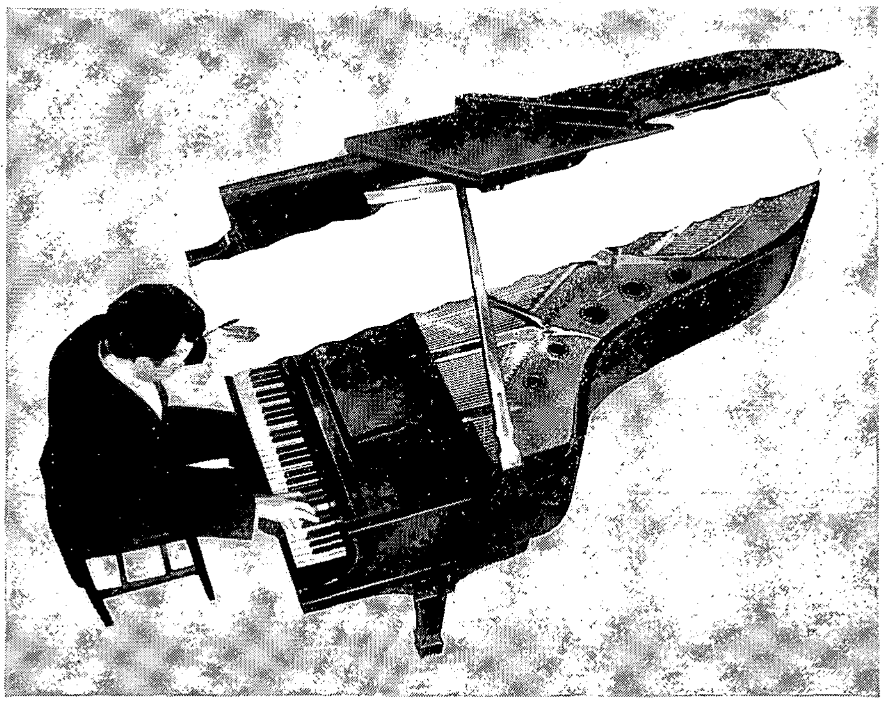
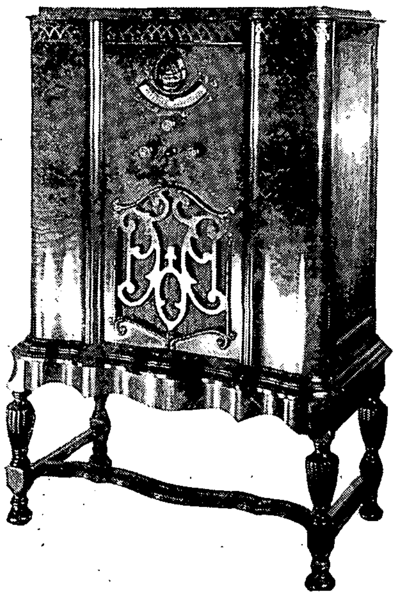
The exclusive Zenith distributor in your community will be glad to send illustrated catalog FREE *on request. Address Zenith Radio Corp., 3626 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.*



Hollow music! Something missing! There are notes and tonal beauties you NEVER *hear with an ordinary radio. Why cheat yourself of* FULL *radio enjoyment when Zenith* TONE-TOTALITY *leaves* NOTHING *unheard.*



ZENITH MODEL 91...*Ten-tube Super-Heterodyne*...employing the new multi-mu tubes. A richly designed low-boy of rare hardwoods...$155, complete with Zenith Quality tubes. *Other new Zenith Receivers are priced from* $135 *to* $2500.

Prices slightly higher in far western United States and in Canada.

NEW 1932 SUPER-HETERODYNE

ZENITH

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A long straight drive far down the fairway is the golfer's greatest enjoyment and greatest ambition.

Finely balanced and finished implements contribute much to sport. All prominent club makers use "True Temper" Step Down Steel Shafts on their better clubs. They know that this shaft gives the life and action of a thoroughbred—together with strength and exquisite balance.

These qualities are obtained in "True Temper" Step Down Steel Shafts by the use of seamless tubes of super alloy steel tapered by our exclusive "step" down method and heat treated five separate times to produce their true and perfect temper.

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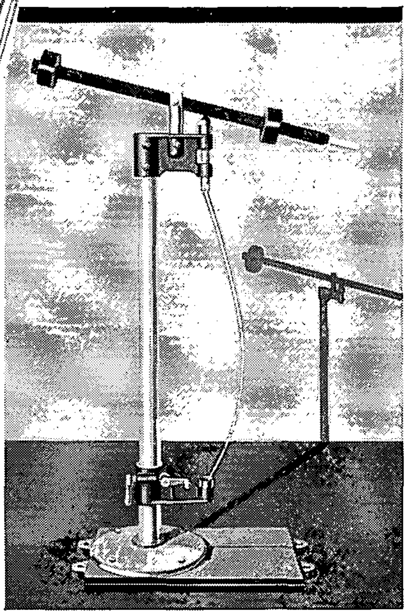


The Resiliency Test

All "True Temper" Shafts for woods must take four severe shocks in this machine as shown in the illustration before passing our final inspection. The "steps" distinguish "True Temper" Steel Shafts from all others.

TRUE TEMPER STEP DOWN STEEL SHAFTS

Irish Eyes

Continued from page 21

But somehow Sheila had had a feeling, deep in her heart, that there would be one more act.

She wanted to see Frank once more, to be sure that everything was all right between him and Bernadette, to close up their own sensational experience with one little, friendly talk.

But the manner in which Joe and Ma had discussed the propriety of even a letter had shown Sheila plainly that the thought of a call was quite out of the question. So she had dutifully written, almost as dictated by her authorities.

The first days following the accident had been a time of strange lassitude and weariness to her. Sheila had lain on the big bed, in the center room, dreamy and silent, or she had come out to take the kitchen rocker, listening to the talk that had gone on about her, very gentle and sweet, but apparently broken in body and spirit.

DURING these days the house had been full of company. Every relative and friend the Carscaddens had, and they were legion, had come in and out of the kitchen as if it were a club. Marg'ret had come, panting from the stairs; Lizzie had come; Neely and Lew had come. The teapot had never cooled, nor run dry, in this exciting time.

After almost a week of it, Sheila had appeared suddenly to awaken. She had washed her hair, had put her wardrobe in order. The sensations, the thrills, were all over. Now for a job, and a stretch of unromantic routine and duty.

And first duty of all, and in another sense, last, the nice letter to Frank had been written.

Unexpectedly, and bringing all the thrills back with a dizzying rush, Frank had instantly answered. Sheila's letter had been written on a Wednesday night; on Thursday afternoon, when she had been alone in the house, the postman's whistle had drawn her down to the door and there had been the miracle!

A letter from Frank. Sheila would not have believed that any six penciled lines could be so wonderful. Seven lines, for he had written, "sitting up for the first time," across the top.

He was glad she was all right, and it was fine getting her letter, and next time they tried flying they would take out some insurance first. And he was hers affectionately.

It was that last word that shook her to the depth of her soul and turned the whole world bright. Sheila had thought of nothing else from that moment but the prospect of seeing him. Instantly she had known that she must see him, and her life had centered about this meeting; she had gone no further in her thoughts. She would see Frank again; his dark face and his slow smile; they would talk together. The mere thought had made her happy, and she had floated in a world of dreams, awaiting the opportunity to escape unquestioned from the house and go to her marvelous hour. After that, let him marry Bernadette as soon as he liked!

It was on this particular Sunday that she knew her chance had come. Her mother and Angela were going to church in the afternoon. Some special Lenten sermons far downtown on Eighteenth Street drew them away from home; Joe of course would be somewhere with Cecilia. The presumption had been that Sheila would spend the afternoon quietly resting; nothing had been said about it, simply because there had seemed to be no other reasonable thing for Sheila to do.

But Angela and Mrs. Carscadden were no sooner out of the house than Sheila was dressing. She trembled for sheer joy as she put on her best clothes. They were not handsome clothes, but the blue coat had been brushed and pressed by her own hands, and there was another dark-blue hat. Looking at herself in the cramped little mirror over the sideboard, she knew she had never looked any better.

No subway today. It was the first day of real spring. Winter would come back again, but today was languid and sweet and soft, with blue in the sky, and florists' windows bursting with new blossoms and freesias, lilac and lilies. Roses were everywhere; potted little red roses, on feathery light branches.

Sheila took the elevated road, and sat looking out of a window, only half sensing what she saw and heard. Children, mad with spring, were running and screaming in the streets below her. Church bells rang, and the whistles of boats sounded newly sweet and soft from the river. Windows were open today; the world was all abroad. Some of the walking women carried small sheaves of blessed palm, and some of the men had little crosses of it pinned on their coats.

Sheila walked from the elevated train to the McCann house steadily, yet without any hurry. She was going to see Frank; nothing could keep her from seeing Frank; there was no need for haste. The day was singing in her heart like a glorious song; it was a thrilling day, and yet it was a soft day, too, filled with languorous charm.

"Maybe they won't let me see him!" she thought. But she knew that Frank's father and mother were away; they had gone to the big Charity Drive lunch—their names had been in the paper. And when Joe had telephoned this morning, to ask as usual for Frank, Mrs. McCann's voice, Joe said, had been quite cheerful—Frank had been out yesterday, and had sat up for supper with Miss Kennedy the night before, and she and the judge had no anxiety in leaving him today. Sheila anticipated no trouble, and sure enough, everything went smoothly. There had been something in Sheila's spirit all day that had promised smoothness; she had had no doubts of what the outcome of today's venture would be. Mamie admitted her, and if there was any hesitation or doubt in her manner, Sheila did not see it. The girl, following her, walked straight through the great spacious hall, and mounted the stairs, and crossed the upper hallways to the doorway of Frank's room.

THE door stood open; Sheila saw open windows, and pots and jars of exquisite flowers, beyond. She began to tremble now, and felt as much like crying as smiling as she walked into the room. Mamie did not announce her, merely stood at the door.

Frank was alone, dressed, seated in a great chair piled with pillows, his bandaged left arm strapped across his breast. Over his silk shirt he wore a loose blue silk coat; his hair was neatly brushed, he looked thin, and a little pale.

As Sheila walked slowly to his chair, her unsmiling eyes fixed on him, he glanced away from the window, and instantly a sort of magic seemed to be shimmering about her, and she felt hardly conscious of what she was doing.

"Why, look who's here!" Frank said, with his broadest smile. "Well, I am glad to see you! How are you? Sit down, sit down. No, pull your chair nearer. I'm all alone."

Sheila sat down, and looked at him.

"Do you know, I've been thinking about you, and wanting to see you?" Frank asked. And as she did not answer, he went on, "Funny thing, I was talking about you only last night. Bernadette was here—Miss Kennedy, you know—"

"I know." Sheila's voice was very faint. His nearness, the sight of the hard, blue-shaven jaw again, the flash of his white teeth, the half-smile in his Irish eyes, were too much for her. The tones of his voice made her heart feel as if it were melting wax.

"I said to Bernadette that you were the darnedest kid I ever saw," Frank said. "I said I had the funniest feeling of—being responsible for you!"

"You told her that?"

"Bernadette, you know," Frank said, with a smile, "got all wrought up about our flying together from Atlantic City. What do you think of that? It doesn't seem a bit like her—seriously, I mean."

"She—" Sheila cleared her throat. "She said something—that day—" she began.

"The day of the accident?"

"Yes. Down here, down here in the hall."

"I gathered from something Mother said, she did. But when I was better—when she and I had had a talk, she got over it!"

"Sure," Sheila said.

"Sure," he echoed.

HE FELL silent; smiling, unalarmed. Sheila sat silent, too, wrapped in the luxury and beauty of the big, old-fashioned room; enjoying, without analyzing what she enjoyed, the soft deep carpets, the flowers, the rich colors in lamps and books, curtains and bed draperies.

"Is this your room, Frank?"

"Nope. I'm up on the next floor; it's not so grand as this."

"Whose room was this?"

"Well, this used to be an upstairs sitting-room. Then Pop put the kitchen and the dining-room into the basement floor, and turned the old dining-room into a library, and gave Mom a sitting-room next to that, and this has been a sort of spare room ever since. And beyond the bathroom, there—the room where they set my arm—is Gert's room.

"And that reminds me that she's coming down to dinner tonight," Frank went on. "And Pete's home, got here yesterday. And we think they've been writing to each other, and that they've made it up."

"Peter and Gertrude?"

"Yep."

"Oh, I'm glad!" Sheila exclaimed.

"Honest, are you?"

"Oh, honest!" And she looked at him in surprise.

Frank was eying her with a teasing expression.

"I thought you liked Pete?"

"Well, I don't."

"You're not jealous, anyway," he said. And after a minute he added, "I don't believe that after five years of being engaged, you'd suspect a man of anything, would you, Sheila?"

"I wouldn't be engaged for five years," Sheila answered.

"You wouldn't! Why not?"

"Because—" She was thinking it out. "Because I wouldn't want any man to feel—sure of me, for five years," she formulated it slowly.

There was a silence.

"I don't think any man would!" Frank presently said, with a not quite natural laugh. And after a minute he added dryly, "Fortunately for me, Bernadette doesn't agree with you."

"So you don't think you could be faithful to any man for five years?" he asked, as Sheila did not speak.

"I didn't say that. I only meant that—if I loved a man, I wouldn't want to wait five years to—to be his wife," Sheila answered simply.

"You wouldn't want to be sure?"

"I *would* be sure."

Frank mused on this, watching her steadily.

"What would you call being sure?"

Sheila thought a while before she answered, looking down, biting her full, red lower lip.

"Dividing the world into two parts," she said, after a pause, "him—and the rest. Never going anywhere that you didn't hope to meet him, never doing anything without thinking whether he'd like it or not. Hoping—hoping that everyone else would hate him—"

"Hate him! Love him, you mean?" Frank ejaculated incredulously, as she hesitated.

"Hate him—so that you could make it up to him by loving him all the more," she said.

Frank could only stare at her.

"I don't love Bernadette like that; I'm glad when anyone else admires her," he finally observed. "And she feels the same way about me."

"Then you're different," Sheila commented mildly.

"How do you know that love is like that?" Frank demanded.

"It is for me."

"It *would* be, for you?"

"It is." Her head was singing: she felt her hands cold and wet.

A silence.

"You mean—Peter?" Frank asked respectfully.

"Peter!" Sheila cleared her throat. "No. Not Peter," she said.

"You mean you don't love Peter any more?"

"I never did. We just had a—a case," the girl explained, "and he promised he'd come to see me, and he didn't come, and that made me mad—I thought more about him than if he had, maybe. But Peter's only—a *boy*," Sheila concluded with a smile.

"He's older than you are."

To this the girl made no answer.

"Well, come on—" Frank said encouragingly. "You've only made half a confession! If it isn't Pete, who is it?"

"Peter was the—the first gentleman I'd ever known," Sheila, instead of answering, said hurriedly and nervously. "I liked him, for that."

"So much so that he didn't keep his word to you?"

"He lost my address."

"And forgot your name?"

"I forgot his," the girl said honestly, laughing. "But you see we're not in the telephone book, and he said that the only Carscadden that looked possible to him was in Brooklyn."

"YOU'RE dodging the issue," Frank pursued. "You can't do that when you're talking to a lawyer, you know. Come on—out with it—whom do you like?"

"I might know what I thought about it, without being—it," Sheila stammered.

"It, and it! What d'you mean by *it?*"

"Well, I might know what being in love was, without being in love." She was suddenly scarlet, the clean color flooding up under her transparent skin like a flame.

"Yes, but you aren't guessing!" he answered shrewdly. "Be a sport, Sheila. I won't tell on you!"

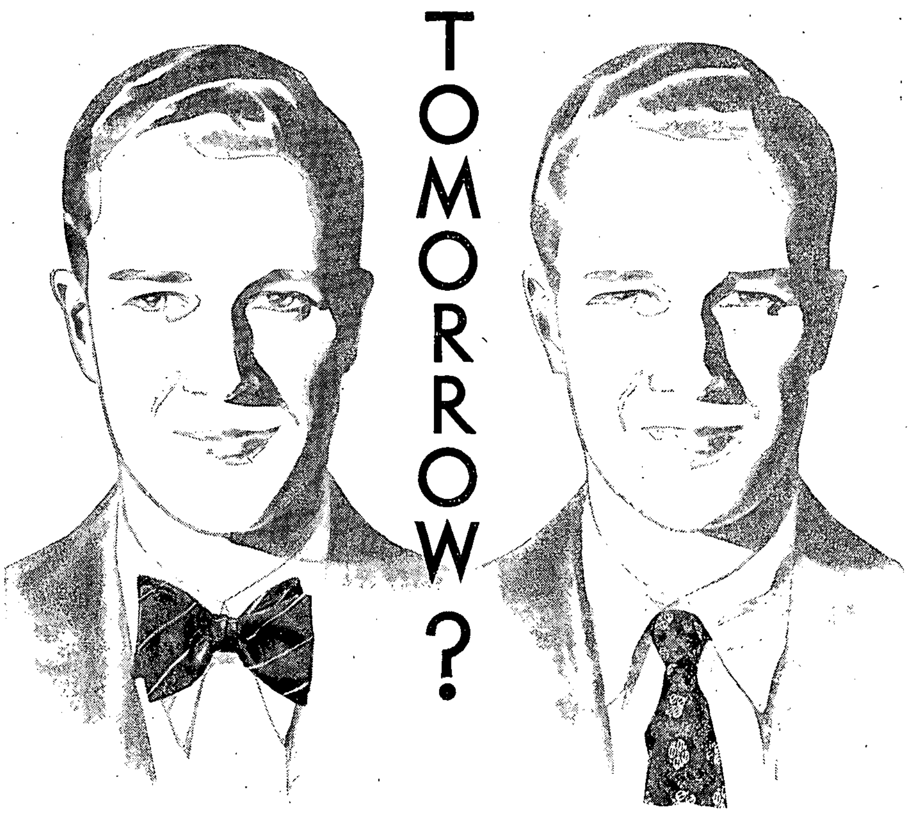
She looked at him steadily, unable to speak, unable to smile or move, chained in her chair, the apricot color flooding her face, her blue eyes fixed on his.

For a long time they looked at each other in silence. Color had come into Frank's face, too. After a while he smiled, his kindest, his simplest smile.

"I'm sorry," he said. And after a pause he repeated it. "I'm *terribly* sorry."

(Continued on page 48)

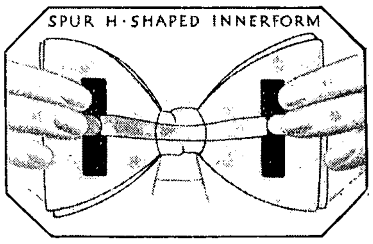
Which will you look like



A Spur Bow looks trim when your collar *doesn't*

Second-day wear is a bit hard on soft collars. It needn't be, though. Put on a Spur Bow tomorrow and you can let the wrinkles come where they may—and the collar-pin marks, too.

A Spur Bow always looks trim, thanks to the Spur Innerform that your fingers will feel inside the wings. Set this flexible H-shape at any angle that suits you . . . and all day long your Spur Bow will look as though you'd just stepped out of the proverbial bandbox. Or all night, either, for this is also the time of year to be selecting your season's stock of dress bows from the new Spur shapes and fabrics that your dealer now has on hand.



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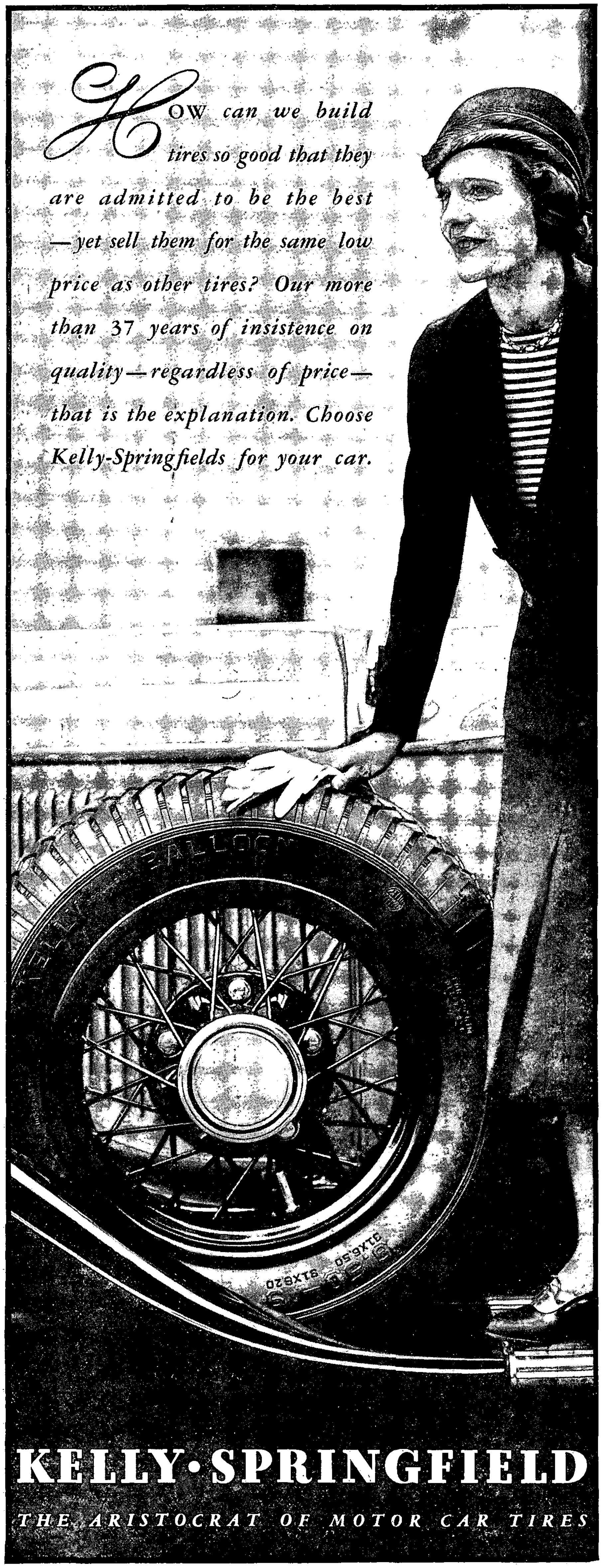
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THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTOR CAR TIRES

(Continued from page 47)

"Oh, that's all right," Sheila assured him politely, clearing her throat again. And for a long time neither could seem to find anything further to say.

"It must sound—kind of flat—for me to say that I like you—awfully, more than any—any girl your age I ever knew," Frank presently ventured, with an awkward laugh.

"No, I'm glad," Sheila responded very simply and honestly.

SHE looked up at him, looked down again. She was young, almost childish-looking in the big chair, with her blue hat curving off her face like a baby's cap, and her coppery film of hair almost in her blue eyes.

"My father says you're moving to Astoria," Frank said.

"Next month."

"Will you be glad, Sheila?"

"Glad!" she echoed. "Angela and I'll have a room to ourselves!"

"Oh, and where'll Joe be?"

"Joe and Ceely want to get married."

"Ah, and now they can?"

"Your father told Ma that if she'd keep the eight houses rented for him she wouldn't have to pay any rent; she'd get paid, herself."

"Does she like that idea, Sheila?"

"She said it was an answer to prayer."

"How much will it be?"

"Sixty. That's what your father pays now."

"It isn't much."

"With her rent paid, and Joe helping?" Sheila's eyes were very round.

"It's enough, eh?"

"It's a fortune to Ma."

"Then some good did come out of all this, didn't it?"

"Sure—" she agreed, rather lifelessly.

There was a long pause. Sheila knew that she ought to go, now. But her limbs refused to obey the languid impulse of her mind. She ought to go—she ought to go—

But that would end it. When she went now, she never would see him again. The black thick hair, and the dark-blue of the shaven jaw, and the little half-smile he so often gave her, and the ways in which he was so old and so wise—and the ways in which he was so young and so simple—all gone out of her life, when she walked out of this house.

"I remember the night you first called here, you—you were all gotten up as a beggar," Frank recalled. "I came into the hall and asked Mamie who had let the rag-bag in. And she said that Gertrude—by the way, where is that purse?"

"Most of the money, luckily, I left with Mamma," Sheila explained. "But the purse I lost. I had it up in the farmhouse in Connecticut, I remember, because my make-up was in it, and I powdered my nose there—I remember that. But then—in all the excitement of getting away, and the queerness of it all, I dropped it, somewhere. And I lost my blue hat the day of the smash."

"Well, I think I owe you a hat," Frank said.

"Oh, no, you don't! This one," Sheila told him, "cost me ninety-eight cents. It was in a window. They had every hat with the two copper cents lying next to it."

"The two copper cents?"

"Lying next to it. Your change from a dollar," she explained.

"Ah—?"

Sheila stood up, smiling a good-by. Frank took her hand.

There was time for no more. Sudden footsteps sounded in the hall, and with tremendous uproar, Peter McCann was in the room.

"Frank!" he shouted.

HE STOPPED short at the sight of Sheila.

"Hello, Sheila," he said.

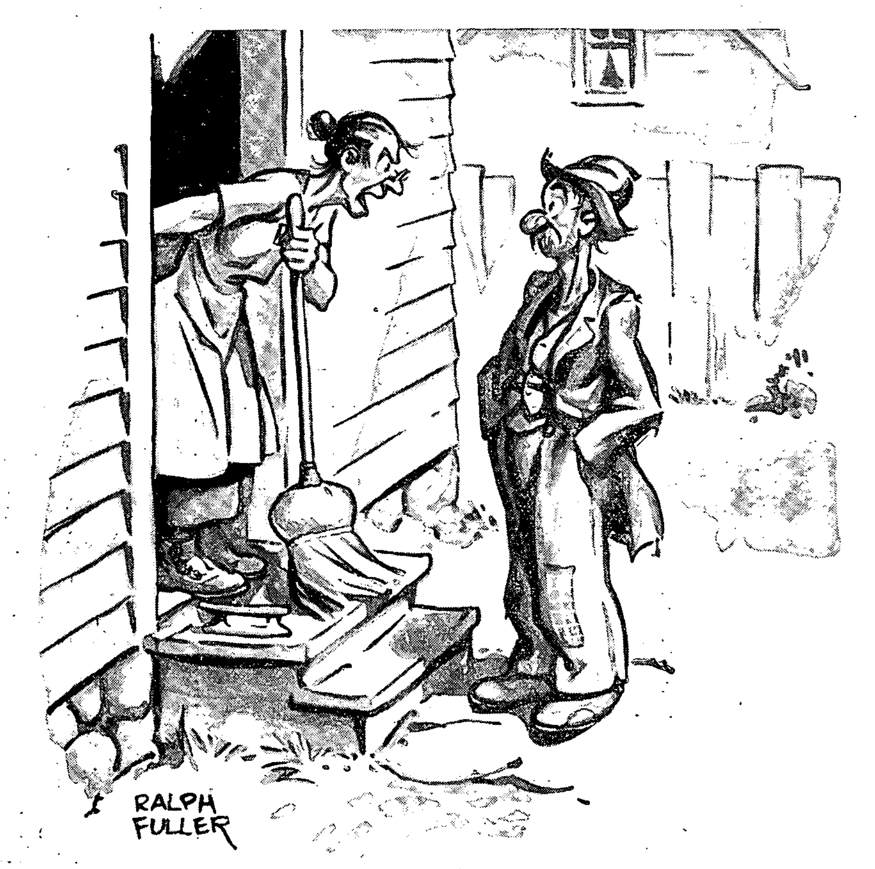
"Hello!" Sheila responded, simply.

They stood looking at each other a moment, then Peter, with a return of excitement, turned toward his brother. "Frank, d'you know what's happened? Gee, I'm glad Sheila's here for this!"

"What's the matter?"

"They've found the farmhouse! They found the place those fellows took us, Sheila!"

(To be concluded next week)



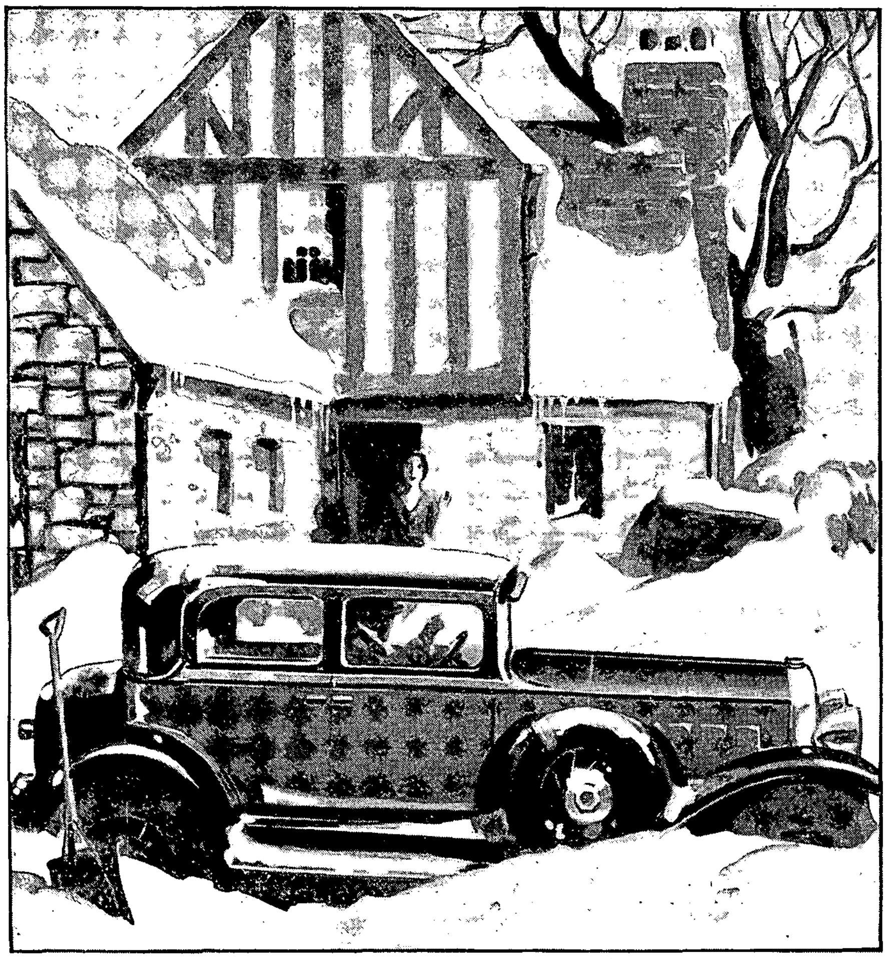
"Are you a drinker?"
"Yes, mum, are you?"

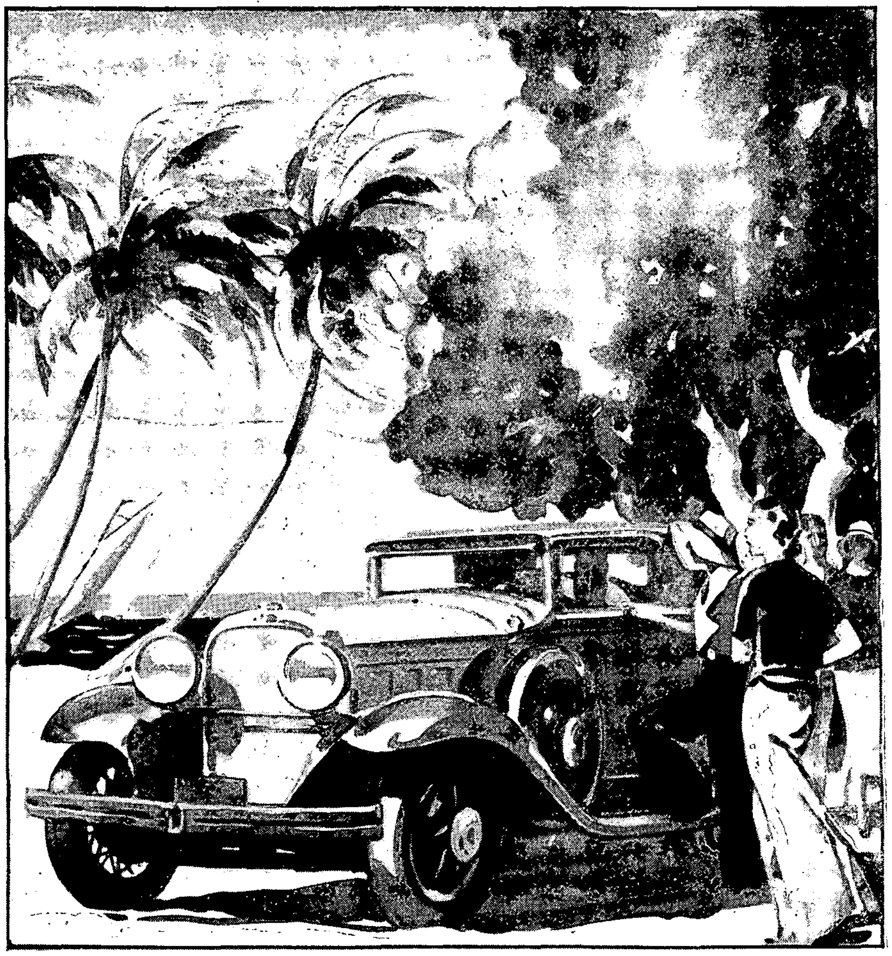
Ralph Fuller

ONLY THE WORLD LEADER IN LUBRICATION COULD OFFER THIS AMAZING NEW DEVELOPMENT . . .

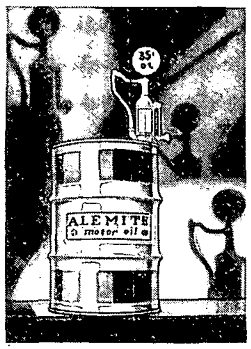
ALEMITE MOTOR OIL

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL—ALEMITE PROCESSED





A revolutionary and long-needed advancement now achieved by Alemite. An utterly *new* motor oil, at last, for the new requirements of modern-day motors



For more than 15 years car owners, car designers and car builders have looked to Alemite for the newest developments in lubrication. Alemite's latest contribution to the motoring world is a new and revolutionary advancement—Alemite Motor Oil.

New Process—New Results

It is a 100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil—processed in an utterly new way. This new method is called the Alemite Process—and is controlled exclusively by Alemite. It gives results heretofore unknown in a motor oil.

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Alemite Motor Oil has been proved in Nature's own laboratory—the great laboratory of the open road.

Zero weather makes no difference to Alemite Motor Oil. It flows easily and lubricates perfectly on icy days. Engine turns over smoothly at the first touch on the starter—a big saving on batteries. And complete lubrication with the first revolution of the motor!

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The minute you change to Alemite Motor Oil you'll *see* and *feel* a marked improvement in your car's performance. New smoothness—new silence—new getaway and pickup ability.

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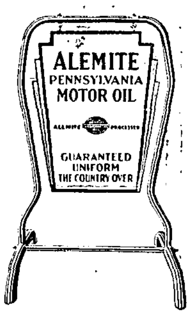

The regular use of Alemite Motor Oil and Specialized Lubrication with genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricants will eliminate the 80% of repair bills caused by careless, improper lubrication.

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35¢ A QUART—AND WORTH IT

Never touched by other lips ~ this brim is safe for yours

WHEN you drink from a Dixie at any soda fountain you know that your lips are the first and last to touch its dainty rolled brim. No stranger has left upon it a threat to your health.

Vessels used by more than one person can be sterilized and made safe; but if they are given only a careless rinsing between uses, you risk your health when you drink from them. Check up on your fountain.

Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, Surgeon-General of the U. S. Public Health Service, has described careless fountains as "germ exchanges."

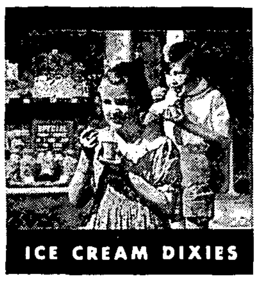
"Men and women thoughtlessly expose themselves to infection," said Dr. Cumming's statement, "and what is worse, they permit their children to suffer a like risk by drinking at soda fountains where they can even see that the vessels are not sterilized between users. In such a carelessly operated soda fountain there may be—in fact, there actually exists—a veritable germ exchange."

Dixies are thrown away as soon as used. That is why better soda fountains all over the country have installed them. Dixies rival fine porcelain in their appearance and "feel." In delicate shades of rose and gold, or snow-white with blue decoration, they delight your eyes as well as your lips.

The Dixies used at soda fountains are the same Dixies that you see in public buildings, hotels, clubs, theatres, private homes—in fact in nearly every place that you are likely to want a drink.

To protect yourself from the lips of others, patronize those fountains that serve your drinks in Individual Dixies. They are doing their part, at extra cost, to guard your health. Individual Drinking Cup Co., Inc., Original Makers of the Paper Cup, Easton, Pa.

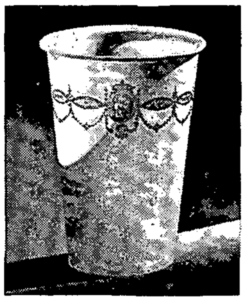
DIXIES

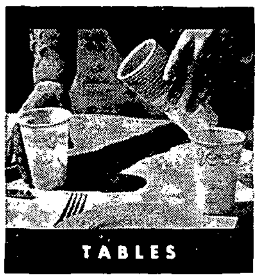


ICE CREAM DIXIES

PARTIES

OFFICES





TABLES

PUBLIC LOCATIONS

BATH ROOMS

Something for Nothing

Continued from page 15

strip of paper hung between his long, slender fingers like a panting tongue. The tinkle of the shop bell aroused them. Then a knock on the door of the outer room.

"I will go—" Kwan Li Sun said dully.

Tommy Lan stood there.

The tall, well-groomed boy came impetuously forward. He spoke first in Chinese, a respectful greeting:

"The sun shines in your path, Ta Tsien." Then, as Bessie Kwan appeared in the doorway of her own room, he broke into English: "Bessie . . . I've just heard—I came right over! What's it all about?"

HIS eyes suddenly caught the significance of the scattered pile of clothes and trinkets in front of the ancestral tablets; of Bessie Kwan's white garments of mourning—Chinese style. He looked uncertainly from her to the small, silent figure of the old scholar.

"Why, Bessie—is someone—dead?"

She answered him in the language of her father's people:

"Bessie Kwan is dead. Moon Butterfly lives. But Moon Butterfly is not your betrothed, son of the respected Lan Wo Han."

The boy's face flushed, and his eyes darkened.

"That's the bunk!" he declared vehemently. "This is America, and you and I aren't bound by things that our ancestors thought so important. Never mind what my dad thinks—*I* know you're all right! I love you, Bessie, and I want you to marry me! If you love me, that's all that matters!"

Her face lighted for an instant as if an inner radiance had flooded her whole being. Then her eyes went to the frail, black-clad figure of her father in the doorway.

"No—" she said very low, "more than that matters, Tommy! I love you—but I was a fool. I tried to be American and Chinese both—and it didn't work. I guess what is in me is in you, too—filial respect . . . we don't go against that, do we?"

He hesitated. It was true. . . .

"There must be some way—" he stammered and looked beseechingly at Kwan Li Sun. He addressed the old man in Chinese. "Revered father of beauty, my heart has not changed. If Bessie Kwan has ascended the Dragon, then let me have Moon Butterfly for my wife! I love her, and will have no other maiden!"

Kwan Li Sun looked long and searchingly at the young man's eager dark eyes.

"You know—" he said at last, slowly, "that my daughter is dishonored by having been alone with a foreign man of unworthy reputation?"

Tommy Lan shook his head impatiently. "Dishonored she is not, reverend old one—for she still wears the maiden adornment!"

Kwan Li Sun straightened his shoulders. A smile wavered upon his lips.

"Your heart is brave and clean," he intoned in the ancient language of sages and scholars. "Go now, and trust that that which is truly good shall be revealed. What I can humbly do shall be done!"

Tommy Lan hesitated, looking across at the girl who had been his betrothed. She stood in the doorway, eyes downcast, like a tired white moth that has fluttered too near a scathing flame.

"But—but—can't I see you again?" he faltered. "I'm going to talk to my father—he's got to change his mind about you!"

She did not look up at him. Her reply was in Chinese:

"Moon Butterfly is in mourning. Moon Butterfly may not go on the streets. Whatever is done must be through the will of our respected parents."

He went out slowly, looking back. But she gave no sign that she felt his eyes upon her.

Lan Wo Han was a direct contrast to the small, pleasant-faced scholar whom Sergeant Timmy called "Papa Kwan." Typically a merchant, fat-bodied, with small, shrewd black eyes almost lost in folds of flesh and with short, pudgy hands, he possessed a colossal sense of his own importance.

He received Kwan Li Sun in the ornate rooms above his shop with deep respect and many cups of fragrant jasmine tea. But even through the mellowing haze of smoke from long, tiny-bowled pipes, and much conversation upon various subjects he was adamant concerning the broken betrothal.

A week later, Sergeant Timmy, passing on his beat of inspection, looked down the steps leading to the red-painted entrance of Papa Kwan's tiny curio shop and stopped, his eyes widened with surprise at the large sign that had a prominent place among the porcelain tea sets, trays of kingfisher jewelry, Chinese slippers and bronze vases:

Come In!
SOMETHING FOR NOTHING!
A present for you without pay!
Come In!

Sergeant Timmy scratched his head. It was unlike Papa Kwan to resort to such measures for advertising. Suddenly a young man plunged toward the doorway and almost ran into the blue-coated figure. It was Tommy Lan. His eyes were haggard and sleepless looking.

"Look here, Sergeant Timmy," he said impetuously, "you got Bessie into this mess . . . can't you do something to help us out? I suppose it doesn't mean a thing to you that we're crazy about each other, and that her father and mine won't let us be married . . . she won't even see me, and I think she's sick. Gosh, I'm wild enough to throw everything to the winds and elope with her . . . only she won't do it! The only thing I can think of is to go and punch Louis Bassetta's head and make him come crawling to my father, telling him that Bessie didn't do anything wrong. . . ."

"Now, now—" the officer's voice was sharp, "none of that! Enough's been done that's hard to undo. I've tried to talk to your dad—but he pretends not to understand me. As for Papa Kwan—" he sighed and shook his head, "well, I'll have another go at him. But ye'd think he'd only just met me, he's that bafflin' polite and distant!"

HE WENT down the steps, leaving Tommy Lan staring after him with miserable, love-sick young eyes.

Kwan Li Sun looked up alertly as the burly form of the cop darkened the entrance. There was a curious look of expectancy that changed instantly to one of disappointment. Sergeant Timmy noticed that the small, gentle scholar had aged in the last week.

"Hullo, Papa Kwan." Sergeant Timmy tried to make his voice hearty and casual, "I see you're givin' away somethin' for nothin'! If Louie Bassetta ever sees that sign—"

Kwan Li Sun leaned forward across the counter. There was a strange rigidity in his face. His eyes suddenly blazed behind the shielding spectacles.

"You think he will come—soon?" His voice was a curious, vibrant monotone.

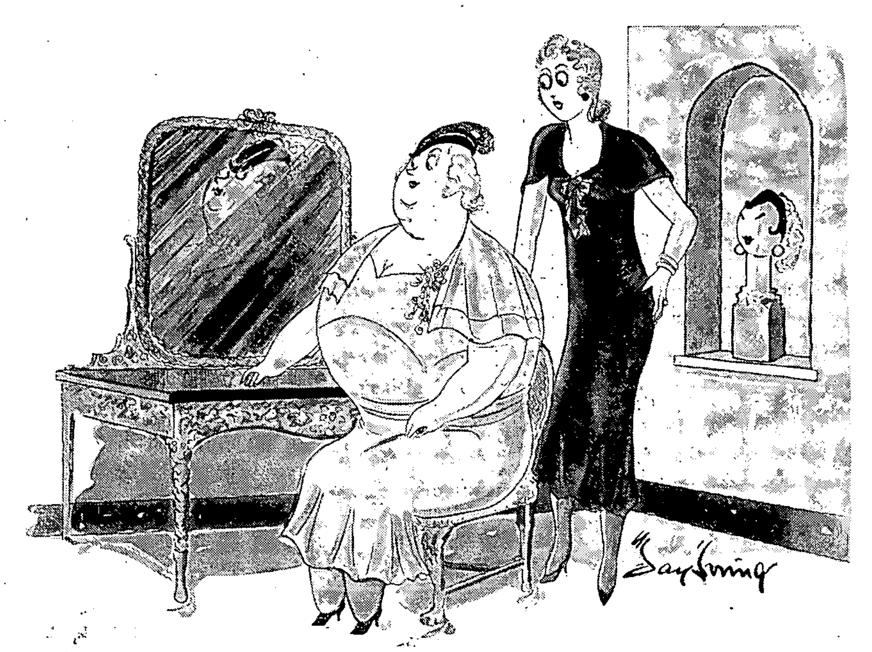
"I see," said Sergeant Timmy, slowly, "*his motto*, eh? You're figurin' on—" His voice changed to one of sharp authority, "Look here, Kwan, no Oriental monkey business, see? I'm your friend, but I'll pinch you in a split second if you try anything that'll break the peace! It won't do *you* no good—and it sure won't help Bessie none!"

Kwan Li Sun stared through his spectacles unmoved.

"I know white man's law," he said evenly, "I no blake peace!" Then suddenly his reserve failed him. With a queer, impassioned gesture he stretched out his hands. "Tirry—you my flend. You find way tell Rouie Wop come here see me? If he come, Bessie, my lir girl, live maybe. She is ver' sick. . . ."

"Bessie's sick?" There was quick concern in the big policeman's voice.

(*Continued on page 52*)



"Yes, ma'am. That's exactly what Empress Eugénie is wearing now." *Jay Irving*

FASHIONS FOR MEN

We view with alarm those charming Empress Eugenie hats, lest men succumb to the current fashion and adopt Louis Napoleon whiskers. Where would the razor business be then?

Until styles in men's faces change, however, there is lots of good clean fun to be had with your favorite shaving soap and an Enders Razor. No stubble too menacing for the sweet-tempered Enders blade; no skin too tender. It separates one from the other so swiftly and soothingly that you don't realize how devilishly sharp the little thing really is.

How about shaking a dollar out of the children's bank and finding out?

Enders RAZOR

THE HAIR TEST

ENDERS RAZOR with 6 blades, $1.00. Extra blades, 5 for 35c. If the store cannot supply you, use coupon below.

ENDERS RAZOR CO., INC.
105 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $1.00. Send me, postage prepaid, an Enders Razor and 6 blades.

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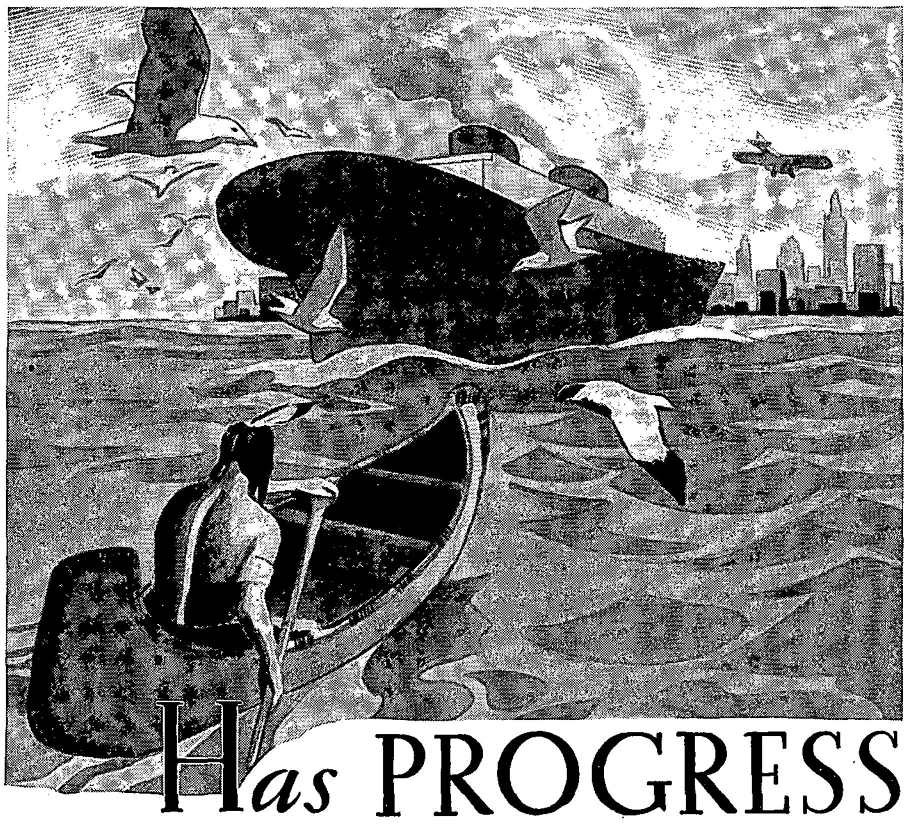
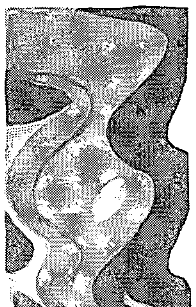
Address____________________





Has PROGRESS left you in its WAKE?

CIVILIZATION has come a long way since primitive man traveled in a birch-bark canoe. Since that day the constant urge for improvement has brought great changes in all walks of life.

It's a long step . . . from the slow, laborious, and dangerous birch-bark canoe . . . to the speed, safety, comfort, and convenience of the modern steamship. It's a long step, too, from the cold, drafty tepee . . . to the truly modern home of today.

The truly modern insulated home is more than a shelter—it's a protected haven where the most unfriendly weather is always under your control. It's a home cool in summer . . . warm and comfortable in winter . . . quiet and healthful the year round. This modern home is stronger structurally, it costs less to maintain, it's an investment that pays big dividends in health and comfort.

Progress in home comfort is due largely to proper insulation. Insulite, the pioneer wood-fiber insulating board, has played an important part in this development. Made from the strong, tough fibers of northern woods, chemically treated to resist moisture, vermin, and rodents, Insulite is not subject to rot or disintegration. Insulite, used as sheathing and as a base for plaster, replaces non-insulating materials, reduces building costs and fuel bills. Insulite grips plaster with much greater strength than wood lath, eliminates lath marks, and guards against plaster cracks.

Your architect will be glad to explain the many advantages of Insulite insulation. Your retail lumber dealer can supply you.

Write for this FREE BOOK

"Increasing Home Enjoyment"...gives the facts about insulation and tells you how to transform waste attic or basement space into useful, attractive rooms.

THE INSULITE CO. 1200 Builders Exchange, Dept. 48 J
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OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

INSULITE
the Wood-Fiber Insulating Board

(Continued from page 51)

"That's tough. How about a doctor, Kwan?"

Kwan Li Sun shook his head emphatically. His eyes, jet-black, implored the other.

"No doctor man can help my lir girl! She sick—here!" His slender fingers, trembling slightly, touched his black jacket above the heart. "If Rouie Wop come—I think maybe all be fix' nice. Tirry, you get him come—nothing happen to him—I give word! Upon blood—" he paused an instant— "blood of white cock!"

Sergeant Timmy looked narrowly at the pleading face. Such an oath was sacred to a Chinese. To swear on a Bible meant nothing; that was a meaningless procedure. But to take oath "upon the blood of a white cock"—that could be trusted, even in New York's Chinatown.

"Well," he said uncertainly, "you got something up that heathen sleeve of yours, and I don't know what it is but I'm willin' to give ye the benefit of a doubt because ye ain't never lied to me yet. I'll see if I can get Louie here—but remember, Kwan, I'll be watchin' sharp."

Louie Bassetta was attractive to women—some women—in a dapper, greasy sort of way. Sergeant Timmy eyed him sourly as he passed him on the corner near Kwan Li Sun's curio shop. Louie the Wop smiled back at him, insolently, as with a glinting of white, wolflike teeth:

"It's sure eatin' yuh, ain't it, not t' have anything on me?"

THE big policeman stopped and regarded the other with a long, level stare.

"There's plenty of time, Big Boy! Anybody who's started out the way you have, with fancy clothes and an apartment, and no income in sight, is goin' to get into trouble, sooner or later. Ye're a menace, Louie . . . my God, ye've even got the Chinks on this beat takin' up your motto—that 'Somethin' for Nothin'' ye're always talkin' about! Mebbe it was your idea, huh, for old Papa Kwan t' put that crazy sign in his shop winndy and start givin' away joolry and drinks?"

Louie's black eyes flashed in a puzzled gleam.

"No foolin'? What's got into the old guy?"

Sergeant Timmy shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Gone nutty, I guess. There's the card in the winndy—and there's somethin' for nothin' inside his shop. You know as much about it as I do!"

And with that he moved on down the street, while Louie Bassetta stared after him uncertainly, then turned with an avid widening of the pupils to the distant red-painted front of Kwan Li Sun's curio store.

With a soft-footed, furtive gait, he went down the street and stood for a moment looking down at the sign in the window. Then, propelled by the irresistible attraction of the words, he went down the steps and into the cluttered gloom.

"Somethin' for nothin', eh?" His voice was a kind of swagger, "Well, let's see it, Funny Face!"

Kwan Li Sun looked up. His whole being became rigid. A curious hissing sound that Louie Bassetta did not hear came from between his lips.

"Yes-s," he said very softly, "come in, prease, something ver' special. . . ."

From the teakwood cabinet he took out a bottle; a bottle that had been waiting there for the past week.

Louie the Wop watched him as the brown, pungent liquor went with a small gurgling sound into a porcelain cup.

"Just off the boat, huh?" he said facetiously, and drank, smacking his lips. "Pretty good stuff. What's in it—fusel oil?" Suddenly a queer, startled expression came into his glittering black eyes. He tried to steady himself against the counter—and his knees collapsed under him.

LOUIE BASSETTA came back to consciousness slowly. His head ached intolerably and there was a burning dryness in his mouth. He tried to move. He was bound securely!

He tried to cry out, but only a muffled sound came through the tightly swathed bandage about his mouth. His eyes, focussing themselves with difficulty, went upward along wide black silk trousers, a wide-sleeved black jacket, and came to rest upon an ivory-colored face as expressionless as a mask.

"You al'ight?" Kwan Li Sun asked solicitously. "You leady?"

Louie the Wop groaned and thrashed about helplessly, trying to loose the biting cords. He fell back with a muffled sound, panting and sweating.

Kwan Li Sun nodded, as if approving his own work and the other's futile efforts. Then he moved away quietly and came back with an assortment of utensils, which he put down carefully on a linoleum mat; a glowing charcoal brazier and a pair of bellows, a thick, heavy-pointed iron poker, a cup of pungent vinegar; and last of all, a placard, the one that had been in the window.

He held it up in his delicate, long-fingered hands. Louie the Wop stared at the letters. Kwan Li Sun's voice had changed abruptly. The pidgin-English accent had dropped completely away.

"Your motto—you see? I find it excellent. And you, who carry it on your wrist clock—you shall have it in a better place—for always! You must excuse me if I am awkward with the—tools. These characters—are not easy for me to copy. I will do my best—but you must not be impatient if it takes a long time. . . ."

Louie Bassetta made a hoarse, strangled sound that came even through the bandage. Kwan Li Sun did not appear to hear it. Unceremoniously he turned the helpless, sweating body over like a trussed turtle, so that the swarthy face lay on the matting, and the gasping breath made the blue-red flame from the brazier waver a little. Kwan Li Sun crossed the room, set the placard on the floor, propped up against a teakwood stand, and came back to the glowing brazier. Louie the Wop could see the black letters—they seemed to dance up and down, like Negro urchins, mocking him. . . . "Something for Nothing!"

IT WAS only then that he realized that his shirt was gone; he lay there, naked to the waist . . . with the poker heating to a white-hot point in the licking cluster of bluish-red embers. . . .

The slender, ivory-colored hand came down into his vision; it lifted the poker, and there was a faint odor of white-hot metal. The glowing tip of the wand lifted, disappeared from his view. He writhed, gasping and biting at the soft, muffling bandage that plugged his mouth. There was a pause—a long, terrible eternity; and then—a searing pain that made a short, slow curve against the quivering flesh of his back; and with it, the horrible, penetrating odor of burning flesh!

"That," came the calm, impersonal voice, "was very good; now the character 'O'—"

Louie the Wop groaned and fainted.

Two hours later, three people entered the small shop. Sergeant Timmy loomed giant-like above the slender figure of

Tommy Lan, and the portly black-jacketed merchant, Lan Wo Han.

From the closed door of the living quarters came a strange, unfamiliar smell; a mingling of smells. The door beyond opened. Kwan Li Sun stood there, his face drawn as if with terrible fatigue, his hands hidden in his black sleeves.

He bowed politely, and both the merchant and his son responded in the same fashion.

"I give thanks for coming. Would you be prease to enter my unwo'thy house?" His voice was strained, quiet. The three looked at each other. There was a tension in the air that they all felt. The smell was clearer now that the door was open. It was Sergeant Timmy who led the way. He stepped past Kwan Li Sun into the small, clean room beyond—and stopped with a startled grunt at what lay before him on the matting-covered floor. Lan Wo Han and Tommy Lan, coming close behind, peered around his blue, rigid bulk.

"Kwan—you devil—you gave me your word!" The policeman's voice was hard and furious. He knelt down and jerked at the ropes that bound a crumpled, motionless figure. To his surprise they came away with ease. The knots had already been cut.

With an oath, he put a cup of sharp, pungent-smelling vinegar under the nostrils of the swarthy, distorted face. He forgot to wonder how it happened to be there, so close to his hand. . . .

LOUIE the Wop opened his eyes, stared dully, and his mouth worked as if against a gag. Then he saw the blue uniform and the pink face of the law. A terrible sobbing groan came from his throat, and he burst into tears.

"That damned Chink—" he gasped out weakly— "he tortured me! God—*he burned me!* Branded me with every letter of that—that—sign. . . ." his voice rose shrilly into hysteria, "every letter of it he burned into my back! Bringin' me to as quick as I fainted—oh, God—I'm on fire!"

Sergeant Timmy lifted him up. His eyes, narrowed to blue slits, went to Kwan Li Sun's motionless figure.

"I've a notion, Kwan," he said between set teeth, "to take my club to ye."

Then his voice broke off suddenly, and his eyes popped open, blinking as if to clear their vision.

"Why—what the—" he was looking at Louie the Wop's dirty, sweated back. A curious change came into his tone, and he shook the sobbing man unceremoniously. "Shut up, will you! You ain't been hurt—ye're back's as bare as my hand, although not so clean!"

The man twisted away from him. His face was convulsed, tear-streaked through the lines of sweat.

"He branded me, I tell you! My God, can't you smell the burning flesh?" His voice rose to a scream, "You're in on it, ain't you—you got me here—you want to know where I got the dope from? I peddled it for Tony Mosini—he's the guy you want—I don't care if he puts me on the spot for squealin'—I can't stand no more—I can't stand this kind of torture. . . ."

Sergeant Timmy stood very still, looking at the sobbing man, and at something on the floor beside the charcoal brazier. Then his eyes turned in a kind of grim wonder to the silent, black figure in the doorway.

"Kwan," he said softly, "I take it all back, and it's many thanks I give ye, besides, for findin' out somethin' I wanted to know—badly." He picked up Louie Bassetta's striped pink shirt, and held it out to him, roughly.

"Put that on! Ye'll be comin' with *me* now!"

Relentlessly he drove the sniveling, staggering figure before him, through the small dark shop, and up the steps.

The three were left staring at each other—Kwan Li Sun, who suddenly looked very old and very tired; the portly merchant, in whose eyes was something like awe; and Tommy Lan, who was breathlessly watching the opening crack of a door beyond—the door of Bessie's room. . . .

"Respected friend," said Kwan Li Sun very low, "I begged your auspicious coming to my unworthy house to show you something strange. That foreign man of evil reputation believes that his skin was burned; you saw his body, illustrious friend? There was no scar upon it?"

Lan Wo Han shook his head in mute, astonished agreement.

"No; and yet—the smell of burning flesh is in the air," Kwan Li Sun's voice went on steadily.

Lan Wo Han nodded, still unable to speak for the confusion of his thoughts.

Kwan Li Sun suddenly pulled back the wide expanse of his sleeve. Both the merchant and his son drew a startled hissing breath; for the frail, ivory-colored left arm was streaked, from wrist to elbow by deep, angry red scars!

"That was necessary," the imperturbable voice continued, "to establish in his mind the belief that it was *his* flesh that felt the white-hot iron. For the rest—" he indicated slightly a bowl of ice on the floor at some little distance from the charcoal brazier, "*it was that which touched his body!* As you know, venerated friend, intense heat and intense cold may be felt as one; especially if the mind is prepared and the senses deceived. That man believed something that was not true; my honored friend also believed something that was as false. . . ."

He stopped. And for a long moment there was silence; a strange, tingling silence.

Then Tommy Lan came forward with an impetuous movement and very gently, very reverently, lifted the thin, terribly punished arm against his forehead in token of deepest respect. When he turned to Lan Wo Han, there was a glint of un-Oriental brightness in his eyes.

"My honorable father," he said in a voice that was not steady, "I hereby declare that Moon Butterfly shall be my honored wife in spite of anything—or anyone—"

The far door opened suddenly. Bessie Kwan stood there, a slender, fragile figure, still in white mourning, her face white and thin, her eyes unnaturally large.

"No!" she said almost in a whisper, "I will not be your wife unless your august father gives his permission."

THEN Lan Wo Han moved. He had stood as if in a trance. Now a smile flickered across his lips.

"This unworthy person," he intoned in his best classical manner, "acknowledges his mistake and will be honored to receive the Shower of Gold into his household."

Moon Butterfly fell upon her knees, and very humbly touched the matting floor with her forehead. Then she rose, and came forward. Tommy Lan put out his hands to her, but she seemed not to see him, although there was color in her cheeks.

"Not now—" she murmured, her eyes downcast, "not until after our marriage. Now—if my honorable father will allow me to bind up with healing herbs the hurt of his arm?"

Kwan Li Sun held his arm out to her obediently. Only for an instant did Bessie Kwan forget her newly found Orientalism. Briefly, and tenderly, she touched her young, unrouged lips to the aching redness of the first scar.

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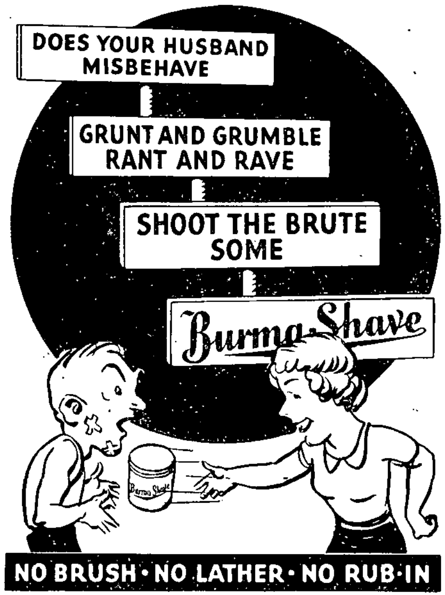
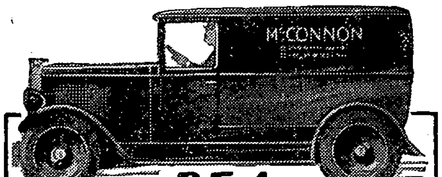


NO BRUSH • NO LATHER • NO RUB-IN



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Name
Address

No Time Out

Continued from page 24

against the wall and your shoulder-blades resting against the floor or bed. Sounds ridiculous, but this not only stretches your spine and back muscles but sends the blood coursing gayly along, carrying in its invigorating stream new vitality, courage and ideas.

If you are on the shady side of fifty, however, or have been told to watch out for your heart, this rest-exercise is too strenuous. The thing for you is to lie flat on your back, hug your knees up to your chest and just lie there and rest.

If you work in an office, you *can* snatch a rest by flopping over from the waist and dangling your head and arms downward for a minute, taking on a rich lobster hue. Come up for air and flop again. Repeat three or four times.

Treat Yourself to a Change

Here's a rest you can take anywhere in a chair. It's a torso rest. Put your hands on your hips, take a firm grip on your hip bones and pull the upper part of your trunk out of its embedded position. Try to pull yourself in two. Wriggle, rotate, writhe and wriggle some more, and see how your neglected torso muscles enjoy the change.

Now give your weary neck a rest by drooping your head forward slowly; then, also slowly, turn it just as far as you can first to one side and then to the other.

If you have been typing, writing, sewing, painting, working over delicate machinery or polishing silver and wielding the broom—doing anything that holds the hands in a cramped position for an appreciable length of time—the quickest kind of quick rest is simply to stop and shake your hands violently for a minute.

Now your face. Wipe the smile, the grouch, the pout off your mouth, rub the wrinkles off cheeks and forehead. Run your fingers through the tired hair-line to the scalp and, more gently, around the sensitive nerves that encircle the ears. Then let your face go, and it will resume, not the tension of a minute ago, but its normal expression.

You can rest your eyes by pressing the soft cushions of your palms against your eye sockets and massaging them ever so gently against the aching eyes. It rests them, too, just to sit in a dark room. And any oculist will tell you that it is restful as well as good for the muscles of your eyes to make a practice, when walking, of looking at far horizons.

Then there are your poor old feet. It's something just to take off your shoes and stretch and rotate your feet down from the ankle and spread your toes. Wriggle and stretch them. Put on your shoes and find yourself a little brighter. If your work keeps you standing much of the day, you can relieve the feet that carry the load by changing your shoes *and stockings* at noon. If possible, douse your feet in water, too, when you change.

Now, suppose your day is done and you are so tired that the evening party looms up an effort instead of a pleasure. Between six and seven you can do yourself up brown after the worst possible day, and even if you've only twenty minutes or half an hour before your date, don't despair.

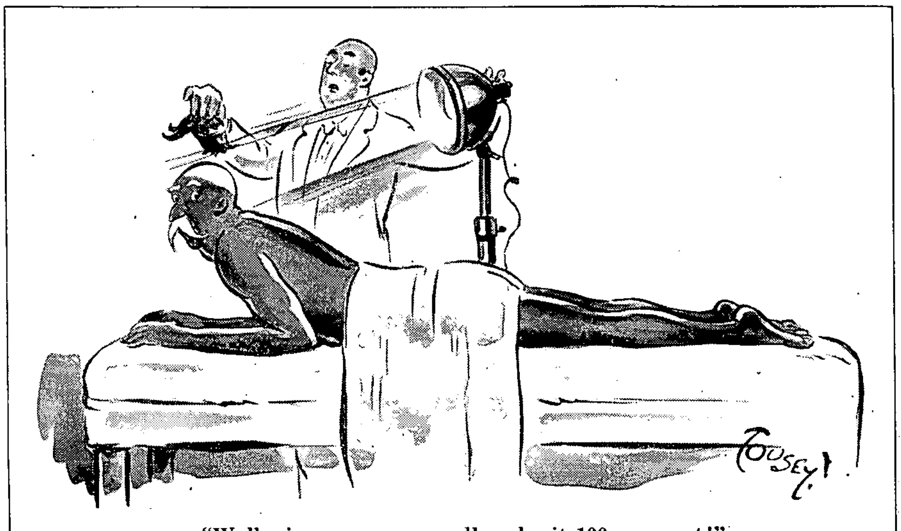
Of course, a bath is the ticket and we don't mean by that an ice-cold shower. Flop into plenty of warm water with salt (plain table) or salts dissolved therein, and lean against that almost forgotten smooth, slanting back. When you've had a lazy enough soak, climb out and dry yourself slowly with a big towel that's been warming over the radiator.

Now roll up in a warm bathrobe, take a handkerchief soaked in witch-hazel in your hand and amble to your couch. Flop there flat without a pillow, lay the damp bandage across your eyes and forehead and proceed to spread yourself out in the most comfortable sprawl you can assume, making sure that no part of you touches any other, not so much as a hand on your chest, not so much as ankles or fingers touching each other. Hold a key or any small heavy object in your hand and relax, breathe, drift. When the key drops of its own accord from your "nerveless" hand, you are completely relaxed.

Just Take It Easy

Just lie and breathe, and breathe and float until the time comes to dress. Lift up the bandage, peek at the clock, and if its hands are beckoning to you give two or three long stretches, roll your head slowly to one side to toss off the handkerchief from your eyes and stretch the blanket away from your feet. This is a grand way to get up with eyes as sparkling, face as smooth and body as rested as if you'd lolled on that couch for hours.

Dr. Connie Guion once gave a good prescription against fatigue. She said, "Get nine hours' uninterrupted sleep every night, eat three good meals and get an hour's exercise every day, live within your income and keep a clear conscience and you'll never succumb to man's worst enemy—fatigue!"



—"Well, sir, we may as well make it 100 per cent!"
Sanford Tousey

Did somebody say
Cocktails?

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The Man from Sing Sing

Continued from page 19

come out, it is to escape from too many visitors. A chop and a pint of champagne, George," he added to the waiter who had hurried up at his entrance. "The usual Pomery."

"Very good, sir," was the obsequious acknowledgment.

"They look after you here," the Scotchman grumbled. "I had to wait nearly ten minutes before anyone came near me."

"Time is money for me," Argels confided. "I tip to save it, and you see the result."

"Well, I hear from all my clients that the City Trust is booming fine," Andrew Pulwitter went on, taking a bite of his sandwich. "There's very little flotation business left for the rest of us nowadays. It's the City Trust this, and the City Trust that. Man alive, how do you do it?"

"I have a good staff," Argels replied, "and I work very hard myself. One used to have to go out and send touts around to work for real business. The clients are standing on your doorstep now."

"If you know how to get them there," the Scotchman sighed.

"Well, you had your chance once," Argels reminded him with an exultant smile. "I offered to start in with you. You thought you'd do better alone."

PULWITTER took another melancholy bite of his sandwich.

"We all make mistakes, lad," he confessed. "That was one of mine. You wouldn't consider anything just now in the way of an amalgamation, I suppose?" he added, with a subdued twinkle in his eyes.

Argels derided the idea in very superior fashion.

"Andrew, my friend," he said, leaning forward and dropping his voice, "I daren't tell you what our profits have been for the last three months. I'd hate anyone in the world—especially the income-tax commissioners—to know what they're likely to be for the next six. If ever you decide to give up business—I hear you're scarcely operating at all just now—I'd find you a post as one of my managers. That's the best I can do. Money's no use to me. If you offered me a million I shouldn't know what to do with it. I couldn't give you any control, either. Your type of mind doesn't fit in with modern ways."

Andrew Pulwitter finished his sandwich and called for the waiter, who obeyed his summons after some delay.

"I'm thinking that it's a gala day, this," he remarked, "having a private chat with a man who's set the City on fire. I'll treat myself to a cup of coffee."

Argels' lunch had been placed before him some time before, and he was eating it rapidly—drinking down the champagne in great gulps.

"It's easy enough to set the City on fire nowadays," he scoffed. "There's money there for the picking up."

"Aye, for you bold ones," the Scotchman observed gloomily.

Argels laughed.

"Do you call me bold?" he rejoined. "Most of them in the office think I'm too conservative. There will never be another boom like this, but all the same it isn't everything that's worth picking up. I've a very large 'bear' account on certain shares."

Pulwitter groaned.

"I'd a promising small 'bear' account of my own some months ago," he reflected, "but I couldn't face the settlement days and I paid up."

"Coward!" Argels jeered. "I'm a hundred thousand down on mine, and I wouldn't pull it in if it were two hundred thousand."

Andrew Pulwitter was filling his pipe with careful fingers.

"Well, Reuben Argels," he confessed, "you're doing fine. There's no doubt about that. Everyone's talking of the City Trust. Eight flotations in less than two months, and one handled by yourself in four hours. A mighty piece of work indeed! You have walked away from us old stagers, taking the bread out of our mouths, as it were. Aye, the bread out of our mouths," he repeated, balancing his spoon on the edge of his cup. "There's just one thing I'll remark upon, though, and it's for your own good. You're losing weight, man. Not in the proper way. You look as though you'd got something inside eating up your vitals. It's too hard work. That's what it must be. You're certainly a man without family troubles. Take in a couple of partners and go easy."

Reuben Argels, for a minute, was perfectly and entirely natural. He leaned across the table, and his expression was the expression of a hungry animal.

"Andrew," he confided, "it's just work that's keeping me alive. What I want in life is something different, and I can't get it."

"You're not brooding about Moran Chambers, man?"

There was a blaze in Argels' hollow eyes.

"I'm not such a fool!" he almost shouted.

"He'd have been a great man in a boom like this," the Scotchman continued thoughtfully. "I wonder if they allow him the newspapers."

Argels flung a pound note upon the table.

"Take a half crown for yourself, and give me the change in the morning," he told the waiter. "I'm sorry, Pulwitter. They'll be waiting for me in the office."

He strode out of the place. Left to himself, the gloom of Andrew Pulwitter's expression lightened. He even chuckled as he pushed the tobacco a little farther down the bowl of his pipe. An acquaintance, passing, paused to ask him a question.

"Was that Argels, the City Trust man, who was speaking to you?" he inquired.

"Aye, that was he," Andrew assented.

His acquaintance sighed enviously.

"They say that he's made a matter of two millions since last account day," he remarked.

Andrew rose to his feet and stretched out his hand for his dirty old hat.

"He's a verra shrewd fellow," he pronounced. . . .

ARGELS hurried back to his office and plunged at once into a maelstrom of work. He took the chair at two company meetings, merely formal affairs, and signed many checks.

"I shall want forty-eight thousand pounds for Toller and Harrison tomorrow, sir," Gascoigne reminded him, alluding to one of his most recent investments. "The shares don't seem to have quite hit the market yet."

Argels nodded carelessly.

"Pretty well overdrawn everywhere, aren't we?" he inquired.

"We're overdrawn between forty and eighty thousand pounds on every one of our current accounts, sir," the man re-

(Continued on page 56)

TOUGH BEARD?

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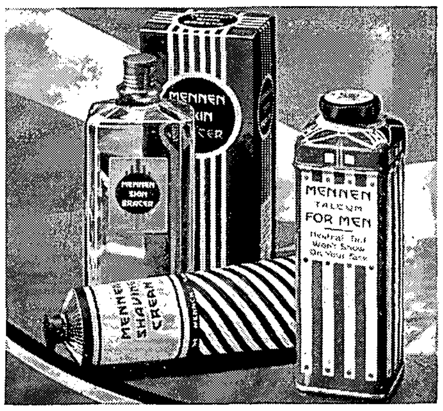

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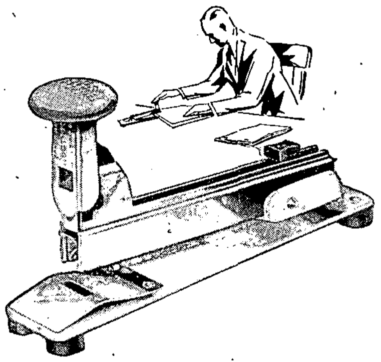

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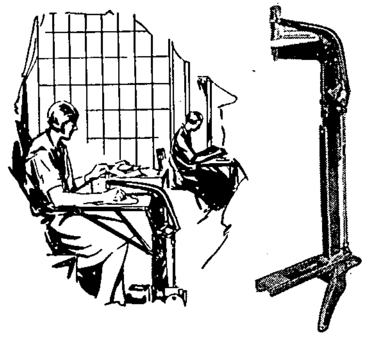

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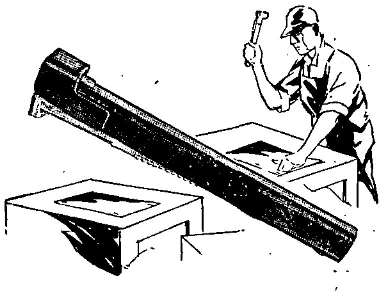

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(*Continued from page 55*)

plied promptly. "We buy every day. We pay every fortnight and we never realize."

"Which bank holds most of our securities?" Argels asked.

Gascoigne reflected for a moment.

"The United Bank has nearly half a million pounds' worth of share certificates," he reported. "They've never fixed any limit. I'm sure we could go another hundred thousand there if necessary."

Argels acquiesced indifferently. There was no dearth of money just then in the city of London.

"Very well. Make out a check and I'll sign it. What about next account day—the seventeenth, isn't it?"

"That depends entirely upon how much we realize, sir," the cashier answered, "and whether you keep open the Christophers and Bennetts account. There's no sign of weakness in them yet, and there's a considerable margin since last month."

"Of course we shall keep that account open," Argels declared sharply. "I had sound information there, and I'm not likely to close an account that shows a hundred thousand pounds' loss. I shall have a quiet quarter of an hour between five and six, Gascoigne. Give me a list of shares we are carrying, the cost prices and the day's prices."

"Certainly, sir," the man assented. "Except for our one 'bear' account, you'll find it pleasant reading. I would suggest, if you don't mind," he concluded, a little more bravely, "that you also have a list of our underwriting obligations. I don't know how it is, but the public seem to be fancying their old favorites just lately."

"By all means," Argels agreed. "Let me have them on a separate sheet."

THE hour which Reuben Argels had indicated was really, although entirely uneventful in itself, one of the landmarks of his life. He studied the long list of shares the different brokers were carrying for him and those which he had already paid for, compared the purchase price with present quotations, and leaned back in his chair with a little gasp of surprise. In a moment or two, he rose, took a cigar from his cabinet and lit it.

New York had never yielded anything like this. There were air pockets sometimes in Wall Street finance, blank places, ugly chasms to be bridged over. There had been nothing like these during all the frenzied months which had followed his establishment in London. Money seemed to fall from the skies. Every little clerk, shopkeeper and manufacturer had money to invest. He recalled, amongst his own acquaintances, men who had been managing clerks, or small brokers, who were now potential millionaires, the world of busses and Norbury behind them, rolling down to the City in limousines, looking at houses in Mayfair. The game was almost too easy for a clever man, he thought. . . .

The smoke from his cigar curled upward toward the ceiling. He suddenly felt the closely packed exhilaration of these hectic days ebbing away from him. Wherever he looked were figures. He saw them in the air—hundreds of thousands—millions—there for him to snatch down, and change his dignified, smilingly-allowed overdrafts into bloated balances. God, what was the use of it all? Death was just as close at hand, and the end of all things threatening, before he could get his hand on what he wanted. He had already the best flat he could procure, the best motor car he could buy. His surroundings at home and here were of the choicest. His day-by-day appetites were fully fed. He had become a man of account in the City. He moved amongst a crowd of flatterers. For all that, success was taunting him. The old fears were rolling back.

He could have sworn that, at that very moment, Moran Chambers was thinking of him, wondering how long the time would seem before he could stretch out his hand and kill. That smile—he could see it through the curling cloud of tobacco smoke. It was a certainty. Some day or other the horror would come. He opened a drawer of his desk, drew out a small phial, and swallowed its contents. Nerves! The perspiration broke out on his forehead when he reflected what a nervous breakdown would mean to him. . . .

HIS private telephone rang. He gave a gulp of relief as he recognized the voice. Nevertheless, his own voice was thick and confused.

"Miss Withers—Violet! Yes, of course. . . . Yes. . . . Wait one moment."

He glanced at a diary. Ordinary social life made little appeal to him, but in these days it went hand in hand with business, and he had many engagements. Tonight, mercifully, he was free.

"It's quite all right," he went on, leaning over toward the telephone again. "We are having a deadly time in the City. Nine o'clock at Ciro's."

He set down the receiver. The girl had almost passed from his thoughts since Ambouyna's visit, but she came back now readily enough. It gave him a little stab of pleasure to think of seeing her again. His scheme of using her to learn Andrew Pulwitter's plans had been no great success, but that was probably because the Scotchman himself had failed in adapting his methods to the changing financial fashions. It was time, he decided, that she had another present. He went to his private safe and put some large-sized notes in his pocket.

One of the liveried attendants who sanctify the entrance to Ciro's accosted Violet upon her arrival.

"Are you Mr. Argels' guest, Madam?" he inquired.

Violet admitted the fact.

"I'm afraid Mr. Argels isn't very well," the man informed her. "He is sitting down in the bar waiting for you. His servant brought in a cable for him about five minutes after he arrived. It seemed to upset him a bit. He sent word to ask you to go down."

Violet left her cloak and descended. Argels was seated at a corner table, with three empty glasses in front of him. He rose unsteadily to his feet at her approach.

"Sorry," he apologized. "Don't think it's cocktails. I'm not feeling well."

"LET me take you home," she suggested. "It doesn't matter about dinner. We can have that another night."

He shook his head. She realized at once that he had been right when he had assured her that his condition had nothing to do with the cocktails. He was very pale, and there was a queer look about his eyes which was becoming almost familiar to her.

"It's nerves," he muttered, "nothing but nerves. Bring two more cocktails, waiter. Sit down, please, Violet."

She sat down, and noticed that in front of him was an unopened cablegram. With her arrival, however, he seemed a little steadier. He ordered the empty glasses to be removed, and left his newly-served cocktail untasted for a moment.

"We are worked to death in the city," he confided, "and I am alone too much."

"Why don't you open your cablegram?" she inquired.

"That's just it," he groaned. "I daren't."

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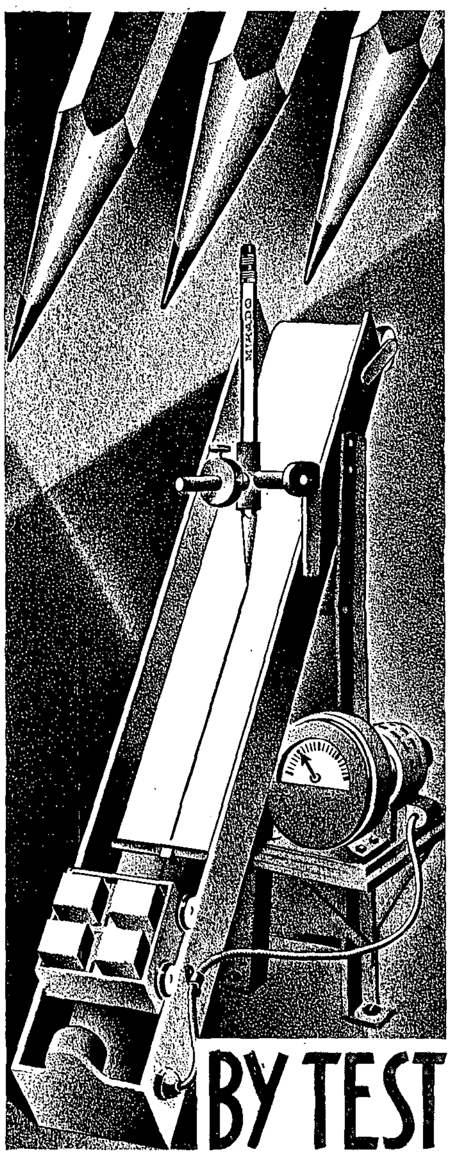

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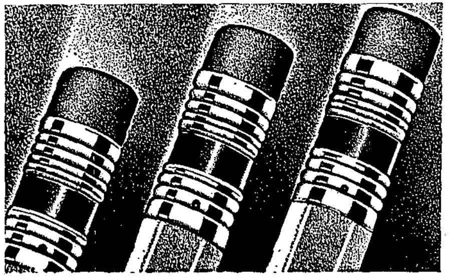

"Are you afraid of bad news?"

"Yes. I am waiting for you to open it for me."

"Would that make any difference?" she asked gravely.

"Of course it would. I simply can't do it. My fingers go numb when they touch the flap of that—envelope. That's nerves. You don't know what it is. I hope you never will. . . . No, don't open it yet. Wait! Take a drink of your cocktail first."

She obeyed. She recognized that in his peculiar condition he must be humored.

"Here's hoping that it isn't bad news," she said, raising the glass to her lips.

He emptied half the contents of his own. Then he settled himself in his chair. He had the air of one making a great effort.

"Now, please," he enjoined.

She tore open the flap.

" 'New York,' " she began. "I can't read the exact hour it was handed in, but this is what it says: '1790 dangerously ill. Removed infirmary. Will report tomorrow. Walker.' "

HE MADE a funny little sound in his throat. It might almost have been a choked laugh.

"Read it again," he begged.

She repeated it. He seemed to dwell on every word. Then he drank the rest of his cocktail.

"Violet," he reminded her, "I told you that if you wanted to you could be my mascot."

"But is that good news?" she asked incredulously.

"If 1790 had been dead," he replied, "it would have been the best news I ever had in my life."

She began to understand.

"This is the man who was your partner, against whom you gave evidence?"

"That's the man. God, what a stroke of luck if he should die!"

She was shocked and failed to conceal it. Argels ordered two more cocktails.

"How did you know that the cable was from New York?" she asked.

"I have one every week at this hour, sent to my private address. Tonight, when it came, I wasn't feeling well. I couldn't open it. I imagined it was to say that he had escaped, or that there was to be a retrial. My servant thought that I had forgotten it and brought it down here just as I was going to have a cocktail. I left it on the table. I had to wait for you."

"You're a most extraordinary person," she observed. "You should have more confidence in yourself. Don't you know that the whole city of London is talking about you?"

To a man in his condition, her words were like a marvelous tonic. His eyes lit up. He smiled.

"Well," he said, "I've shown them some things in finance."

"You have indeed," she agreed. "You've floated eleven companies in less than a year, and successfully, too. You may have had to take up a few shares yourself here and there, but you've got your public now and they'll go for anything you start."

He drained the contents of his glass.

"We'll dine," he proposed. "Let's talk over dinner. What about your old man?"

She laughed sadly.

"Poor Andrew," she murmured. "He does nothing but mope about the office and grumble at what he calls the 'new-fashioned finance.' We all think he means to go out of business. He sent for a list of pleasure cruises today, and I think after one more flutter he'll give up."

"What's the flutter?" he asked.

She smiled.

"I think I'll have to talk to you later about that, Mr. Argels," she answered.

He led her into the restaurant. He had forgotten to order his favorite table, but fortunately it was unoccupied. At her insistence he leaned back in the more comfortable seat, with a little sigh of fatigue.

"The rest is for you and Maurice," he announced. "Maurice," he added, turning to the *maître d'hôtel*, "please help the young lady to select dinner. Anything will do for me. The usual wine. I am tired."

"Stirring times in the City, sir," the man remarked sympathetically. "Madame and I will manage all right. You prefer smoked salmon or caviar? The oysters are wonderful, if you care for them."

Dinner was pleasantly ordered, and promptly served. Argels had drawn the cablegram from his pocket, and the more he studied it, the happier he seemed to become. At last he put it away with regretful fingers.

"What about this flutter of old Andrew's?" he asked.

Violet toyed with her fork for a minute.

"Mr. Argels," she said, "you have been quite nice to me. Instead of earning four pounds ten a week, I am earning fifteen, and you have given me a wrist watch and some bank notes, but the whole world is making money so fast that one's head gets turned. I have become avaricious. On the list of shares I am going to give you, you are going to make twenty or thirty per cent profit—probably within a week. I want some money. I don't want gifts. I hate jewelry. I want some money for my information, as a purely business transaction, just as you gave me some notes for sending Mr. Huddleston to you."

Argels smiled.

"You're a hard little devil!" he muttered.

"That's what you men say of every girl who doesn't want to be made love to, but who wants to get something worth having out of life," she complained. "I may be hard. Perhaps, if the right person came along, who struck the right note, I shouldn't be."

ARGELS stood on the lesser heights again.

"I wish to God I could strike that note," he grumbled. "In New York—"

"I do not wish to hear anything of your conquests in New York," she interrupted coldly. "This is a business meeting; at least it is to me. Do you know Mr. Van Pleydell?"

"Of course I do," Argels replied. "He is one of the leading men on the Stock Exchange, and one of the most honest, I should say. His firm doesn't seem to think much of my business, or they could have it."

"Very well," she went on. "He and Andrew Pulwitter are old friends. He came to see Mr. Pulwitter the other day. I showed him in, and I heard his opening sentence. 'Andrew, old man,' he said, 'I hear that things haven't been going just right with you lately. I've come in today to tell you how to make a little money.' "

Argels leaned eagerly forward.

"Ah," he admitted, "that sounds interesting."

"Unfortunately," she went on, "I had no excuse to stay in the room after that, but in about a quarter of an hour I was telephoned for. Mr. Pulwitter made me sit down at my desk, which is in his room now, and type out a list of shares. I read it over when I had finished, and Mr. Van Pleydell nodded. 'There you are, Andrew,' he said, as he shook hands. 'You are the only man in the city of London I'd go out of my way to

(*Continued on page 58*)

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(*Continued from page 57*)

give a tip like this to. Don't plunge too deep, but do yourself a bit of good.' I have the list of shares in my handbag."

"I shall abduct you," Argels declared.

"You will do nothing of the sort," she replied. "You once offered me a thousand pounds for something silly. You can give me five hundred now for something sensible."

"And how much," he asked, "for the combination?"

The music was falling softly upon their ears. Her long hesitation fired Argels. The girl was strong. She had character. In his weak moments he could lean upon her. Failing the greatest of all things, she would be the most wonderful companion he could choose. Inspiration seized upon him.

"Let us dance," he suggested.

SHE rose willingly to her feet. The music happened to suit them both. They danced well. He ventured once to draw her close into his arms, and her withdrawal was at least gentle. They danced the encore, and even then it seemed to him that she turned reluctantly to their places.

"Tonight," he whispered, as they sat down, "I bid high for the sweetest thing on earth. It shall be what you will, Violet. Take up my pen tonight, in my study at home. Write what you will in my check book. No bank could hold the money which the joy of you could give."

She sat by his side, looking through the walls of the room. He looked into her eyes—soft, brown, elusive eyes they were—and wondered what she saw. She never told him. He never knew.

"Aren't we being a little foolish?" she asked at last. "What I have to sell, and all that I have to sell, is the list of shares in my bag."

He played up bravely, but he could have killed her.

"Let me see it," he demanded.

"When you see it, you can keep the list," she answered. "It will cost you five hundred pounds."

It was in its way a moment of triumph for him. He drew out the morocco leather case from his pocket, and counted out five hundred-pound notes. He replaced the case in his pocket and left them upon the table.

"Very well," he agreed. "I really don't know that I need to back anyone's brains to that extent in these days of easy money-making, but I'll stick to my word. Tuck those into your bag, and hand over the list."

She looked around furtively. It was his opportunity, and he struck home at her.

"There is something petty, something suburban, in the minds of all you women," he scoffed. "When you commit a sin, you aren't afraid of God knowing; you are afraid of your neighbor. Sneak the notes under your plate, if you like, but give me the list. I want to see if Van Pleydell's ideas and mine coincide."

He was being disagreeable, and she rather liked him for it. Such directness of speech was at least inspired by a certain amount of honesty. One by one, she gathered up the notes, shook them out, counted them over again and dropped them into her bag. Then she handed him the typewritten list. He studied it with interest. It was quite five minutes before he spoke again. Then he folded the list carefully and put it in his pocket.

"A little on the speculative side," he remarked. "There are one or two there I must say I never thought of dealing in. Van Pleydell must know the inside of the market, though. I think that Andrew Pulwitter knows more about stocks and shares, too, than he does about the flotation of a company."

They danced again, talked commonplaces and passed the time in the usual way. The ever-recurring crisis of their meetings had come and gone. Argels seemed tired and listless; Violet was silent and imperturbable. They prepared to leave at a reasonable hour, and Argels lingered in the little hall while she fetched her cloak. His own hat and coat were brought to him by an attentive vestiaire. He lit a cigarette and stood waiting. Then down the stairs from the balcony, side by side with a man whom he recognized as a great Glasgow stockbroker and shipowner, came Andrew Pulwitter. . . .

Evasion was impossible. Argels hoped that, faced with a somewhat curt greeting, the Scotchman would pass on. Nothing of the sort happened, however. Andrew Pulwitter had very different intentions. He took his friend by the arm and brought him to a standstill.

"Mr. Macpherson," he said, "we have spoken more than once tonight of the City Trust. Let me introduce you to Mr. Argels. He is the founder and the head of it."

Escape after that was not to be thought of. They all talked together for a few moments in disjointed fashion. Mr. Macpherson was a flatterer.

"We read of you and some of your enterprises, up in Glasgow, Mr. Argels," he confided. "You have courage, without a doubt—courage and money behind it. That's where the fortunes are made."

Argels made no reply, for the inevitable had happened. Violet, wearing her cloak as though she were a habituée of the place, her beautiful lips parted in a cryptic smile, came sailing toward them. Andrew Pulwitter, with his hands in his trousers pockets, looked at her with a queer expression on his face.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "I was surprised to see my friend Argels, but this is a greater surprise still. So you're a friend of my young lady typist, eh?" he went on. "How long has this been going on, might I ask?"

"You may ask Mr. Argels if you like, Mr. Pulwitter," the girl replied. "You may not ask me because it is no business of yours. I do everything I have to do in office hours. Afterward I am my own mistress."

"I AM wondering," Andrew Pulwitter murmured, looking for a moment from one to the other. "Ah, well! It's none of my business, at this time of night, as you say. I notice, Miss Withers, you generally hang your hat upon the fourth hook as you come in. There will be another hat there tomorrow morning."

"That seems rather foolish of you," she said indifferently. "There isn't a secretary to be hired in the whole of London, and certainly not before half-past nine."

"I wouldn't have a young woman in my office," Andrew Pulwitter declared, "who frequented such places as this."

She laughed at him.

"You're terribly out of date," she observed, "and very foolish. Will you put me in a taxi, Mr. Argels?"

"I hope you will allow me to drive you home," was the prompt rejoinder. "Pulwitter, don't be absurd about this. What's the harm in my knowing Miss Withers?"

"Maybe none," Pulwitter admitted. "We won't discuss the matter."

The two Scotchmen stood on the steps and watched Violet being handed into the limousine, surrounded by officious commissionaires. There was a twinkle in Andrew Pulwitter's eyes.

"That's a clever lassie," he remarked.

"She's a damn' sight too good-looking for your musty city offices," his friend pronounced.

(*To be continued next week*)

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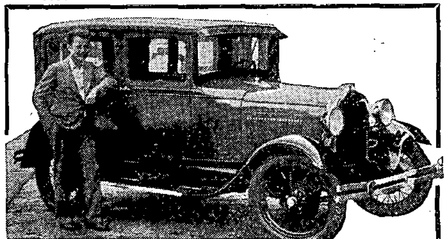
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From Coast-to-Coast

Shadows on the Rhine

Continued from page 11

ways and confident bearing of Americans. The German has always felt dimly that fate had singled out the United States and his own country for leadership in the world of industrialism and materialism, elbowing away the old world of individualism.

After the World War this feeling within him redoubled in intensity. Germany cried out, "America holds the key! America has the secret of power! To America belongs the future! Let us be like the Americans!"

Inspiration from America

Post-war Germany began to Americanize herself. She introduced American efficiency into her factories and offices. She Americanized her industrial equipment and methods. She adopted the tenets of American mass-production. She asked of America millions of American dollars, and millions of American dollars flowed across the ocean to put new life into German dreams of world domination. Germany's Man in the Street dreamed that he, like America's Man in the Street, might push open the door of Success and sit, as an equal, among the Dollar Kings.

Then came the American financial crash of 1929.

It looked as if Americans, after all, were not supermen of business; as if they, too, might be as far from the secret of twentieth-century truth as those Europeans (Frenchmen especially) whom the Germans had dismissed contemptuously from their minds as has-beens clinging pathetically to the theories and beliefs of a dead epoch. Could America be wrong?

No!

Germany rejected the intruding suspicion. The United States, despite its stock slump, remained the ultimate source of world power; Wall Street remained the innermost citadel of world finance! As if to buttress this belief into impregnability, President Hoover came forward with his plan for saving Germany from financial collapse.

The German Man in the Street bounded with joy. Yes, after all, the twentieth-century world was an American world! Recognizing that a bankrupt Germany would mean a catastrophe for themselves, the Americans were going to curb French plans for making Germany bankrupt, put France in her proper place, prove to the French that America was the world's master. Gleefully Germans read the headlines in their newspapers over announcements of the Hoover Plan. "America Isolates France!" "America Takes the Lead!" "America Will Save Germany."

Then came the worst shock of all.

Within a few days of its birth the Hoover Plan seemed to be shriveling. The voice of Hoover seemed to have been silenced by some mysterious agency. Having already put Britain in their pockets, the French were now proceeding to order the Americans about. French ambitions—notably the throttling and enslavement of Germany, financially as well as politically—had again triumphantly raised their heads, despite British uneasiness at the growing power of France on the European continent, despite America's uneasiness at what might happen to her investments in Germany.

At least, so the situation began to shape itself in the bewildered mind of Germany's Man in the Street.

"First, France wrecked President Wilson's Fourteen Points," he said to himself, "and now she wrecks President Hoover's Plan."

Disillusioned Again

To his bewilderment was now added a feeling of fear, of sheer panic, at what the future might be holding for Germany. As he saw it, the German government had turned to America and said: "Well, you have wrung the first concessions from France, but that alone will never save Germany. What are you going to do for us now?"

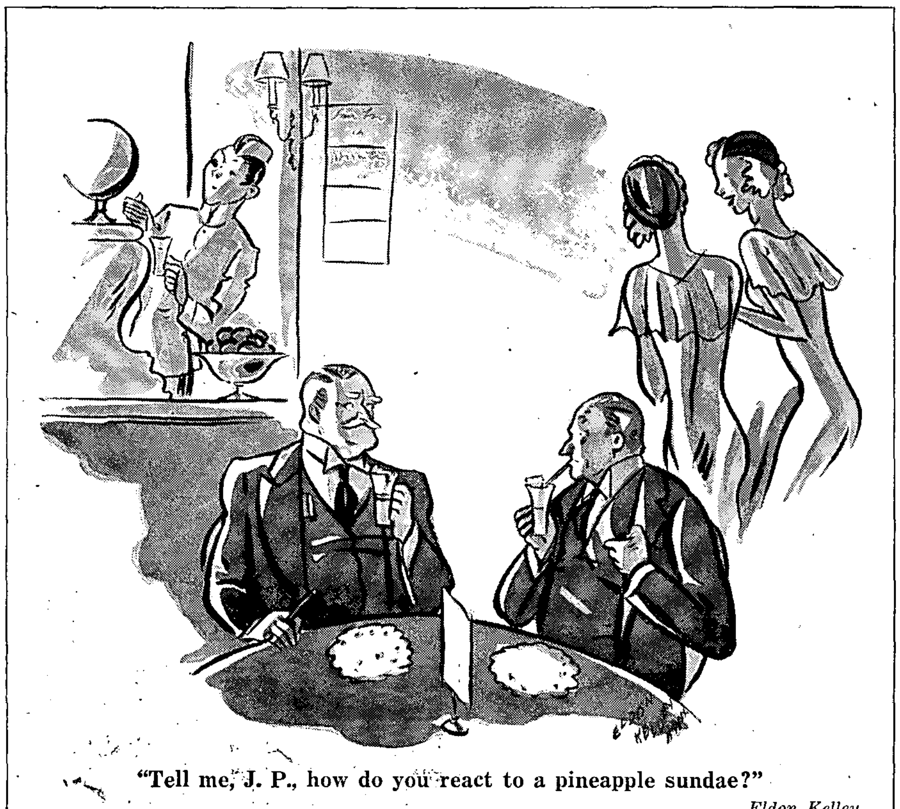
"Make your peace with France."

"But that will mean our surrender to her."

"Make your peace with France!"

In utter bewilderment, Germany's Man in the Street clutches his head in his hands; again his thoughts are

(Continued on page 60)



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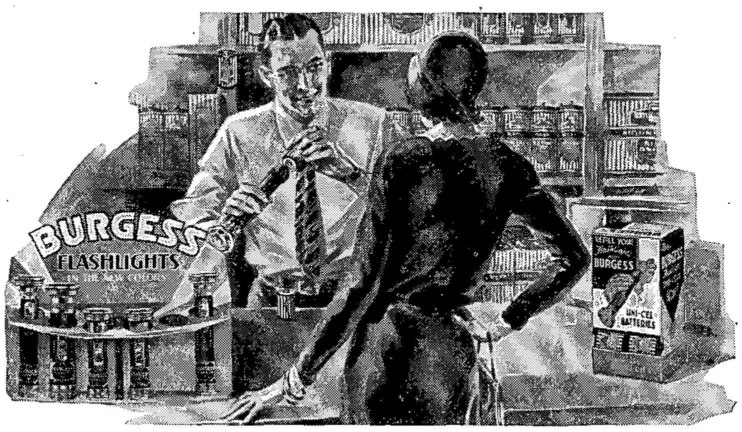

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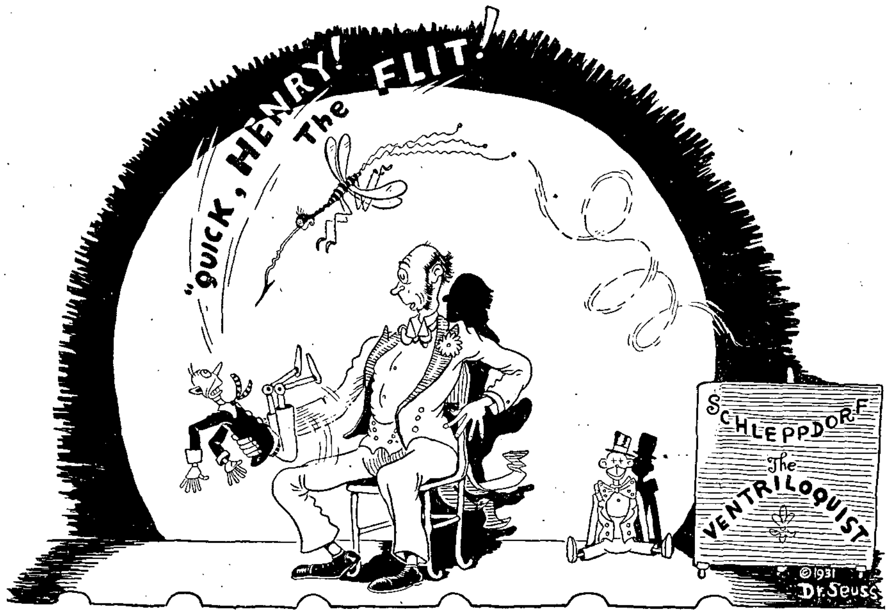

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(Continued from page 59)

whirling around in a maddening, vicious circle.

Vengeance?

Many of his friends have been preaching vengeance against France ever since her victory in the World War. Under the leadership of Hitler, formed into irreconcilable semi-military bodies like the Steel Helmets, these Germans have nothing but ridicule for efforts at conciliation. Every day more of his friends have been lining up with Hitler, joining the Steel Helmets.

The Hitlerites and other German extremists had little but derision, while he lived, for Gustav Stresemann, the statesman of republican Germany who considered that Germany's only salvation lay in getting concessions from France by acknowledging—temporarily, anyhow—the sanctity of the Treaty of Versailles and of the theory of German reparations payments. The Man in the Street in Germany was distinctly inclined to follow Stresemann.

The Futility of Vengeance

Now, however, things have changed for the worse. Two years after Stresemann's death, one year after the departure of the last French soldier from the Rhineland, it seems—so grumbles Germany's Man in the Street—as if Stresemann had never lived.

"He and his policy are discredited"—Hitlerite friends tell him, as they sit around the Stammtisch. "France used him for her own ends. We told you so! Briand, the man in France who understood Stresemann and believed in reconciliation with Germany, is shelved, repudiated, reviled! We told you so! The only hope for us Germans is to organize ourselves for a war of revenge against France. Join the Steel Helmets. Become a Hitlerite."

The Man in the Street is puzzled. He fingers his beer-glass; around him subtle arguments sound; from the throats of his friends rise the stirring notes of warlike songs like Fredericus Rex, synonymous, in the Germany of today, with irreconcilable hostility to the French.

He trudges home, deep in thought. He has a talk with his wife. In the morning, he goes back to his job. He listens to what his friends have to say—now that the fumes of beer have died away, and the martial strains of Fredericus Rex no longer resound, and the heartening contact of comrades around the Stammtisch has vanished.

What, after all, can Hitler do? What can the Steel Helmets do? They can dress in semi-military uniform, parade in thousands behind brass bands, salute in the fashion of Mussolini's Fascisti, breathe vows of vengeance and dream dreams of victory. But—what of it?

If French divisions were once loosed from across France's borders, if French infantry and cavalry and artillery and airplanes and tanks swept over into Germany, of what avail would be Hitlerite boasts and Steel Helmets goose-stepping?

Sadly, the German Man in the Street drops his dreams of marching, proud as the soldiers of Wilhelm Hohenzollern, to the war of revenge against France.

Surrender? Never! But what else is left for Germany?

And now despair seizes upon him. All that he has ever believed seems hollow and futile. Why should he, Heinrich Schmidt, reputable burgher, continue to believe in what he was taught to consider morality and decency and common sense and right, when all these things, as he understood them, lie in ruins around him, when every further desperate attempt to believe leads only to bitter awakenings?

Why not listen to Hans Schultz?

Hans Schultz is a mechanic. Years ago he was industrious, a family man, with money in the savings bank. He went to the war. He returned to find another in his job. His wife, undernourished while Germany starved behind the firing-lines, contracted tuberculosis. Hans' savings all went to pay doctors' bills. His wife died. Now Hans Schultz is a Communist.

Often has Heinrich Schmidt met Hans since the death of Hans' wife. Once, wild-eyed and unshaven, Hans was on the way to a Communist demonstration. Another time he was being dragged away by a policeman, after a street riot. Another time—in a hidden *Kneipe*, a low dramshop far from Heinrich's accustomed smug Stammtisch—Hans, heated by cheap brandy, had sung to Heinrich the praises of Communism.

Germany's only hope. Look to Moscow!

Well, why not?

Pride forbids a German, with a shred of spirit in him, from surrendering to France, seeing French shackles of gold clamped down over the French shackles of steel already imprisoning the fatherland. Sanity must needs forbid a German from joining Steel Helmets and their brethren in suicidal defiance of France. But—why not welcome Communism? Why not let the Russian Bolsheviki cross Germany's eastern border, as the last man to leave a sinking ship opens the sea-cocks and lets in the deluge? Communism!—and, with it, catastrophe for France as well as Germany! Why not?

Meanwhile, Germany's Man in the Street sees more and more of his acquaintances thrown out of work. He goes to the savings bank to withdraw his savings—needed with sudden urgency—and is told that only a few marks can be taken out at a time. Around the cash windows angry depositors are milling and cursing. "First they tell us that it is our duty to put our money in the savings bank," says one angry individual, "and then, when we ask for it back, they hit us over the head with a club!"

Everywhere creditors are dunning. Notes are being protested. Distrustful men and women are furtively exchanging marks for foreign money—as in the days of inflation, still a terrible memory in Germany.

Big banks close their doors, to reopen them with the aid of the German government and industrial concerns—recalling tottering buildings hastily shored up lest they crash to the ground. Everywhere the Man in the Street hears the jargon of finance in a nightmare jumble—moratorium, frozen credits, unconditional and conditional reparations, short-term credits, long-term credits. The terms whirl through his mind, like weird dancing figures, until they lose all meaning.

The Shadow of Communism

He sees hospitals closed for lack of funds to buy medicines and pay doctors and nurses. He sees schools closed because there is no money for the teachers. He sees canny friends putting their little available cash into tangible possessions—furniture, for instance—into things they can see and feel, into chairs they can sit on and beds they can sleep in even if money should cease to have any value. Others, out of work, mock at the bailiffs who threaten to attach their belongings. "Go on, take away that table!" they cry. "Take away that bed and the chairs over there. Take whatever you will—but you can be sure of one thing, you won't get a *pfennig* out of us toward paying that bill you've brought!" The bailiff, scratching his head in perplexity, slinks away without money or furniture. "You see," he explains, "the city authorities have attached so much furniture already that they do not want to store any more of it!"

The Man in the Street picks up his paper and reads of yet another suicide—suicides are becoming so commonplace in Germany as hardly to be worth recording unless there is some striking feature about them.

Looming darkly behind all is the thought of the coming winter. Already, reflects Germany's Man in the Street, there are several million unemployed in the country. "There will be ten million before Christmas!" croaks Hans Schultz, the Communist. Ten million Germans—industrious, willing workers—out of work? Impossible! And yet—and yet—does not the history of Germany seem to be resolving itself into a weary round of seeming impossibilities turning themselves into terrible realities? Maybe there will indeed be ten million unemployed this winter, no longer asking for jobs but begging for bread. And if there should be no bread for them?

"They will get money for it from Moscow," croaks Hans Schultz, "and they will do the bidding of the enemies of the capitalistic system intrenched behind the walls of the Kremlin!"

Tomorrow—Another Day

Germany's Man in the Street grips the sides of the table at which he is seated to assure himself that it is really there. He fixes his gaze on the faces of his friends, to assure himself that they are indeed chatting and drinking with him. He looks through the window—yes, there is the policeman on the corner, and the old woman selling matches. And the moon is shining, as it shone before the war, when life was sweet.

Yes, all is as it was.

No, nothing is as it was!

Again he is caught in the old, vicious circle of meaningless thinking. Again he wonders and doubts, again his eyes flash and his fists clench, again his lips quiver and his cheeks pale. And again three specters rise up before him and their terrifying whispers sound again in his ear:

"Listen only to me! I am Surrender!"

"Heed only me! I am Vengeance!"

"Follow none but me! I am Despair!"

But Germany's Man in the Street pulls himself together.

All that goes to making him a German rises in revolt at the thought of abandoning the fatherland to the shame of surrender to France, to the hazards of a quest for vengeance, to the chaos of Bolshevism.

"There *must* be another way out! The Germans will find it!"

So reasons Germany's Man in the Street. He grits his teeth for the struggle. From their graves, his dead forebears rise up to help him fight his fight. Respect for law, belief in order, love of family and home—the iron of German character, the solidity of German towns, the strength and loveliness of the German countryside—all are gathered together in the eyes of those German forebears and flashed forth in encouragement upon their doubting descendants. Anything—*anything!*—rather than the destruction of the Germany built up by those ancestors of his—generations of normal, plodding, harsh, sinewy, God-fearing Germans. Anything but that!

With a sudden squaring of his jaw, Germany's Man in the Street shakes himself free from counsels of surrender and vengeance and despair. "Tomorrow? . . . Tomorrow is another day!"

He goes back to his work.

"Did you happen to bring along a book on contract?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. 9-5-4-2
H. 7
D. K-9-5
C. 9-8-6-5-3

West
S. A-7-6
H. A-K-Q-10-9-4
D. J-8
C. A-K

East
S. Q-10-3
H. 5-3-2
D. 7-2
C. Q-J-7-4-2

South (Dealer)
S. K-J-8
H. J-8-6
D. A-Q-10-6-4-3
C. 10

THE above hand, which was published in last week's Collier's, was played at thirteen tables of Duplicate Contract. It produced several interesting variations of play and was the subject of considerable comment.

At every table South opened the bidding with one Diamond; the bidding from that point on varied. West could not, by a bid of any number of Hearts, force East to bid; even a call of three Hearts would not do that. In most cases, spurred on by his honors, West proved himself an optimist by calling four Hearts—overbidding his hand one trick.

At some tables West proved to be more conservative (possibly timid is the word that should be used) and bid three Hearts, only to find that his fear that East would pass was groundless because when West bid as high as three Hearts East gladly bid four. South's Diamond bid indicated that West's side strength was in Clubs or Spades, in both of which East had some help. In addition, East held normal trump support and a doubleton in Diamonds. North and South were unable to go on with Diamonds; so at every table except one West became the Declarer with a four-Heart contract. One West bid only two Hearts, and that bid, while one more than necessary, only showed a hand strong enough to bid an initial two; and East, lacking a trick and a half, did not advance his partner's bid.

At Auction it is probable that the contract would be three Hearts. South would bid and rebid Diamonds, and the chances are that he would receive one raise from North.

At every table the play of the first five tricks was identical; the first was won by North's King of Diamonds and the second by South's Queen. South's lead of the singleton Ten of Clubs to trick 3 was won by West who now had visions of an easy game if the adverse trumps were evenly divided. In that case dummy's Five of Hearts would become an entry, and West's losing Spades could be discarded on dummy's high Clubs. Two rounds of Hearts of course disclosed the 3-1 division of the adverse trumps, and from then on the play varied.

At ten of the thirteen tables West completed the drawing of the adverse trumps, led the Ace of Spades, followed by a small Spade, and on the second round finessed East's Ten. South won two Spade tricks which, with the two Diamonds already won, set the contract one trick.

At the other three tables West realized that there was no hope of finding the King of Spades with North (South required at least that much strength to justify his original bid of an Ace-Queen suit) and little hope that the Spade finesse would win. However, it seemed to him that there was one chance; if South had led a singleton Club, he might be beguiled into ruffing the second round. So at those tables West, after playing two rounds of Hearts, led the King of Clubs which South (at two of the three tables) ruffed with his remaining trump. At one of those tables South had false-carded by playing the Jack of trumps on the second round, and it is probable that the two Souths thought that the Declarer had miscounted the trumps. After ruffing, South led a small Spade, and West won with the Ace, overtook his Four of Hearts with dummy's Five, and discarded his two small Spades on dummy's Queen-Jack of Clubs. He thus fulfilled his contract, losing but two Diamonds and a trump.

At one of these three tables West's failure to draw the last trump aroused South's suspicion. He diagnosed West's scheme and refused to ruff the King of Clubs. West then led a small Spade and played dummy's Ten. South won with the Jack and made the only lead that would save the game, the Jack of trumps. West won and was forced to lose an additional Spade, being set one trick. Had West drawn the last trump and then led a small Spade, South would have won and led a Diamond.

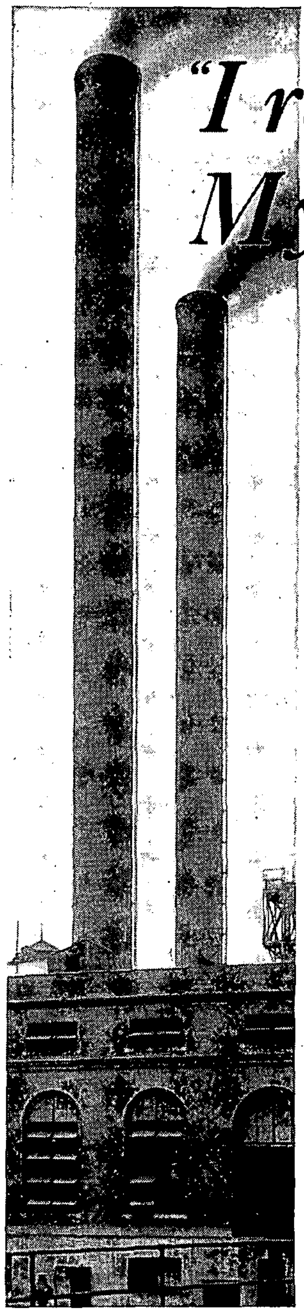
Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 7-6-3
H. 10-9-8-7
D. Q-6-4
C. J-5-4

East
S. J-10-9-8
H. 4
D. 8-7-5-3
C. K-8-7-2

West
S. K-5-4
H. 3
D. A-K-J-10-9-2
C. 9-6-3

South (Dealer)
S. A-Q-2
H. A-K-Q-J-6-5-2
D. None
C. A-Q-10



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Take what you can Get

MR. HOOVER'S moratorium is good while it lasts but it has only about nine months to run. Where do we go from there?

Two nations hold the answer in the hollows of their hands. We and the French must make the vital decisions. So far during the almost thirteen years which have passed since the Armistice was signed neither we nor the French have been able or willing to deal practically with the facts.

The facts are and have been simple enough. Germany lost the war, and the damages were assessed against the Germans. The fine imposed was no bigger than the injury inflicted, but the fine—or reparations—was bigger than Germany actually could pay.

The French have steadily held to the opinion that Germany must pay what was named in the bond. Legally, perhaps morally, no one can challenge that opinion. Certainly we Americans are in no position to throw stones. *We* demand that our debtors pay what they borrowed in the travail of conflict. Like the French, we have the law and a certain morality on our side. Europe borrowed the money. All we ask is payment of our loans.

The trouble is that actually neither we nor the French can collect what is owed us. More than that, it would not benefit us or the French to insist on payment. You can't collect much from debtors facing insolvency.

For the twelve months which began July first both we and the French admitted that the collection of war debts must be postponed. Obligations were shoved forward but were not reduced. The problem was deferred, not solved.

Any relief, even temporary, is welcome but only the blind and the stupid imagine that what has been put off has been settled. Today the want of a permanent settlement of war debts is the most disturbing factor in world business.

We especially, and other nations too, are gradually improving our domestic conditions. Many kinds of business are now reviving. Plans, however, are held up by uncertainty about world conditions.

Business is confused by politics. Politicians both here and in France evade and delay because they are afraid of losing votes. Washington officials want to defer the matter as long as possible in order to avoid giving talking points to critics of the Administration.

Drifting is not a fruitful policy in this affair. Positive, even drastic, action is required if productive energy is to be allowed to bring back prosperity.

The key to the entire question is Germany's capacity to pay during normal times. Under the Young plan the payments provided seem heavier than Germany can endure. The next step is to create another Young commission to give fresh consideration to present facts and prospects.

Everybody who has examined the situation knows that there must be a revision downward. We shall have to share in that loss.

If anything is to be accomplished we must reduce the debts owed us in proportion to the reduction in German reparations.

We don't want to do this. Money which is not repaid us by European borrowers must be paid by American taxes. Our government sold bonds to make the war loans. The bonds must be redeemed.

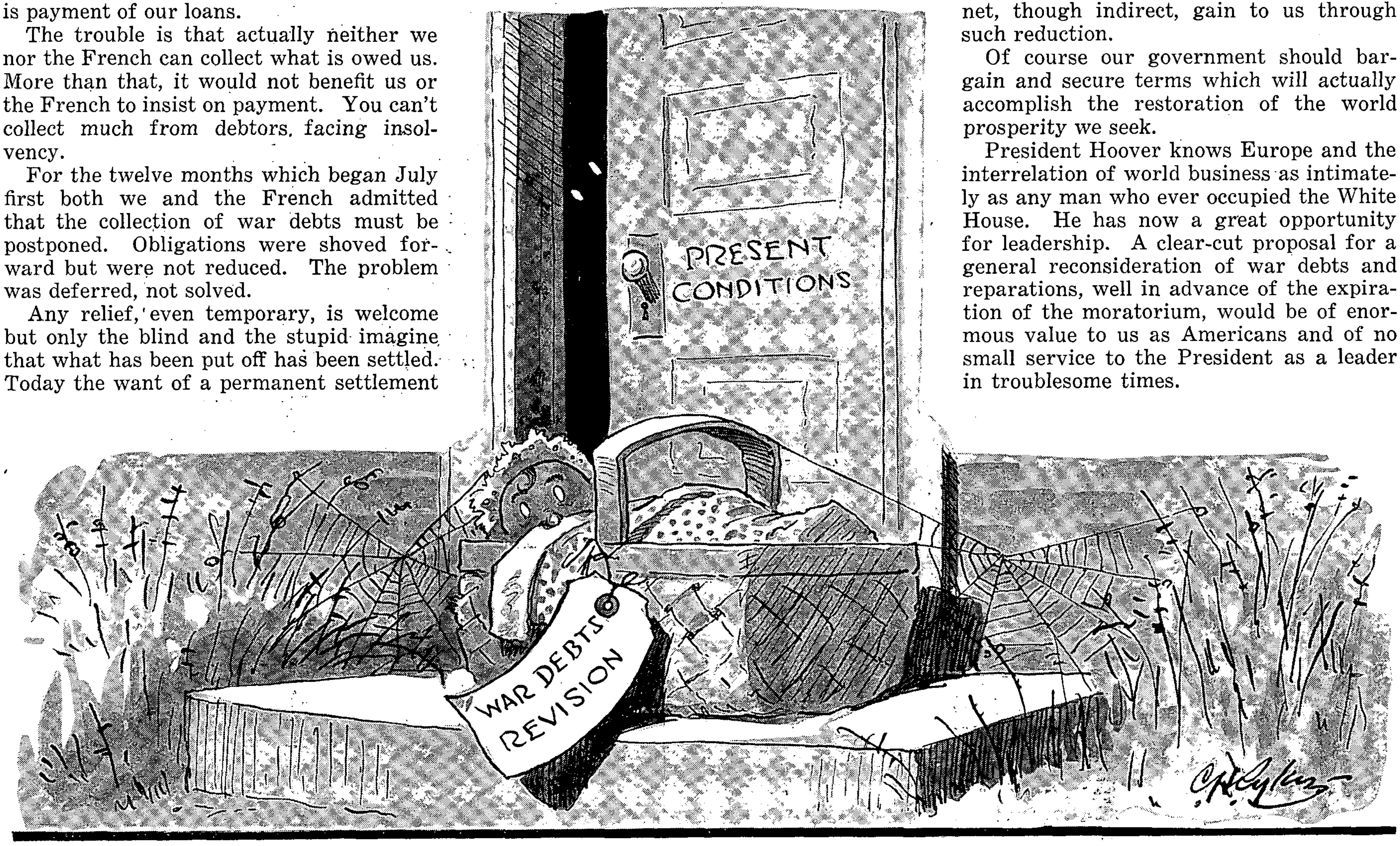
Naturally, no American politician wants to transfer a debt from European taxpayers to his own constituents. Yet this is just what results from cancellation.

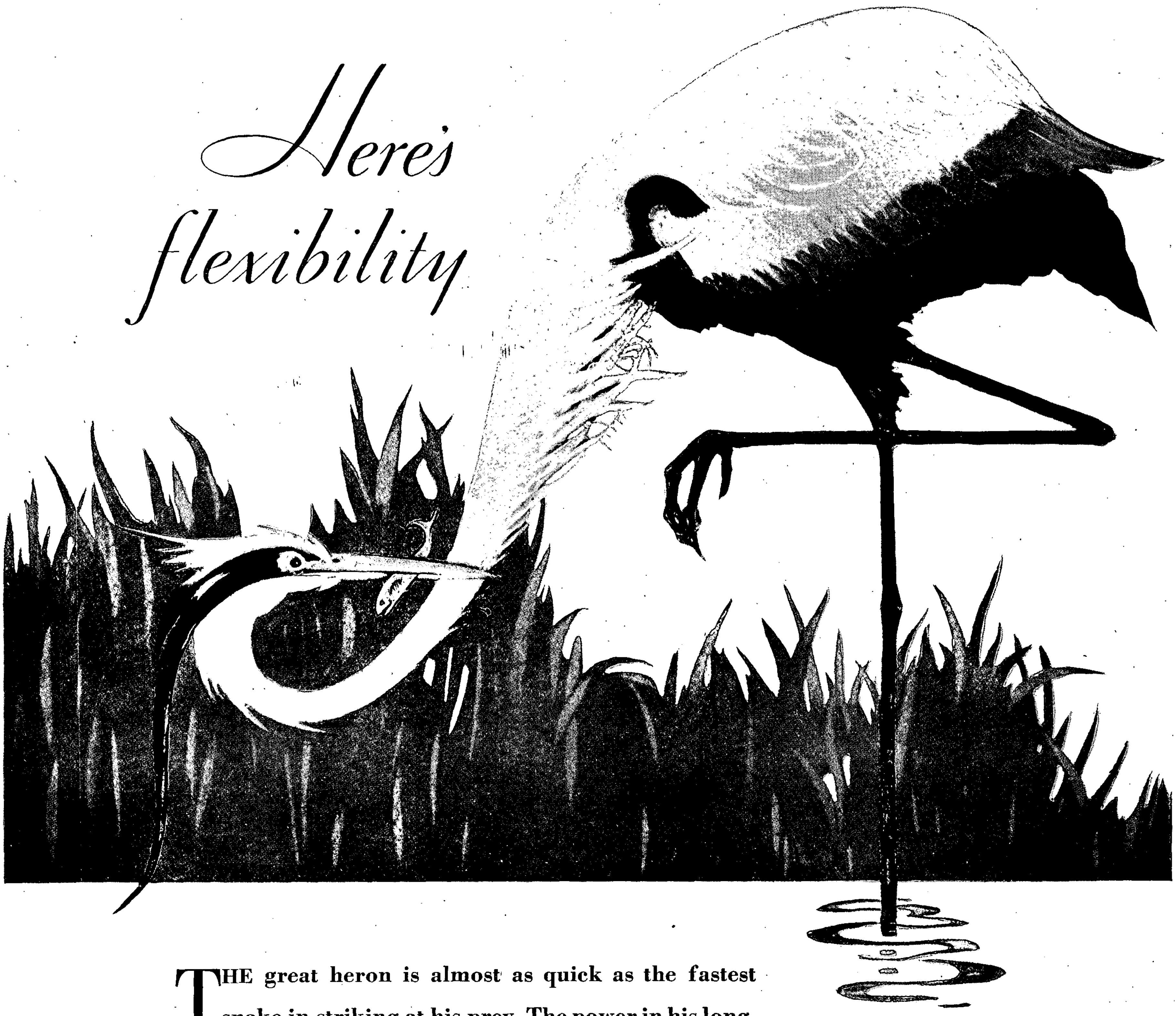
Self-interest, however, compels us to assume a part of this disagreeable burden. We find it easier to pay slightly higher taxes when business is good than when profits are scarce and jobs are hard to find.

Whatever we do or refrain from doing in these matters should be governed by self-interest. We prosper when we are governed by enlightened self-interest. We must reduce our loans solely because there is a net, though indirect, gain to us through such reduction.

Of course our government should bargain and secure terms which will actually accomplish the restoration of the world prosperity we seek.

President Hoover knows Europe and the interrelation of world business as intimately as any man who ever occupied the White House. He has now a great opportunity for leadership. A clear-cut proposal for a general reconsideration of war debts and reparations, well in advance of the expiration of the moratorium, would be of enormous value to us as Americans and of no small service to the President as a leader in troublesome times.





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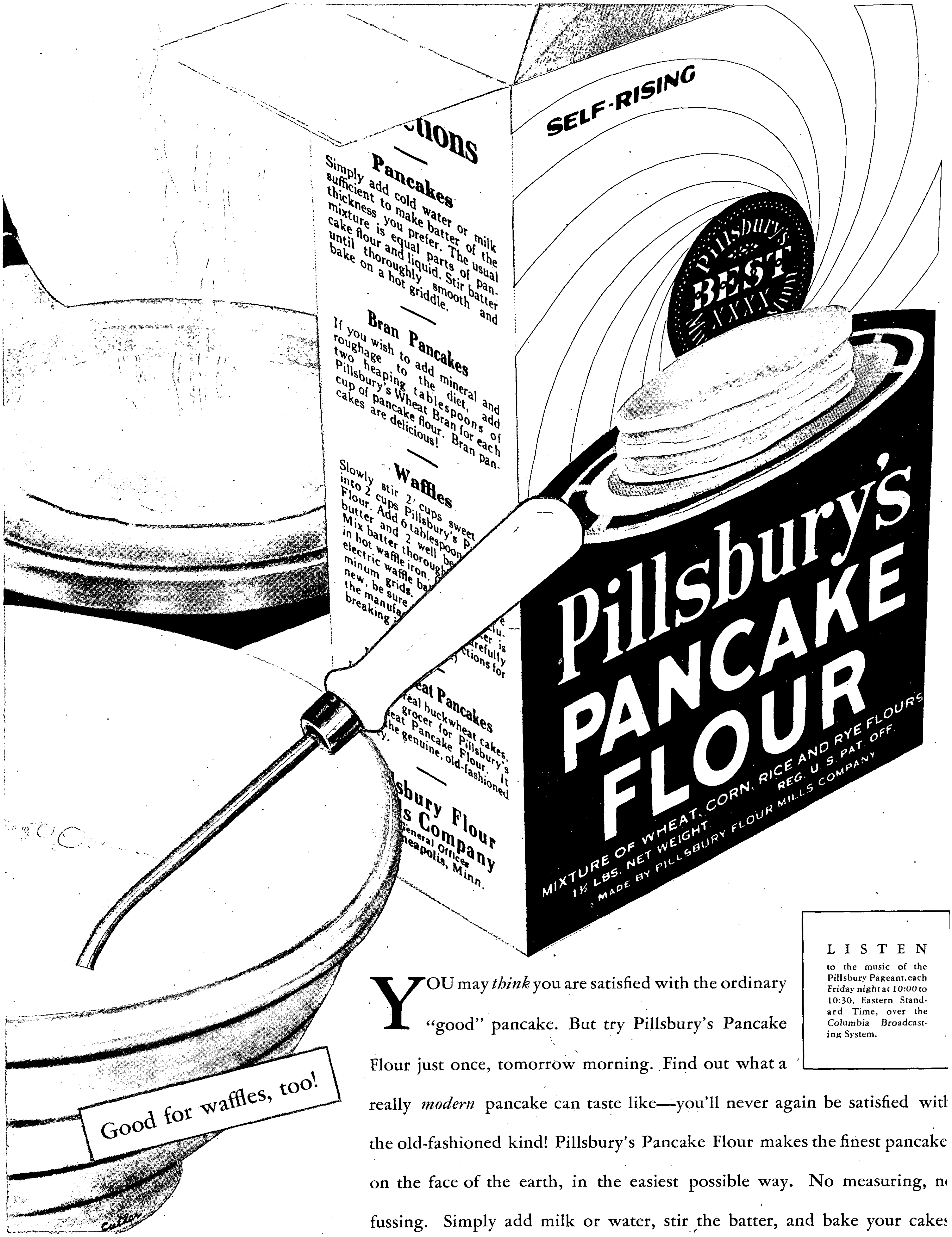

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